

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Art. I.—BRITISH AGRICULTURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. *Reports of the first Board of Agriculture.* London: 1794–1815.
2. *The Farmer's Magazine.* Edinburgh: 1800, 1801.
3. *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* Second and subsequent series. Edinburgh: 1828–1900.
4. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* London: 1839–1899.
5. *English Agriculture in 1850–51.* By James Caird. London: Longmans, 1852.
6. *History of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* By Alexander Ramsay. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1879.
7. *Pioneers and Progress of English Farming.* By R. E. Prothero. London: Longmans, 1888.
8. *Wages in the United Kingdom in the Nineteenth Century.* By Arthur L. Bowley, M.A., F.S.S. Cambridge: University Press, 1900.
9. *Earnings of Agricultural Labourers.* Report to the Labour Department of the Board of Trade. By Wilson Fox, 1900. (C. 346.)

ARTICLE I.

THE distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century in relation to agriculture is that it was the first century in which science, to any considerable extent, was applied to practice. It would be too much to say that science was not applied at all in an earlier period, because, to a small extent, the sciences of mechanics, physiology, and botany had long contributed information respectively to inventors

of agricultural implements and machines, to growers of crops, and to breeders and feeders of live stock. The schoolmaster had not been abroad, however, among the rank and file of farmers; and the application of scientific teaching had remained in a rudimentary condition. Moreover, chemistry, which in recent times has done more than any other science for agriculture, was practically unconnected with that art until the nineteenth century came in. Sir Humphry Davy, the father of English agricultural chemistry, did not publish his 'Elements' of that division of science until 1813; while Boussingault, the father of agricultural chemistry in France, was not born until 1802; and Liebig came into the world a year later.

In the details of practice alone, it hardly requires to be said, great improvement has taken place during the last century; but, except so far as this is the result of the alliance of science with the art of agriculture, it is more remarkable for the general application of the best methods of farming, adopted by only the few a hundred years ago, than for any very striking innovations. The truth of this statement will be obvious to anyone who glances through the agricultural works published towards the end of the eighteenth century. So strikingly true is it, indeed, that a reader acquainted with all branches of agricultural practice, if he consulted the books in question now for the first time, would be tempted to declare, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'

To find illustrations in support of this remark, so far as England is concerned, it is necessary only to turn to such works as Arthur Young's 'Tours,' or the 'County Surveys' of the first Board of Agriculture; and, for Scotland, to Lord Kames's 'Gentleman Farmer,' the 'County Reports' from Scotland to the Board, or the early volumes of the Edinburgh 'Farmer's Magazine.'

Beginning with the tillage and cropping of land, it is to be noticed that, on enclosed farms, the courses of cropping, in all their variation, were nearly the same as they are now, except that wheat and beans occupied places in the rotation more generally than at present, while root crops were common in only a few English counties, and were still less widely grown in Scotland. Long before the end of the eighteenth century, Jethro Tull had introduced the

drill husbandry from Lombardy, and brought out his famous horse-hoe; and Lord Townshend had popularised in Norfolk the four-course rotation, drilling, and horse-hoeing, setting an example which was slowly followed in other counties. There were many different drills in use, including the North-umberland drill, which sowed soot, lime, or ashes with turnip seed; and the Suffolk corn drill, then the best implement for cereals, as, with improvements, it remained during the greater portion of the succeeding century. Arthur Young gives a drawing of a drill used in Essex, which had coulter of the pattern reintroduced to this country as a novelty from the United States a few years ago, and now generally preferred to the cutting coulter which had superseded them for generations. Drilling, of course, was much less common than it is at present; and its advantage was a subject of warm controversy, particularly in relation to the sowing of corn. But even now there are parts of England in which the broadcasting of corn is generally practised in preference to drilling. The dibbling of corn was a method of sowing much in favour at the end of the eighteenth century, and for at least fifty years later. A report on Suffolk, written in 1797, says that the practice was only recently introduced. There are many farmers now living who had a good deal of corn and pulse dibbled in their early days of farming; and when corn was dear and labour cheap there was no more economical method of sowing. But when corn became cheap and the labour of women and children difficult to obtain, the practice became nearly extinct.

Many of the ploughs in use a hundred years ago were clumsy and of heavy draught; but most of them have held their own locally, with but slight modifications. In this connexion it is curious to notice an early anticipation of a modern invention. Before 1770, Mr Ducket, of Petersham, Surrey, had brought out a three-furrow plough, with which he turned up from three to four acres in a day, using four or five horses; while two-furrow ploughs were found by Young in several counties. Many living farmers can remember such ploughs being brought out afresh as complete novelties, though, like the inventions of Mr Ducket and others, they rapidly fell into disuse. An equally striking example of the kind of anticipation under notice is afforded by Young's illustrated description of another of Mr Ducket's

ploughs, which appears to have been the prototype of the '240 Oliver,' the latest American plough to become popular in Great Britain. Like its modern counterpart, Duckett's plough had two breasts, one, a little in advance of the other, to pare and turn over the turf, which the hind breast completely buried by throwing a second furrow-slice on top of the first. As for the Kentish turn-wrest plough, which was an ancient implement when Mr John Boys, in his 'Survey of Kent,' noticed and praised it as 'the best for all soils,' it is still commonly used in its native county and in parts of Sussex, doing work which cannot be beaten in excellence by any plough in the world, but doing it expensively, as it requires four, or at least three, horses. Harrows, rolls, and other implements have been greatly improved; but some primitive forms of them have survived till now. Mowing and reaping machines of a practical kind are comparative novelties, but a reaping machine was brought out in 1780 by Mr Lofft, of Bury St Edmunds, which, though subsequently improved, had but slight success. The horse-rake, however, had been introduced before the year 1800, and chaff was cut by hand or horse-power.

Among the farm crops commonly grown not one is new to the nineteenth century. All kinds of corn, potatoes, common turnips, swedes, kohl-rabi, cattle-cabbages, carrots, mangolds, clover, lucerne, sainfoin, rye-grass, tares, hops, flax, and hemp were cultivated in the preceding century, though a few of them were grown by only a minority of enterprising farmers.

It was in the choice of fertilisers that the old-time farmer was most at a disadvantage—a fact which illustrates the statement that it is mainly to the connexion of science with agriculture that the improvement in modern farming is due. The only manures commonly used down to the end of the eighteenth century were farmyard and town manure, night-soil, marl, lime, chalk, soot, whale-blubber, fish manure, and malt dust; while a few enterprising men used bones and rape dust also, and the ploughing-in of green crops had been tried occasionally. There were no artificial manures, and the importation of such natural fertilisers as guano and nitrate of soda did not begin until the nineteenth century was far advanced. Moreover, the farmyard manure, as a rule, was but little better than rotten straw, as oilcake was not in general use, and

corn-feeding for any other animals than horses and pigs was uncommon. The use of malt dust as a fertiliser, put on in small quantities with a turnip and manure drill, indicated a lack of chemical knowledge. One operation, temporarily fertilising, but exhausting in the long run, was commonly practised at the time under notice, but has happily become almost extinct. This was the paring and burning of pasture land, which was denounced by the most enlightened agriculturists of the period.

In consequence mainly of the deficiency and inferiority of the manures used, the corn crops of the eighteenth century were certainly not usually equal to those grown in more recent times. The highest average yield of wheat given in any of the 'County Surveys' was Vancouver's estimate for Essex in 1794, namely, $24\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre, which Young endorsed a few years later. Essex at that time was, in Young's opinion, better farmed, on the whole, than any other county in England; and occasional yields up to 58 bushels per acre are mentioned as having been obtained. The average given above, however, compares ill with 29.7 bushels per acre as the ten years' average for Essex according to the agricultural returns for 1899. For Suffolk, also one of the best cultivated counties, Young, in 1797, estimated the average yields of corn at 22 bushels for wheat, 28 bushels for barley, and 32 to 34 bushels for oats; whereas the ten years' averages given for the same county by the present Board of Agriculture are a minute fraction under 29 bushels for wheat, 32 for barley, and $40\frac{1}{2}$ for oats. If, however, contemporary estimates are to be believed, there is one crop which has deteriorated in natural productiveness. There is no doubt that the potato has been weakened in constitution by prolonged reproduction from tubers; and it is to be borne in mind that the common disease of the present day was not known in this country till long after the beginning of the nineteenth century. Therefore it is quite credible that the crops grown with very little manure a hundred years ago were much heavier than they are under like circumstances now. Young mentions crops up to 700 bushels per acre, which, at 70 lb. per bushel—the weight which he gives for the old heaped measure—were equivalent to nearly 22 tons. This would be a wonderful crop in even the best potato districts of

Scotland, where the application of fertilisers is far beyond any dressings thought of in Young's time. Again, in his report of his tour through Berkshire, Young notices many crops of 600 bushels per acre, or over 18½ tons; and Rudge, in his 'Survey of Gloucester,' says that 450 bushels per acre, or over 13 tons, were not uncommon on good land. It is certain that even this last yield would seldom be obtained at the present time with such deficient manuring as was almost universal at the earlier period.

Land draining was practised by enterprising land-owners and farmers for some time before the end of the eighteenth century, the system having been improved by Elkington; but it was chiefly bush or stone draining, and such drains become choked in the course of a few years. Cylindrical tiles for draining were not invented till many years later. Water-meadows were referred to as novelties in 1798 by Robert Lowe, in his report to the Board of Agriculture on Nottinghamshire.

The enclosure of commons, wastes, and open fields had made great progress in the latter part of the eighteenth century; but still there were immense tracts unenclosed. Mr R. E. Prothero, in his 'Pioneers and Progress of English Farming,' after referring to Young's observations upon this subject in 1773, notices that the Committee of the Board of Agriculture upon Enclosures estimated that 22,000,000 acres of land in Great Britain lay at waste, 14,218,224 acres of this area being in Scotland, and 1,629,307 acres in Wales. A very large proportion of this total was not worth cultivation, as may be inferred from the fact that the total cultivated area (crops, fallow, and grass) of Great Britain at the present time is only 34,437,386 acres. Still, the commons and cultivable waste land occupied a large space, while the open fields covered a great deal more. So late as 1794 it was calculated that, out of 8500 parishes in England, 4500 were farmed in common. In some counties the proportions of the land tilled under the open-field system were very large, including 24,000 out of 84,000 acres of arable land in Bedfordshire, 220,000 out of 438,000 acres of total area in Berkshire, and 132,000 out of 147,000 acres of arable land in Cambridgeshire. Under the same system there were 90,000 acres in Bucks, 268,000 in Leicestershire, and 130,000 in Hunts. In Scotland the corresponding run-rig system was general until about the

middle of the eighteenth century, and still prevailed extensively at the end of that period. The reports to the Board of Agriculture on the counties of Scotland in 1794 and 1795 show that the in-field and out-field regulations pertaining to the open-field system were still common in some counties, and that great tracts of country were unfenced. Until the latter part of the eighteenth century agriculture in Scotland was far behind that of all but the most backward districts of England. Berwickshire, 'the cradle of Scottish husbandry,' led the march of improvement before 1750; but even in that county the general run of farmers were at first slow to follow the example of Lord Kames and other advanced agriculturists, though they made fairly rapid progress in the last quarter of the century.

The live stock of Great Britain, and particularly the cattle and sheep, had been greatly improved before the year 1800. Bakewell had improved the Longhorn, though not to much purpose, as it was doomed to be set aside generally in favour of the Shorthorn, known at the time as the Holderness, which the brothers Colling, then in the midst of their career, had taken in hand with good effect. The Tomkins family and others had done good work among the Herefords, and Francis Quartley with the Devons; while the Sussex cattle for beef, and the Norfolk and Suffolk polled cattle for the dairy, were accounted by Young as among the best varieties in the country. The Galloway and the Angus, however, though famous in Scotland, had not yet been strikingly improved by any particular breeder: Hugh Watson, the earliest of the great improvers of the latter breed—now developed into the Aberdeen-Angus—only began to farm land in 1808. Bakewell had earned immortal fame by his great transformation of the Leicester breed of sheep, while John Ellman, of Glynde, had done much for the Southdowns, and David Dun, in consequence of his efforts to improve the black-faced sheep, had been described as 'the Bakewell of Scotland.' Suffolk horses were famous as the best for the plough in Young's day, but no particular breeder's name stands forth pre-eminently as an improver of the animals. The Shire, as a distinct breed, was not in existence, though its progenitors, the heavy hairy-legged cart-horses of the Midlands and Lincolnshire, were famous, and the first of

the noted Honest Toms was foaled in 1806. The Clydesdales, whatever their origin may have been, were not developed as a distinct breed at the time in question.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century, and for some time later, farm work was largely done by oxen; and the relative advantages of these animals and horses for such work formed a subject of keen controversy. Lord Kames, advanced agriculturist though he was, strongly advocated the continued use of oxen as draught animals; and many others recommended them for the plough, even when they admitted the superiority of horses on the road. The use of oxen for draught purposes was very slow to die out, and it is not certain that their use on farms in England is quite extinct, as teams of them were to be seen at work on the land in the south of Sussex and in the Cotswold district only a few years ago.

Young, in 1797, lamented the neglect of pigs, which farmers too commonly regarded as beneath their notice. Some efforts had been made, however, to improve local breeds by crossing them with the Chinese. Perhaps the Berkshires were the most famous breed of the period, but Young praised the Suffolk whites and the black or black and white pigs of Essex.

A few of the agricultural societies which have done so much to improve stock-breeding and implements were established in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. 'The Honourable the Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland' was of much older date, as it was founded in 1723, and became extinct, as a result of the civil war, in 1745. Ten years later the 'Edinburgh Society for Encouraging Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, and Agriculture' was established; this association was the outcome of the 'Select Society,' founded in 1754, of which David Hume, Adam Smith, and Lord Kames were members. These two societies became defunct in 1765, and apparently had no similar successor until the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland was founded, under the name of the Highland Society of Edinburgh, in 1785. The Bath and West of England Society had come into existence a few years before, in 1777; but there were earlier local associations of the kind, as, for example, the 'Society of Agriculture for the Counties of Nottingham and the West Riding of York,' which was offering premiums for various

classes of farming improvements in 1769. In 1798 the Smithfield Club was established. The first Board of Agriculture was formed in 1793, with Sir John Sinclair as president and Arthur Young as secretary.

The Board of Agriculture maintained its existence until 1822, but its usefulness was crippled throughout its existence by an insufficiency of funds, while its management, especially in its early years, was injudicious. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it did more for posterity than for the agriculturists of its own day; for its county surveys, good, bad, and indifferent, included some productions which are valuable historical records, with others that are simply misleading. These reports, so far as they were instructive to farmers, were prevented from being as useful as they might have been by the high prices at which they were published. They were noticed by the press, however, and excited a good deal of public controversy, which was beneficial. More good was done, perhaps, by the premiums offered by the Board for experiments, inventions, and essays, and more still by the engagement of Professor (afterwards Sir Humphry) Davy, to deliver lectures on agricultural chemistry. As professor of chemical agriculture to the Board, Davy delivered annual lectures for eleven years, from 1803 to 1813 inclusive, after which they were published in a volume.

The past century saw a great extension of the landlord and tenant system. The extinction of common rights in open fields and wastes began the process, and the steady absorption of the land of the yeomanry by the large proprietors went far towards completing it. The latter process had begun in 1795, especially near the manufacturing districts. Holt, in his report on Lancashire in that year, remarked that the yeomanry, formerly numerous and respectable, had greatly diminished in number of late, though they were not extinct. He added that the great wealth which neighbouring manufacturers had rapidly acquired had tempted the yeomen to invest their capital in trade and to place their children 'in the manufacturing line.' But in most other parts of England these influences did not operate, and the yeomanry continued to be a numerous class until the nineteenth century had well advanced. In Kent, for example, John Boys found them numerous in 1796, many of them being owners of large farms.

Landowners and farmers were prosperous during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The enclosure of open fields and commons had done much to improve farming; and good farming paid in those times. Though rents rose rapidly, enterprising farmers became wealthy. Young, in his report on his tour through Essex, remarks that farming between Colchester and Malden was carried on with great spirit, and that farmers were rich. Some of them were worth £30,000 to £40,000, he added, and many over £20,000. There was much enthusiasm in relation to farming improvements among landowners, from the King downwards, and among the tenants who had acquired the occupation of large farms through the extensive enclosures. But the period was one of wretchedness for the agricultural labourers, many of whom had been small farmers under the open-field system; while others had enjoyed common rights for which they had not been adequately compensated when enclosure took place. Wages were extremely low, even when bread was dear.

It is by a comparison with the condition of agriculture in this country shortly before the past century began that the progress made during that period can best be estimated; and for that reason it has seemed desirable to devote a considerable proportion of the space available to this retrospect. Unfortunately the agricultural records for later periods are less comprehensive than those of the eighteenth century, and few are equally interesting.

There had been 'ups' and 'downs' in farming during the eighteenth century, but no such sudden and extreme fluctuations as occurred in the next hundred years, and especially in the first half of the century. There were bad harvests in the last two years of the eighteenth century and the first year of the nineteenth. The annual average price of wheat had risen from 43s. per quarter in 1792 to 78s. 7d. in 1796, fallen to 51s. 10d. in 1798, and recovered so far as 69s. by 1799, while in 1800 it rose to 113s. 10d., and in 1801 to 119s. 6d. This was the highest annual average ever yet attained, but the maximum was not reached till 1812, when it stood at 126s. 6d. During most of this period war was going on in Europe, to be ended only in 1815; and when the harvests were deficient, the prices of corn, helped by high duties on imports and

a depreciated currency, rose to extreme rates. Barley averaged 68s. 6d. in the first year of the nineteenth century, and this was its maximum. It had been only 26s. 3d. in 1790. Oats, like wheat, were highest in 1812, when they averaged 44s. 6d. per quarter, the average for barley being 66s. 9d. The fluctuations were enormous, the ranges of annual average in the first twelve years of the century being from 58s. 10d. to 126s. 6d. per quarter for wheat, from 25s. 4d. to 68s. 6d. for barley, and from 20s. 4d. to 44s. 6d. for oats. But the mean rates during the period were high enough to bring wealth to farmers, and to send rents up enormously. For example, the rental of the Northumberland agricultural estates of Greenwich Hospital rose from 6950*l.* in 1793-4 to 15,560*l.* in 1814-15, an advance of 124 per cent. The rental of agricultural land in Scotland rose from two millions sterling, in round numbers, in 1795, to five and a quarter millions in 1815. Although wages rose, the advance was not nearly sufficient to enable labourers and their families to subsist upon them, with the price of food so high as it was during this period; and thousands were kept from starvation only by a lavish outlay in poor relief, used by farmers, in effect, as part payment of wages. It is not surprising to learn, then, that the total burden of rates in England and Wales rose from 5,848,000*l.* in 1803 to 8,164,000*l.* in 1815.

The new duties on imports of wheat, imposed in 1804, had little to do with the high prices of corn. From 1791 to 1803 the duty was 6d. per quarter when wheat was 54s. or more in price, 2s. 6d. when it was between 54s. and 50s., and 24s. 3d. when it was below 50s. The tariff of 1804 made the rate 6d. per quarter on wheat at 66s. or more, 2s. 6d. when it was between 66s. and 63s., and 24s. 3d. when it was below 63s. But from 1805 to 1814 inclusive the price was not once as low as 66s., the range of annual averages having been from 74s. to 126s. 6d. It is strange indeed, that in 1813, the year after wheat had reached its highest average of 126s. 6d., it was deemed desirable to increase the duties on imports, charging 1s. per quarter at 80s., and higher rates on a sliding scale as prices decreased down to 64s., at which price the duty was 24s. In 1813 wheat averaged 109s. 9d. per quarter; barley, 58s. 6d.; and oats, 38s. 6d. But the next year brought a fall to 74s. 4d., 37s. 4d., and 25s. 8d. for the three kinds of grain respectively; and

in 1815 the importation of corn was prohibited when the prices were below 80s. for wheat, 40s. for barley, 26s. for oats, and 53s. for rye, beans, and peas.

Peace brought a great fall in prices, wheat in 1815, for example, averaging 65s. 7d.; and, though there was an advance to 76s. 6d. in 1816, distress was so great in the agricultural as well as in other industries that the Board of Agriculture deemed it desirable to issue an enquiry into the condition of agriculture. It is difficult in these times, when prices for corn are much lower than those which prevailed even in 1815, to understand how distress could have come upon farmers so suddenly. It is true that rents and poor rates had doubled during the period of war prices; but it might have been supposed that the accumulations made while the war lasted would have sufficed to tide farmers over a few bad years. Nothing but the adoption of an extravagant scale of expenditure can account for the sudden distress of farmers; and there is no doubt that the standard of living had been raised inordinately. The explanation of the difficulties in which landlords were involved is easier, as rents fell more suddenly than they had risen, while many farms were thrown on their owners' hands. From the replies to the questions of the Board of Agriculture it appeared that, only a year after the end of the war, the rental of agricultural land had fallen to the extent of 9,000,000*l.* Such a fall—to say nothing of losses from farmers' bankruptcies, after landlords had burdened their estates with mortgages and annuities, in order to maintain an extravagant scale of expenditure—was a blow from which many of them were unable to recover. The general taxation and local burdens, moreover, had greatly increased.

The farm labourers were in great distress, numbers of them being thrown out of employment, and riots and incendiary fires were common in many districts. Wages fell, and yet wheat averaged 78s. 6d. in 1816 and 96s. 11d. in the following year. The abominable Poor Law of the period had sapped the labourers' independence, and encouraged them to marry recklessly, as it gave a premium upon a large family. A table of graduated relief in proportion to the price of bread and the size of a family is given as being in force in a Berkshire union in Dr Mavor's 'Survey' of that county, published in 1813. Beginning at 1s. per

gallon for bread and an allowance of 4s. a week to a man and his wife, with 1s. 6d. for each child up to eight children, making 16s. a week, the scale proceeds to show results for each penny advance in bread up to 2s. 6d. per gallon, at which price a man and wife received 8s. 6d. in poor relief and 3s. for each child, making 1l. 12s. 6d. a week for a couple with eight children. A foot-note directs overseers 'to attend to what an industrious family might earn, and not to what the idle and negligent do earn.' This scale was current in 1808, when wheat averaged 81s. 4d. per quarter; and, as has been shown, it rose much higher before the end of the war.

The great inducement to grow an extended acreage of corn, and to crop the land severely, during the period of high prices, made matters all the worse when prices fell. By 1821 wheat had dropped to the average of 56s. 1d. per quarter, while that of barley was only 26s. and that of oats 19s. 6d.; in 1822 the averages for the three kinds of corn were respectively 44s. 7d., 21s. 10d., and 18s. 1d., a good deal of wheat being sold as low as 40s. This was the beginning of a far worse period of distress than that which had prevailed in 1815 and a few succeeding years, great numbers of farmers being ruined. Select Committees sat in 1820, 1821, 1822, 1833, and 1836 to enquire into the distressed condition of the agricultural classes. The period was the most disastrous that those classes had ever endured. Rents and tithes were unpaid to a great extent, and many small landowners lost their estates by the foreclosure of mortgages, while shopkeepers and banks failed in considerable number. Riots and incendiarism once more became common. The price of wheat recovered after 1822. It remained over 52s. per quarter, and frequently rose to between 60s. and 70s., until 1834, when the average was only 46s. 2d., and in 1835 it dropped to 39s. 4d. Meat had been cheap while the general trade of the country was depressed. Rates had increased enormously, touching 20s. in the pound of assessment in some parishes. Alterations in the corn duties were of no avail to stave off the distress; and, although there were years of comparative recovery, when harvests were abundant or prices improved, no steady relief set in until the new Poor Law of 1834 had begun to work, and the commutation of tithes in 1836 had relieved farmers to some

extent of an oppressive burden. On the whole, the twenty years between 1815 and 1836 constituted the most distressful period of the century, if we take all the agricultural classes into consideration.

During this period, in the circumstances thus briefly described, neither landlords nor farmers had sufficient capital for improvements; and the land deteriorated in condition, a great deal of it being thrown out of cultivation. Yet the advance of knowledge could not be stayed; and it would be too much to say that there was no improvement in the methods of farming or in the implements and machines used, or that live stock ceased to make any progress. The first reaping-machine worked successfully in Great Britain was introduced in 1828 by Mr Bell, afterwards the Rev. Patrick Bell, a Forfarshire man; and still more successful machines that have since been brought out were based on the principle of the old Bell reaper, which never became a common machine of the farm, although it was used for many years in a few counties of Scotland. More important was the introduction, before 1830, by James Smith, of Deanston, of his parallel system of land draining, for which stones were at first used, but cylindrical tiles afterwards. The first machine for making such tiles, invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale, was brought out and received a medal at the Perth Show of the Highland Society in 1836. Premiums for improving the quality of corn were first offered by the same Society in 1816, for improving the breed of farm horses in the same year, and for sheep in 1819. In 1822 the Society held its first general show.

The age of steam had commenced before the period of depression came to an end, and in 1829 Peter Elder, of Perth, exhibited at the Highland Show a model of what was probably the first steam traction engine, though it was not till many years later that such engines came into use.

Members of the Booth family and Sir Charles Knightley were carrying on, during the time of distress, the work of Shorthorn improvement which the brothers Colling had begun; John Price and others were following Tomkins in the development of the Herefords; Francis Quartley, assisted by two nephews, was in the midst of his long career as an improver of the Devons; while Mr Coke

(afterwards Earl of Leicester) was bringing his famous Holkham herd of the same breed, started in 1791, to a high degree of perfection, and persevering in his not very successful attempt to induce the Norfolk farmers to adopt it. The improvement of Scottish breeds of cattle was made manifest at the shows of the Highland Society, and the several breeds of sheep in England and Scotland alike continued to receive attention, while pigs began to be regarded more generally as worthy of careful breeding. The agricultural distress, indeed, affected the corn-growing far more seriously than the live-stock industry.

One of the most unfortunate results of the prolonged period of depression was the extinction of a large proportion of the yeomanry. These small landowners, in times of prosperity, had followed the lead of the men of many acres in living up to their means, and burthening their property with mortgages and annuities. When prices fell, they lacked the relief which tenant-farmers obtained in reductions of rent. The interest which they had to pay in the place of rent was demanded in full, and they were unable to meet this and other periodical payments. Consequently foreclosures became common among the yeomanry, and comparatively few of them survived the prolonged trial to which they were subjected.

Evidence brought before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1836 was generally to the effect that farmers were in a state of great distress, paying rent and labour out of capital; and some witnesses described them as in a worse position than that which they had occupied in 1833, 1820, or 1818; while others declared, in reference to certain districts, that all the farmers who had no means apart from those of farming were practically insolvent. The condition of the labourers was said to be desperate. Some allowance may be made for the tendency of witnesses desiring to prove their case in favour of legislative relief or higher duties on imports; but at the time farmers were suffering particularly from a great drop in the price of wheat, which averaged only 39s. 4d. per quarter in 1835, the lowest price of the century, so far. In the following year there was an advance to 48s. 6d., and progressive rises in the three following years brought the price up to 70s. 8d. in 1839, after which the average continued above 50s. for nine years, sometimes

rising above 60s. For the twelve years beginning with 1837 the average was 58s. 10d., while barley and oats maintained higher prices than they had reached in many earlier years when wheat had been dearer. The tide in the affairs of agriculture, therefore, considering circumstances noticed already, as well as the prices of corn, may be said to have fairly turned in 1837, although that was a year of commercial depression.

The period of agricultural recovery which then set in, to last, except for a short interval, till about the middle of the seventies, was one of great eagerness for improvement. The Royal Agricultural Society of England was established in 1838, and held its first annual show at Oxford in the following year. The exhibitions of this and other societies gave a great impetus to the better breeding of live stock and to the invention of improved implements and machines for the farmer's use. At the first show of the Royal Agricultural only 54 entries of implements and 247 of live stock appeared, but in nine years they increased to 1508 and 718 respectively, while implements were multiplied more than five-fold, and live stock entries nearly three-fold, before the period of agricultural prosperity began to wane.

It was during the early part of the period under notice that science began to exercise a material influence upon agriculture. Sir John Lawes had begun his famous experiments in 1843, and Liebig published his great work on 'Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology,' in 1839. Boussingault, at the same time, was applying his extensive knowledge of chemistry to agriculture, and, supported by Lawes's independent investigations, he became a strong opponent of Liebig's exaggerated 'mineral theory.' In 1842 Mr Lawes, as he then was, took out a patent for the manufacture of manure from apatite, coprolite, and other mineral or fossil phosphates, by treating them with sulphuric acid, and in the following year he started a factory for the manufacture of superphosphate at Deptford. Other artificial manures were introduced a little later, and the consumption of guano rapidly increased. Between 1849 and 1851 the imports of guano rose from 71,415 to 116,926 tons, although these years were included in the short period of depression to be noticed presently; and by 1865 the quantity had

advanced to 237,393 tons. Nitrate of soda was used by a few farmers in 1850; but in 1853 only 10,000 tons of this manure and saltpetre, classed together in the trade returns of that year, were imported, whereas, by 1865, the quantity of the former alone had risen to 50,000 tons.

Agricultural education upon a popular scale was first introduced in Ireland in 1838, when the Glasnevin Institution was established to train national-school teachers in the principles of agriculture. This was the first institution of the kind founded in the United Kingdom, though the chair of Rural Economy had been established at Edinburgh University as early as 1790. Apparently the results of the Glasnevin experiment did not assume a definite form until shortly after the Irish Famine, in 1846-7, when agricultural classes were formed in elementary schools, only to fall speedily into disuse for lack of pupils. Glasnevin was reorganised in 1852, and new buildings were erected, with a model farm attached, named after Prince Albert, who took a great interest in the undertaking, which in course of time became successful. In 1845 the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester was founded. The Chemical Department of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland was established in 1849, to investigate the chemistry of agriculture. The dissemination of agricultural information was rapidly extended by the numerous agricultural societies and farmers' clubs after 1837. While the societies, by their shows, developed a general appreciation of improved breeds of stock, and familiarised farmers at large with the best implements and other farm appliances, the clubs, by their papers and discussions, spread the knowledge of the few among the many.

The improvers of live stock, after the prolonged period of depression was ended, became too numerous to be mentioned. All classes of farm animals, in England and Scotland alike, received their share of attention. The early improvers of some breeds named already were still living long after 1837; and the Aberdeen-Angus cattle and Clydesdale horses had not long to wait. Hugh Watson and William McCombie were exhibiting the Angus beasts, which they helped to bring to the first rank among cattle for beef in 1842; and Clydesdales were noticed as specially meritorious in the official report of the Glasgow Show of the Highland Society in 1850.

Before giving attention to the further advancement of agriculture, it is desirable to refer briefly to the period of depression which began in 1849 and lasted till 1852. The Corn Laws were repealed in 1846, to the consternation of landowners and farmers, who declared that the ruin of British agriculture would inevitably result from the abolition of duties on imports. Their predictions were falsified, for, subject only to the interruption just mentioned, a long period of prosperity followed. This was not, however, as the Cobden Club would have us believe, because of direct benefit to agriculture from free trade, but because a series of events, which no one could have foreseen, occurred to neutralise the effect of the rapid growth of foreign competition which set in. In 1847, in spite of a great increase in the imports of wheat, the average price rose to 69s. 9d. per quarter, as compared with 54s. 8d. for 1846 and 50s. 10d. for 1845. The reason was that the harvest of 1847 was a very deficient one. But, although there was another bad harvest in 1848, the average price of wheat fell to 50s. 6d., and in the following year there was a further drop to 44s. 3d., while further depreciation in two more years brought the price to 38s. 6d. for 1851, the lowest price of the century down to that date. Barley and oats, after being as high as 44s. 2d. and 28s. 8d. respectively in 1847, fell to 23s. 6d. and 16s. 5d. in 1850. Meat and other animal produce, too, which had risen after 1836, fell considerably, in consequence of the severe commercial depression of 1848 and subsequent years. The predictions of disaster appeared at this juncture to have been only too amply fulfilled; and a great outcry for the reimposition of the corn duties on the one hand and a reduction of rents on the other arose among the farmers.

We need not dwell upon the circumstances of this renewal of agricultural misfortune, as it was soon to pass away; but for a time it was severe. Mr (afterwards Sir James) Caird, who investigated it during a tour through thirty-two counties of England, occupying thirteen months from the beginning of 1850, pronounced it very serious. In some counties he found farms thrown on the owners' hands; in the Vale of Aylesbury dairy farming was declared to be the only profitable branch of agriculture; and in many districts land was being laid down to pasture. There were complaints of falls in the prices of meat and

dairy produce, as well as of those of corn, while wool had been down in value since 1847. The most interesting feature of Caird's 'English Agriculture in 1850-51' is the comparison which he draws between the existing circumstances of English agriculture and those of the days of Arthur Young, in whose footsteps to a great extent he travelled. He found the weekly wages of ordinary farm labourers averaging as little as 7s. in a few of the southern, eastern, and western counties, but much higher in the north, rising to 13s. 6d. in Lancashire. There are men still living whose ordinary weekly wages after they were married were only 7s. a week, and many who can remember the time of their boyhood, when wheaten bread was a rare luxury, and they subsisted chiefly upon black bread and rice. For the whole country Caird puts the average wage at 9s. 6d., which he had reckoned it to be in 1846, just before the Corn Laws were repealed. The extremes were 6s. in South Wilts and 15s. in one part of Lancashire. Dividing the country broadly into north and south, Caird puts the average wages at 11s. 6d. in the former division, and 8s. 5d. in the latter; whereas Young, in 1770, had estimated those of the former at 6s. 9d. and those of the latter at 7s. 6d. So far as the comparison can be relied on, it shows advances of 71 per cent. in the north, and of only a fraction over 12 per cent. in the south. It must be borne in mind that the wages given by Caird were those of day labourers, and that they did not include extra payments in money or in kind at harvest and other times. It may be taken for granted that there were more extras in 1850 than in 1770—in money at any rate. But still labourers were miserably paid in the southern two-thirds of England, though they were not in such dire poverty as they had been under Protection in 1840, when wages were no higher and flour was 2s. 6d. per stone. In 1850, flour was at 1s. 8d., while sugar and tea had fallen in price by one half.

Although, of course, Caird found that great improvements in agriculture had taken place since Young's time, he also noticed that a large proportion of the land was still undrained, and that there was a great deal of poor and slovenly farming. The rent of land, he reckons, had risen 100 per cent. since 1770, and the wages of farm labourers 34 per cent. on the average, whereas the yield

of wheat had increased only 15 per cent., and its price not at all. He had no means of comparing the production of meat, wool, butter, and cheese in the two periods; but he allows for a considerable increase, not only because the numbers of the different classes of live stock had increased, but also because the animals had been improved in size, meat-making and milk-producing capacity, and early maturity. Still he found that the advances in rent and cost of labour had been out of all proportion to the money returns of farmers.

It was not surprising that farmers attributed their misfortunes largely to the repeal of the corn duties, as the imports of wheat, including flour in wheat equivalents, had risen from 1,141,957 quarters in 1845 to 5,930,966 quarters in 1850. Imports of other kinds of corn had increased but slightly. Some idea of the extent of foreign competition in live stock for meat in those days is afforded by the trade returns of the period, showing imports of 62,738 cattle, 130,583 sheep, and 2119 pigs in 1849, about the same in 1850, and a few more cattle, with 14,000 more sheep, in 1851.

After touching 38s. 6d. per quarter in 1851, the average price of wheat began to recover in the following year, and reached 53s. 3d. in 1853, while barley and oats sold well after 1851. Beginning in 1852, indeed, there was a great and sudden advance in the prices of commodities generally, as the result of the influx of gold due to its discovery in California in 1848 and in Australia two years later. Agriculture shared in the great prosperity which commerce enjoyed, and the revival may be dated from 1852. Allowing that year for the turn of the tide, a decade of agricultural prosperity, which was probably more exalted than that of any other period of equal duration in this country, may be said to have set in with 1853.

(To be continued in the next number.)

Art. II.—THE POEMS OF CRABBE.

1. *The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life.* Edited by his son. Eight vols. London: John Murray, 1834.
2. *The Poems of George Crabbe.* A Selection. Arranged and edited by Bernard Holland. London: Edward Arnold, 1899.

THE neglect and forgetfulness into which the poems of Crabbe have been allowed to fall is not creditable to the present generation of English readers and critics. What does it mean? It will hardly do to assume that Crabbe has damned himself by inherent weakness and unreadableness. Critics who adopt that position will have to explain how it came to pass that he was a favourite author with a man of such vigorous intellect and independent judgment as the late Edward Fitzgerald; how it was that Burke, on the mere perusal of the manuscript of one of Crabbe's earliest poems, immediately recognised its author as a man worth helping, and was confirmed in his judgment by Johnson; how it was that in later years, and after the full development of his Crabbism, Byron should have held him worth such a compliment as the line—

‘Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best’;

best, that is, among the ‘noble poet's’ contemporaries. Though some of his literary judgments can hardly be accepted now, Byron at all events was the last person to be taken in by poetry which was either merely sentimental or merely formal and prosaic.

A more probable cause of the barrier between him and the sympathies of the succeeding generations may be found in his general literary form and style. He was, in this respect, as one born out of due time—not too soon, but too late. Living and writing well into ‘The Time of New Talk’ of the post-Revolution period, producing his later works as the contemporary of Byron and Shelley—‘*Tales of the Hall*,’ his most important production, was not published till 1819—he nevertheless retained to the last the literary impress of the eighteenth century. He wrote all his tales in the rhymed couplet of the Pope school, the recurrent see-saw of which became distasteful

to a generation in whose ears the music of 'Childe Harold' and 'Adonais' had sounded. He was a realist, too, just when realism was going out of vogue. He studied and depicted the trials, the follies, the tragedy, of everyday human life, just when the poets of the new school were teaching their readers to regard man as a somewhat irrelevant atom in a great pantheistic panorama. He describes a landscape (whenever he goes beyond the mere generalities of the eighteenth-century school) by a series of minute touches, often showing great accuracy of observation, but rather summing up the facts than conveying the sentiment of the scene. He rarely makes use of imagery, and when he does, it is only in the form of arbitrary illustrations, which, as Jeffrey somewhat acutely remarked, appear to have been selected and polished up as afterthoughts of literary ornament, having no essential or integral connexion with the composition—a criticism which Crabbe himself admitted to be correct.

If this is considered tantamount to an admission that Crabbe was no poet, it may be replied that by the same argument Pope was no poet, for nearly all that has been said above of the one would apply to the other. But Pope is read as an eighteenth-century poet, a brilliant literary artist, whom we admire without expecting from him qualities and feelings which were foreign to his school and period: he is at a safe distance. Had Crabbe been a contemporary of Pope he would probably have kept his place ever since, as a poet, no doubt, of less literary finish, of far less brilliancy and concentration of style, but as one possessed of qualities of sincerity and pathos which we look for in vain, or rather, which we never think of looking for, in the author of 'The Rape of the Lock.' But he brought the eighteenth-century manner too close to us; as a literary manner, it was out of date when he wrote; and the consequence is that he has been pushed aside by the middle and later nineteenth-century critics, who have apparently only regarded him as a weaker survival of the Pope school, and have ignored his matter in their dislike of his manner. Only on this supposition can one account for the curious perversity with which every reference to Crabbe in our contemporary critical literature seems to imply only a knowledge of his weak points, without any recognition of his remarkable observation of human life

and character, his power of pathos and of satire. In some cases, indeed, Crabbe's dry humour seems to have been mistaken for stupidity. A critic in the 'Athenæum' once quoted, and quoted inaccurately, the couplet—

'And I was asked and authorised to go
To seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.'—

from Crabbe's most powerful poem, as an instance of his hopeless dullness of style; and even that pronounced Crabbite, Fitzgerald, made the same mistake, and proposed, as Mr Holland tells us, to amend it thus—

'And I was asked to set it right with—Oh,
Romantic title!—Clutterbuck and Co.'—

Could neither of them see that Crabbe was perfectly conscious of the bathos of the vulgar name, and inserted it purposely for an effect of contrast?

Crabbe's literary defects (to dismiss them first) are no doubt obvious enough. Choosing the narrative form for his studies of human character and manners, he is apt to be prolix and flat, and to wander into unnecessary digressions, in those introductory or connecting passages which form the necessary scaffolding of a narrative poem; passages which at the best it is difficult to render effective in a literary sense, and in which he sometimes drops into a prim formality of diction which seems out of place in any versified writing, even in the structural portion of a narrative poem. It is in such passages that we feel his inferiority to Pope, whose every couplet has its point, while Crabbe is at times content, in transitional passages, if he is merely metrical and grammatical. On the other hand, he occasionally enlivens his narrative by a superficial play upon words, which recurs often enough to be called a mannerism, for instance, in the description of a village club:—

'We term it *Free-and-Easy*, and yet we
Find it no easy matter to be free.'*

* One may recall Pope's—

'And so obliging that he ne'er obliged';

but in this case the viciousness and sting of the line may be held to raise it above mere word-play.

All these little weaknesses, which are of a kind easily open to parody, are admirably, though good-naturedly, satirised in the imitation poem in 'Rejected Addresses,' one of the best performances in that sublime *jeu d'esprit*, from which we shrewdly suspect that not a few literary students of the present day have derived their principal notion of Crabbe.

But the real *motif* of Crabbe's poems, as well as their real power, lies, as those who will take the trouble to read him will soon find out, not in mere narrative, but in the portrayal of human character of various types, of human feeling as acted on by various circumstances. Though he adopts the narrative form for his studies from life, the incidents are mostly of the slightest, and only just such as are necessary to furnish occasion for the play of human character. In his earliest works, 'The Library' and 'The Village,' he only attempted descriptive poetry; the latter poem is obviously suggested by Goldsmith, though in a tone far sterner and, it may be added, far more sincere and less conventional, than that of 'The Deserted Village.' Both poems contain powerful passages, such as will always be worth recalling; one can quite understand why Johnson should have admired them and predicted success for their author; in fact they show at times a literary finish which Crabbe never surpassed in his later and more serious works. Take for instance the description of the ancient books in 'The Library':—

'First let us view the form, the size, the dress,
For these the manners, nay, the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close press'd leaves, unclosed for many an age;
The dull red edging of the well-filled page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold;
These all a sage and labour'd work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame:
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.
Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality;

They had their day, when, after all his toil,
His morning study, and his midnight oil,
At length an author's ONE great work appear'd,
By patient hope and length of days endear'd;
Expecting nations hail'd it from the press;
Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;
Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
And ladies read the work they could not lift.'

Except for the curious slip in the misapplication of the adjective 'unclosed,' Pope himself could hardly have bettered that for neatness and point.

The success which Crabbe was destined to win lay, however, in a wider field than this. But in order to understand his mental attitude as displayed in his maturer writings—the grave and melancholy tone which, in spite of occasional outbreaks of lively and humorous satire, generally pervades them; his tendency to delineate and accentuate the more sordid aspects of nature and humanity—it is necessary (perhaps one may say it is only necessary) to know something of the circumstances of his early life. Never was there any writer whose productions were more obviously and permanently influenced by the impression of the scenes and the society amid which he grew up to manhood. His father was evidently a man of some talent and capacity, in what is conventionally called 'the lower middle class.' A native of Aldborough, he was for some time schoolmaster and parish clerk at a village in Norfolk, but returned to Aldborough in the capacity of warehouse-keeper, and eventually became collector of the salt duties, or 'Salt-master,' in his native fishing hamlet. Here the future poet, the eldest son, was born in 1754. Aldborough has now developed into a modern neat watering place; but in the days of Crabbe's boyhood it evidently possessed all the least attractive characteristics of an east-coast fishing village, as they may still to some extent be seen in localities which have not yet become 'watering places.' A vivid picture of the place is given in the 'Life,' as the biographer (the poet's son) could remember it:—

'It consisted of two parallel and unpaved streets, running between mean and scrambling houses, the abodes of sea-faring men, pilots, and fishers. The range of houses nearest to the sea had suffered so much from repeated invasions of the waves, that only a few scattered tenements appeared erect among the

desolation. . . . The beach consists of successive ridges—large rolled stones, then loose shingle, and, at the fall of the tide, a strip of fine hard sand. Vessels of all sorts, from the large heavy troll-boat to the yawl and prame, drawn up along the shore; fishermen preparing their tackle or sorting their spoil; and, nearer the gloomy old townhall (the only indication of municipal dignity), a few groups of mariners—chiefly pilots—taking their quick short walk backwards and forwards, every eye watchful of a signal from the offing—such was the squalid scene that first opened on the author of "The Village."

When, to this description of the outward aspect of the scene, we add the remembrance of all the social ills which must have been rampant in such a place a century ago—the low standard of village morality and decency, the practice of hard drinking as the principal recreation of a sailor, the entire absence of sanitary law or custom—

'Here our reformers come not; none object
To paths polluted, or upbraid neglect;
None care that ashy heaps at doors are cast,
That coal-dust flies along the blinding blast'—

and the prevalence of smuggling accompanied with violence and bloodshed—one can hardly wonder that the influence of such surroundings sank deep into a sensitive and observant mind brought up among them, and coloured the whole tone of his thought and his writings.

From this point of view there is a certain historical interest in many of Crabbe's pictures of characters which are evidently drawn to a great extent from actual observation. They represent, like Squire Western, types which have happily passed away, but which once filled an important place in the human comedy. It is curious, too, to be carried back to a time when the middle-class man still regarded a 'lord' as a being belonging to a class apart, who might be expected to have a different standard of life from a commoner, and to govern his behaviour to his fellow men on different principles. That Crabbe tacitly accepted this position is evident from such poems as 'The Patron,' and from other indications in his works; but this again is accounted for by his birth and circumstances. He was essentially middle-class. Just as Jane Austen, in her incomparable novels, sees the whole problem of human life from the county-society point of view, so Crabbe sees

it entirely from the middle-class point of view. The reason for the limitation of view was in its nature the same in both cases; both writers were realists, and confined themselves to representing life as it had come under their own observation; and, after all, the middle-class standpoint may be said to afford a wider view than the standpoint of county society. Crabbe cannot be compared with Jane Austen as an artist; but he knew more of life than she knew; he had looked deeper into human nature; he was acquainted with grief, and possessed the power of keen pathos—a knowledge and a power which, so far as her writings show, were beyond Jane Austen's horizon.

Crabbe's early history, besides serving to explain the influences which gave his genius its peculiar bent, is of interest as giving us glimpses of a character of no ordinary force and individuality, apart from his literary gift. Nothing could have been more unpromising than his early prospects. 'His father employed him in the warehouse on the quay at Slaughden, in labours which he abhorred (though he in time became tolerably expert in them), such as piling up butter and cheese.' The profession of surgeon had been decided on for him, while he was yet at school; but after the term of his apprenticeship to a country surgeon was over, his father could neither afford to send him to London to complete his education, nor to maintain him at home in idleness, and he had for a time to return to his labours on the quay. A few months subsequently spent in London were partially wasted through want of funds to make the most of his opportunities; and when he eventually took up the practice of a country 'apothecary,' as the phrase then went, his mind was constantly tortured by the dread of a responsibility for which he did not feel prepared; nor were his prospects of an adequate practice in any case very promising. At length he resolved 'to go to London and venture all.'

With five pounds in his pocket he set out, to go through the 'trial of faith' (in Bunyan's phrase) which others have gone through before and since—the dreary round of offering manuscripts to one publisher after another, with results varying only between the refusal courteous and the refusal curt, while the day when the purse will be drawn blank looms nearer and nearer. Some little time before, Crabbe had been happily, though at the time rather hopelessly,

engaged to Miss Elmy, of Parham, the lady whom he afterwards married; and he kept up his spirits during the time of his probation in London by a journal in which he imagined himself as addressing her (under the name of 'Mira') and making her the confidante of his anxieties and hopes, although in fact it was not shown to her till afterwards. This journal, as that of a man struggling for existence, now in hope and now depressed, is very interesting, sometimes very pathetic, always manly and brave even under disheartening circumstances. 'Great God!' he exclaims in one place, 'I thank Thee for these happy spirits; seldom they come, but coming, make large amends for preceding gloom.' The following passage is characteristic:—

'It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow and rent it half away. Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, etc., to sew them together. This finished my job; and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet.

'These are foolish things, Mira, to write or speak, and we may laugh at them; but I'll be bound to say they are much more likely to make a man cry, when they *happen*—though I was too much of a philosopher for that; however, not one of those who preferred a ragged coat to a whole one.

'On Monday I hope to finish my book entirely, and perhaps send it. God Almighty give it a better fate than the trifles tried before!'

Struggling on in the hope that on any day an acceptance of one of his works by a publisher might turn the tide, he came to the very brink of starvation—'My last shilling,' he says in the diary, 'became eightpence yesterday.' He was rescued, just as he was sinking, by the fortunate thought of appealing to Burke, stating his case, and sending him some of his manuscript poems. The letter, which described his deferred hopes of literary success, is touching in its frankness and simplicity: 'I appeal to you, sir, as a good and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am

an unhappy one; . . . Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety?' It must have cost him a painful effort to write thus, for he was naturally of an exceedingly proud and independent spirit. But he had appealed to one of the only two prominent men of the day in London to whom an appeal from a struggling literary genius was not likely to be made in vain. Burke, who had much on his hands at the time, gave immediate attention to the poems enclosed, recognised their merit, sent for the author, recommended him to Dodsley the publisher, introduced him to Johnson, asked him on a lengthened visit to Beaconsfield, and, finding that Crabbe had fortunately received a better education than boys in his father's rank in life generally received in those days, and that he had a wish to enter the Church, used his influence with one of the episcopal sentries to get this irregularly-educated candidate for Holy Orders examined and duly ordained. The whole story is equally honourable to both the actors in it; the odd thing is that, while Burke's generous part in it is justly remembered and recorded to his credit, the author whom he thought it worth while to befriend in this manner has been nearly forgotten. Even Mr John Morley (from whom one might have expected better things), in his biographical study of Burke, whilst mentioning the incident to the credit of Burke's character, passes over the object of his generosity as a person of no consequence at all, merely observing, in reference to Crabbe's claim to assistance, 'I can hardly expect the reader to be acquainted with the "Parish Register"'—a sentence which shows that Mr Morley himself knew little of Crabbe's works, or he would have known that the 'Parish Register' was not written till many years later, and had nothing whatever to do with Burke's recognition of the poet.

Crabbe's first clerical appointment was as curate at Aldborough; and one can imagine how the natives, including his own father, must have been bewildered by the contrast between his position when he quitted them—an obscure youth, who was locally regarded as a failure, and his return as an ordained clergyman and an author of repute, the friend and correspondent of some of the most notable men of his day. But although he had made use of his literary genius as a lever to lift himself out of

obscurity and poverty, it is characteristic of his purely amateur attitude in regard to literature that he produced nothing more for many years, with the single exception of the short satirical poem entitled 'The Newspaper,' a production savouring too much of Pope at second hand, though containing some vigorous and spirited passages. When, twenty-two years after 'The Newspaper,' he published the 'Parish Register,' to be followed in comparatively quick succession by various collections of tales and studies of life, the Crabbe who thus reappeared in literature was essentially different from the Crabbe of the earlier poems. The literary style was much the same, but the subject was no longer the mere surroundings of human life, but the human figures themselves, their passions, cares, griefs, and foibles. The shrewd though kindly parish priest had, during the intervening years, seen much of the ways of mankind, and his experience formed the basis for a gallery of portraits such as very few writers in our language have equalled in variety, keenness of insight, and power of delineation.

The 'Parish Register' forms, one may say, the connecting link between the old Crabbe and the new. The 'Introduction' is mainly descriptive, and a little too much recalls 'The Village'; but the element of personal and human interest becomes more and more prominent as the poem proceeds, especially in the third section, 'Burials,' which includes some of the finest and most pathetic passages in his writings. Crabbe's eye for the realities of a scene is shown, when describing the funeral of 'The Mother,' in his passing glance at the half-interested spectators:—

'Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill
The village lads stood, melancholy still';

and in his description of the return to the house:—

'Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place where she no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.

His remembrance of his own mother's death probably permeated this passage. She was one of the old school of gentle evangelical saints, the best of whom, whatever we may think of their intellectual position, surely furnished one of the most beautiful types of womanly character on record. A touching little trait of her is recorded in the 'Life.' When she was sinking slowly under a lingering illness she enquired one morning after a neighbour who was also dying, and hearing that the latter still lived, said, 'She must make haste, or I shall be at rest before her.'

It was, however, in his later poems—the social sketches included under the general title 'The Borough,' and the stories included under that of 'Tales of the Hall'—that Crabbe showed his real powers in a series of studies of human character which constitute, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, 'a criticism of life.' Of the knowledge of human nature, the truth of observation, and the variety and piquancy of delineation of manners and character displayed in these poems of his maturer period, it would indeed be difficult to speak too highly. The literary weakness of diffuseness and digression in the structural portion of the narrative, already referred to, will no doubt be felt in many, though not in all of his poems, and may be attributed to the fact that, throughout his life, Crabbe (as already observed) wrote, so to speak, as an amateur. Primarily, he was a country clergyman, not an author; his writing was in the nature of an intellectual relaxation, prompted partly by the desire to put on record the impressions he had gained from a keen observation of life as it was lived around him. Had he made literature the business of his life, and subordinated everything else to it, he would probably have been led to bestow greater attention on concentration in style, and would have discovered that in poetry whatever is redundant is a positive mischief, and not a mere superfluity which can be ignored. On the other hand, he might not, in that case, have retained so completely one invaluable quality, which goes far to atone for a certain amount of slackness in literary style—his absolute and uncompromising sincerity. No one was more incapable of a false or affected sentiment; no poet was ever more free from the least suspicion of writing for effect, or of adopting a literary or a moral pose. And with this simplicity and directness of intention, his un-

adorned simplicity of language is completely in keeping. If, in the structural portion of a tale, this simplicity of diction was apt at times to drop too nearly to the plane of prose writing, it became, on the other hand, a source of strength when he came to deal with the event or the catastrophe which formed the *ultima ratio* of the poem. There he is never diffuse, never flat; while entirely free from what Wordsworth called 'poetic diction,' he impresses us by the simple unexaggerated force of the language in which the catastrophe or the final reflection arising out of it are brought home to us—language which strikes us, not as intended to produce effect, but as if the thing could be told in no other way. His terse, vigorous lines, when summing up a situation or a reflection, hit with the force of a sledge-hammer. Among passages which will bear to be quoted separately, perhaps none give a better idea of what is meant than the lines from Book III of 'Tales of the Hall,' suggested by the story of a man in mature life falling into and becoming captive to the very sin which in his youth he had abhorred and condemned in another:—

'How is it men, when they in judgment sit
On the same fault, now censure, now acquit?
Is it not thus, that *here* we view the sin,
And *there* the powerful cause that drew us in?
'Tis not that men are to the evil blind,
But that a different object fills the mind.
In judging others we can see too well
Their grievous fall, but not how grieved they fell;
Judging ourselves, we to our minds recall
Not how we fell, but how we grieved to fall!'

Of Crabbe's power of conveying much in a single line many examples might be cited; perhaps none better than the swinging blow delivered in the tale of 'The Sisters' who had lost their fortunes, when the so-called lover of one of them, putting aside the girl as not worth marrying, makes an unsuccessful attempt to seduce her:—

'Then made he that attempt, in which to fail
Is shameful—still more shameful to prevail.'

Nor must we pass over his characteristic reason for giving no detail of the scene:—

'I will be brief—nor have I heart to dwell
On crimes they almost share who paint them well.'

The title of the poem 'The Borough,' published in 1809, promised at once a larger range of subject than the 'Parish Register,' and enabled the poet to group under one heading a whole series of sketches of men and manners—the various professions, the trustees and inmates of the almshouse, the clubs and social meetings of the place, in a series of 'Letters,' forming a complete microcosm of the life of a small seaport town. In his peroration he touches on his own position; the poet's study of life was not for gain; the interest of the study itself was its own reward:—

'For this the Poet looks the world around,
Where form and life and reasoning man are found;
He loves the mind in all its modes to trace,
And all the manners of the changing race;
Silent he walks the road of life along,
And views the aims of its tumultuous throng;
He finds what shapes the Proteus-passions take,
And what strange waste of life and joy they make.'

The poem, from beginning to end, illustrates the mental attitude here indicated. In actual life the author was the kindly friend and monitor of his parishioners; in thought he was among them, but not of them, seeing the whole curious little masquerade pass by him, half sad over its misdeeds or sorrows, half amused at its follies.

The 'Clubs and Social Meetings' are depicted with great vivacity; the description of the 'Club of Smokers,' with its sleepy conversation punctuated by the draw of the pipe, carries one back to the time when a smoker was more or less of an outlaw; the amenities of the whist club are still better. The section entitled 'The Almshouse and Trustees' supplies some of the most powerful and incisive portraits. Among the trustees was the great man of the place, Sir Denys Brand, a type of the social sultan, whose portrait is evidently finished *con amore*; who built the public Room, revived the races, instituted the lifeboat—'his were no vulgar charities'—and browbeat the whole place, while keeping up a calculated ostentation of humility in his personal equipment. His scantily furnished private room contrasted effectively with the luxury of the servants' hall, and all the rest was in keeping:—

'An old brown pony 'twas his will to ride,
Who shuffled onward and from side to side';

but he was attended by a groom on a splendid animal:—

“Yours, without question?” “Yes, I think a groom
Bought me the beast; I cannot say the sum:
I ride him not: it is a foolish pride
Men have in cattle—but my people ride;
The boy is—hark ye, sirrah! what’s your name?
Ay, Jacob, yes! I recollect—the same;
As I bethink me now, a tenant’s son—
I think a tenant—is your father one?”

Never, surely, has the pride that apes humility been more happily hit off. For Sir Denys to become an almshouse trustee was, of course, rather a condescension—

‘True, ’twas beneath him—but to do men good
Was motive never by his heart withstood’;

and he exercised his opportunity of doing good by finding an asylum for Blaney, a broken-down *roué*, whose history and character form a separate study of the baser side of human nature which must be read *in extenso* to be appreciated. The reminiscences of the drunken old sailor inmate, Benbow, with a face like Bardolph’s, include some historically interesting studies of almost extinct species, such as the portrait of Captain Dowling, lighted by flashes of a somewhat lurid irony.

‘Schools’ and ‘Prisons’ contain some of the most powerful passages in the poem, but the only other quotation we can allow ourselves is a passage from ‘The Poor of the Village,’ a subject after Crabbe’s own heart, in which he puts the climax to the whole by a description of a large warehouse room which, originally built for some purpose that had failed, was bought cheap by an ill-judging philanthropist as a refuge for all such tramps and outcasts as were without a home:—

‘In this vast room, each place by habit fixed,
Are sexes, families, and ages mixed—
To union forced by crime, by fear, by need,
And all in morals and in modes agreed;
Some ruined men, who from mankind remove;
Some ruined females, who yet talk of love;
And some grown old in idleness—the prey
To vicious spleen, still railing through the day;

And need and misery, vice and danger bind
In sad alliance each degraded mind.

That window view!—oiled paper and old glass
Stain the strong rays which, though impeded, pass,
And give a dusty warmth to that huge room,
The conquered sunshine's melancholy gloom;
When all those western rays, without so bright,
Within become a ghastly glimmering light,
As pale and faint upon the floor they fall,
Or feebly gleam on the opposing wall;
That floor, once oak, now pieced with fir unplanned,
Or where not pieced, in places bored and stained;
That wall, once whitened, now an odious sight,
Stain'd with all hues, except its ancient white;
The only door is fastened by a pin
Or stubborn bar, that none may hurry in;
For this poor room, like rooms of greater pride,
At times contains what prudent men would hide.

* * * * *

High hung at either end, and next the wall,
Two ancient mirrors show the forms of all,
In all their force—these aid them in their dress,
But with the good, the evils too express,
Doubling each look of care, each token of distress

The concluding line is surely a masterstroke of concentrated force.

The series of 'Tales,' not bound together by connexion with any special subject, which were published in 1812, includes, among some work of minor interest, two or three of Crabbe's most successful efforts. 'The Squire and the Priest,' though not in every respect one of the best, has special interest as illustrating Crabbe's unclerical impartiality. The story turns on the project of a coarse-minded old squire, tired of being preached at, to present to the living (in his own gift) a young relative whom he had educated into proper views, as he hoped, on the difference between the sins of the rich and those of the poor; and his dire disappointment when his *protégé* turned against him in the pulpit. There is a great deal of humour in the old gentleman's exposition of his system of religion and morals; in the account of the blundering penitence of his dull-headed bottle companion, and of the efforts of his 'kept lady' to improve the occasion from her own point of view. With such a subject, is there any other clerical

poet on record who would not have left the Christian minister triumphant? Crabbe knew life better:—

‘James too has trouble—he divided sees
A parish once harmonious and at ease;
With him united are the simply meek,
The warm, the sad, the nervous, and the weak.

* * * * *

He sighs to hear the jests his converts cause;
He cannot give their erring zeal applause;
But finds it inconsistent to condemn
The flights and follies he has nursed in them:
These, in opposing minds, contempt produce,
Or mirth occasion, or provoke abuse;
On each momentous theme disgrace they bring,
And give to Scorn her poison and her sting.’

This passage, which concludes the poem, is a good example also of one literary merit of Crabbe’s—he never ends weakly; he always has a terse and vigorous line to sum up and, as it were, clench the whole.

In ‘The Borough’ Crabbe had attempted to give a certain unity to the poem by professing to describe the personages of a single neighbourhood, with a sketch of the town as a background. In ‘Tales of the Hall,’ the latest work published during his lifetime, he sought the same end by another device, that of representing the tales as told between two half-brothers who, having been strangers for many years, meet at the country seat of the elder one, and exchange stories over their wine, or hear them from one or two friends and neighbours. This is slight enough as a narrative basis, but it serves its purpose; the personality of the brothers, George and Richard, is sufficiently defined to give us an interest in them, while the stories of their respective love affairs form two of the best sections of the poem. ‘Tales of the Hall’ is undoubtedly Crabbe’s best work, and a remarkable production for a man of sixty-five who describes it (in the preface) as merely ‘the fruits of his leisure.’ His style is here more sustained and elevated than in most of his earlier works; his interest in life is wider; and he strikes deeper chords of feeling and passion than he had ever struck before.

There is only space here to indicate briefly the nature of the interest awakened by the various tales which make

the sum of the book, and the variety of characters and situations which it contains. 'Ruth' is the tragic story of a gentle girl who has loved too well and been deserted, but who has discernment and delicacy enough to feel that the loveless marriage which her parents would now force upon her is a prostitution of a far deeper dye than her first fault.

"A second time,"

Sighing she said, "shall I commit the crime,
And now untempted?"

and drowns herself in the sea rather than have the profanation forced upon her. The whole is in Crabbe's best manner, rising to a tragic ring at the close. 'The Preceptor Husband,' one of the best of the stories in Crabbe's lighter vein, relates the disillusionment of a man of learning who had been caught by an empty-headed girl with just wit enough to play up to him. The first waning of the honeymoon is touched off in one of those mischievous couplets in which Crabbe transfixes, at one thrust, a whole category of social or domestic shams:—

'Twas now no longer, "Just what you approve";
But "Let the wild fowl be to-day, my love."

'The Bachelor's Story,' the autobiography of an elderly gentleman who had been shipwrecked in four successive attempts at matrimony, is one of Crabbe's finest efforts, half pathetic, half humorous, and rising to a noble strain of philosophic reflection at the close. A moral of another kind emerges from the next tale, 'Delay has Danger,' the story of a man, engaged to a gifted and superior girl, wrecking his whole happiness through the mere weakness of not being able to resist love-making to a pretty but commonplace lass with whom he was accidentally brought into contact. The account of the gradual progress of his infatuation, with the revulsion of feeling that followed the moment after he had committed himself irrevocably—

"I will," she softly whispered; but the roar
Of cannon would not strike his spirit more"—

and the blankness of all the world to him the morning after, should be read by all young men who are in danger

of letting themselves be snared for life by the demon of 'Juxtaposition,' as Clough puts it :—

'Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.'

The girl's vulgar relatives, the steward of a large estate and his wife, who are instrumental in entrapping him, are painted with a truth and humour worthy of Shakespeare.

Other tales containing passages of great power must be passed over here; but some more lengthened notice is claimed by the narrative of 'The Elder Brother,' which may be said, perhaps, to be Crabbe's highest effort. It is hinted, from the first, that George, the elder brother, was a man with 'a past,' one who had enjoyed material success, had amassed wealth but never known happiness, and had taken refuge from stinging remembrances in an acted cynicism, through which his genuine feeling penetrates as he becomes more intimate with his new-found relative. The interchange of the history of their love affairs is led up to by a passage which will find an echo in many a heart among those who have had more than the average share of life's trials and disappointments. The younger brother speaks :—

"Can you not, brother, on adventures past
A thought, as on a lively prospect, cast?
On days of dear remembrance! days that seem,
When past—nay, ev'n when present, like a dream;
These white and blessed days, that softly shine
On few, nor oft on them—have they been thine?"

'George answered: "Yes! dear Richard, through the years
Long past, a day so white and mark'd appears;
As in the storm that pours destruction round
Is here and there a ship in safety found;
So in the storm of life some days appear
More blest and bright for the preceding fear."'

A few more lines introduce Richard's story, the story of a happy day crowned by a happy engagement—just such a day as thousands of wedded lovers may look back upon. The whole is very simply told; it is in its simplicity and reality, rising to a warm gush of sincere and unaffected emotion at the close, that the charm lies. This is succeeded by the very different story of the elder brother, prefaced by the observation—

'Who tells what thou shalt hear, esteems his hearer well'—

the history of a romantic and foolish passion, aroused by a girl whom he had casually met, whose surname even he did not know, and whom he lost sight of for years—a passion which preyed upon him and weakened his mind for any purpose in life, until in an equally casual way he met her again as somebody's cast-off mistress and the inmate of a disorderly lodging-house. The meeting is told in Crabbe's most incisive style. The narrator had been commissioned by the head of his firm to ask an explanation of another house as to an unsatisfactory document; he was too late to catch the principal partner, but was referred to an address where he might find him:—

'I found, though not with ease, this private seat
Of soothing quiet, wisdom's still retreat.

The shutters half unclosed, the curtains fell
Half down, and rested on the window sill,
And thus, confusedly, made the room half visible.
Late as it was, the little parlour bore
Some tell-tale tokens of the night before;
There were strange sights and scents about the room,
Of food high-season'd, and of strong perfume;
Two unmatch'd sofas ample rents display'd,
Carpet and curtains were alike decay'd;
A large old mirror, with once gilded frame,
Reflected prints that I forbear to name,
Such as a youth might purchase—but, in truth,
Not a sedate or sober-minded youth:
The cinders yet were sleeping in the grate
Warm from the fire, continued large and late,
As left, by careless folk, in their neglected state;
The chairs in haste seem'd whirl'd about the room,
As when the sons of riot hurry home,
And leave the troubled place to solitude and gloom.'

The man of business was not forthcoming, but the lady lodger had heard the old name, and enters hurriedly, 'speaking ere in sight':—

'But is it she? O! yes; the rose is dead,
All beauty, fragrance, freshness, glory fled:
But yet 'tis she—the same and not the same—
Who to my bower a heavenly being came;
Who waked my soul's first thought of real bliss,
Whom long I sought, and now I find her—this.

To the question whether his heart had been 'faithful' he finds spirit enough to retort:—

'My faith must childish in your sight appear,
Who have been faithful—to how many, dear?'

a shrewd hit which turns the lady to explanation and excuse, rounded off with a song in which her easy philosophy of life is set to a sweet sad music:—

'Buried be all that has been done,
Or say that nought is done amiss,
For who the dangerous path can shun
In such bewildering world as this?
But love can every fault forgive,
Or with a tender look reprove;
And now let naught in memory live,
But that we meet, and that we love.'

Penitence, half sincere in intent, wholly pathetic in expression, is the next move in this moral duel, till the man is worked upon to accept the position of Armand in 'Les Faux Ménages,' and promise to cast the marriage garment of social righteousness over the sinner, if she will turn entirely from the error of her ways. But, with whatever sincerity of intent, she was too far gone into the slough, too morally weakened to reform—

'She looked for idle vice the time to kill,
And subtle, strong apologies for ill':

and the former lover saw her no more till summoned to console her on her deathbed, so far as consolation might be possible. The lines in response to his question whether there was any one thing he could do to relieve her mind, are a remarkable example of Crabbe's power of what may be called the pathos of intense simplicity:—

'Yes! there was yet a female friend, an old
And grieving nurse, to whom it should be told—
If I would tell—that she, her child, had fail'd,
And turn'd from truth! Yet truth at length prevail'd.'

The man's sorrow, at once over this poor lost though finally repentant creature, and over the wreck of the best years of his own life on her account—his lapse into commercial greed and speculation as some kind of object for living, and his final revulsion from so low an end of exist-

ence, are briefly but powerfully described in the remaining portion of the narrative, which the speaker sums up in the following lines :—

'Yet much is lost, and not yet much is found,
But what remains, I would believe, is sound;
That first wild passion, that last mean desire,
Are felt no more; but holier hopes require
A mind prepared and steady—my reform
Has fears like his, who, suffering in a storm,
Is on a rich but unknown country cast,
The future fearing, while he feels the past;
But whose more cheerful mind, with hope imbued,
Sees through receding clouds the rising good.'

Although the human interest is always paramount with Crabbe, he has an eye to the scenic setting of his drama, and even where there is no lengthened or detailed description we seem to be conscious of the background. The influence of the flat dreary landscape of the Suffolk sea-coast, with its marshy tracts and its miles of shingle beach, seems indeed to have got into his blood, and colours his scenes almost unawares to the reader and perhaps to himself. Where he gives special attention to the landscape he is, as already observed, essentially a realist; he brings it before us by a series of minute touches, as in the description of the fen country in 'The Lover's Journey,' and the admirable painting of the melancholy morning landscape which Tennyson so much admired in 'Delay has Danger.' In less detailed descriptions he has nevertheless very real touches; in the section on 'Prisons' in 'The Borough,' the walk through the lane and over the cliffs down to the bay is sketched so that we seem to accompany the party on their route; in everything concerning the sea (for which he had a passion) he is truthful and observant; we see on a calm hot day the

'Faint lazy waves o'er-creep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow';

the long stretch of coast 'where all is pebbly length of shore'; the strong ebb-tide running out between the 'stakes and seaweed withering on the mud,'

'And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place.'

Occasionally, though rarely, he can give us one of those true poetic generalisations which seem to sum up the spirit of the scene in a single line, as in the calm where we see

‘Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea,’

or the bright fresh incident in the morning scene in ‘Tales of the Hall,’

‘The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill’—

recalling one element of the picturesque which is now all but swept away from English landscape.

Reference ought to be made, before concluding, to three poems of Crabbe’s which are exceptional among his works both in form and feeling—‘Sir Eustace Grey,’ ‘The Hall of Justice,’ and ‘The World of Dreams,’; all comparatively early poems, in which a rather free stanza form takes the place of the rhymed couplet, and which contain passages of great power and pathos, though they are somewhat crude in form and expression. These are of special interest as indicating that Crabbe, had he devoted himself entirely to poetry, might have proved that he possessed higher imaginative power and greater versatility in literary handling than would be surmised from the realistic tendency and the uniformity of style which characterise the bulk of his poems. It is by these latter, however—by his studies of human nature, character, and passion, drawn from direct observation of life—that he is mainly to be judged; it is in these that his peculiar powers are displayed; and the reader will, we hope, admit that even the inadequate illustration furnished by the foregoing remarks and quotations is sufficient to justify the question already propounded—what have our literary critics been about, that they have suffered such a writer to drop into neglect and oblivion?

In conclusion, let it be added that we do not think any real good has been done for Crabbe’s reputation by the well-intended efforts of Fitzgerald and of Mr Holland to reintroduce him to the public by selections and extracts. Fitzgerald indeed took what, considering that he had a real and enthusiastic admiration for Crabbe, must be called the reprehensible course of partially re-writing and altering passages, to get rid of what he considered to be the

poet's defects. A poet, who is not worth retaining except in this left-handed fashion, had better be dropped. But we maintain that Crabbe's weaknesses, as regards their quantity at all events, have been greatly exaggerated. In Shelley's complete works, the proportion of writing which is not worthy of Shelley at his best is much greater than the proportion of Crabbe which is below his best; yet no one objects to a complete edition of Shelley. And in many cases a real injustice is done to the poet by divorcing his best passages from their surroundings. Mr Holland, for instance, gives as a separate short poem, under the title 'The Old Bachelor,' the noble concluding lines on old age from 'The Bachelor's Story' in 'Tales of the Hall.' Yet we venture to say that this passage, taken alone, does not produce half so strong an impression on the reader as it does when read as the climax and summing up of the whole poem. What we wish to see is a re-issue—with some emendations in respect of punctuation and misprints—of Murray's beautiful edition of 1834; and we are inclined to think that the time is ripe for it.

Art. III.—THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

1. *A History of British India.* By Sir William Wilson Hunter. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1899-1900.
2. *The Diary of William Hedges (1681-1687).* Edited by Col. Henry Yule and R. Barlow. (Hakluyt Society.) Three vols. London: 1887-1889.
3. *The Early Annals of the English in Bengal.* By C. R. Wilson. Vol. I. London: Thacker, 1895.
4. *The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to the Court of the Great Mogul, 1615-1619.* Edited by W. Foster. (Hakluyt Society.) Two vols. London: 1899.
5. *The Rise of Portuguese Power in India.* By R. S. Whiteway. London: Constable, 1899.
6. *Letters received by the East India Company from its Servants in the East (1602-1616).* Edited by F. C. Danvers and William Foster. Four vols. London: Sampson Low, 1896-1900.

WITH the death of Sir William Hunter there came to a close a very brilliant career, a career of extraordinary performance and, till the very end, of extraordinary promise. He was in his sixtieth year; but his physical frame, broad-shouldered, stalwart, and supple, looked as though it had little more than reached its prime of health and strength, and appeared still fully able to bear all that his ardent and resolute soul demanded from it of versatility and effort. He died in harness; we have in one of the volumes at the head of this article sentences penned within a fortnight of his death. His whole career had been one of preparation for the great work of which, in the form he intended it ultimately to take, a mere fragment, on many sides unpolished and on all imperfect, was to be achieved. Sir W. Hunter, among the many Scotsmen we have met, was perhaps the most conspicuous example of the perfervid element in the genius of North Britain. He was eager, excitable, enthusiastic to a high degree, and overflowing with nervous energy. Over-daring in conjecture and over-confident in statement, he could also be, as an enquirer and investigator, very patient, painstaking, and persevering. Having sat at the feet not only of Scottish but of French and German professors,

the Glasgow graduate, the eminently distinguished competitor for the Indian Civil Service, started on his career in the East not only with the usual ambitions, but in the spirit of the schools of Paris and of Bonn. He was irrepressibly sanguine, and at the same time emotional and susceptible; viewing human existence generally in its brightest and most favourable lights, and very desirous to make the best and the most of it. His own exceptionally busy and varied life offered in many departments abundant opportunities. Looking back upon it, we are inclined to judge that he availed himself of every chance and missed none of his openings. He loved to meet with men, he loved to read and write and think of men who had engrossed the literary or political stage, who had subjected to themselves a wide region of literature or of politics. To be counted among such men was in some sort his own aim. Nor need we hesitate to affirm that he has obtained a place of this kind for his memory.

If he was always imaginative, not less was he always industrious. If he enjoyed life and letters, and if in life and letters he enjoyed most the study of character and of personality, it was to life at the desk, to official work, to the sedulous comparison and computation of unadorned facts and figures that, for many years, he day by day not unwillingly devoted himself. Here peculiar facilities fell in his path and were seized upon. Here his skill was quite unprecedented, and so was his success. His fame rests, and will rest, on his toil rather as an editor than as an author, on his powers of organisation and of superintendence rather than on his own final and finished contributions to history and to biography. He exercised, and with wonderful mastery, a great command over able men and over vast materials. With regard to the history of British India, he has been the chief surveyor and 'prospector,' the chief road-maker, the chief contractor and employer of literary labour, the statistician-in-chief. His official and literary activity and influence in general, well worthy as they are of commentary, we cannot on this occasion discuss; what we have to consider is that incomplete summary and supplement to the rest of his work on which, during the last year or two of his life, he was engaged.

It is as though the author, even if not guessing that

his days were numbered, had yet felt that, as never before, he was writing against time. He is anxious about nothing so much as to cover the ground as speedily as he may, and new ground where possible, and to record roughly his impressions concerning it. Particularly in his opening chapters is this the case, and, indeed, all through the first volume. Curiously, among these latest labours of his, his own best work seems to us to be the very last chapter he wrote, the eighth chapter of the second volume; while in the whole two volumes the best chapter of all was written not by Sir W. Hunter himself, but, after his death, from his notes, by his young literary assistant and friend, Mr P. E. Roberts. Sir W. Hunter has left not only labours behind him, but labourers. Next to producing a masterpiece, he would have chosen to train a disciple, to establish a tradition, to equip a successor. We think we trace throughout the work, and especially throughout the second volume, the pious but never meddling hand, the alert but never pedantic or obtrusive care, of Mr Roberts, a fresh adventurer, introduced by Sir W. Hunter to the domain of historical research and composition, whom we trust we shall meet again. Mr Roberts falls, it may be, here and there a little into his master's manner of generalising too soon and too absolutely; yet, after all, we desire to bestow nothing but cordial praise both on his introduction to the second volume and his concluding chapter to the whole work.* Sir W. Hunter's own introduction to the first volume, written at Tiflis in December 1898, contains some finely appropriate reflections, weighty with thought, and eloquent in expression. We would select further for special commendation from that first volume the account of the machinery of the East India Company. Similarly, the sixth chapter in the second volume, entitled 'The Company's Servants and Trade to 1660,' is a first-rate example of Sir W. Hunter's very remarkable faculty for the collection and condensation of materials and then for their clear and facile and luminous reissue and recapitulation. It is because of work such as this that, for a time at all events, these two volumes will stand out as a landmark

* It is not often that, where Sir H. Yule fails to discover missing facts, another succeeds. Mr. Roberts has done this with regard to the last exploits and death of Sir John Gayer. Cf. 'A History of British India,' II, 375, and 'Diary of William Hedges' (Hakluyt Society), II, 155.

among histories of European and, in particular, of English commerce with India. In spite of repetitions and dislocations, contradictions, over-hasty and over-bold generalisations and assumptions, our intrepid and indefatigable explorer has, in this his last literary campaign, entered upon and captured unoccupied and difficult territory, wherein he maintains, and is likely for the present to maintain, a species of sovereign title.

We have said that, especially in the first volume, the symptoms of haste were everywhere; and it is incumbent upon us to justify the criticism. Some of the leading aspects of Indo-Portuguese history are cleverly handled, but, on the whole, no comparison is admissible, with regard to their real value as an addition to our knowledge and insight, between Sir W. Hunter's Portuguese chapters and Mr R. S. Whiteway's almost exactly contemporary volume, 'The Rise of Portuguese Power in India.' What are we to think of Sir W. Hunter leaving in two places* his authorities unamended, so that, for all he tells us, we might suppose that Mohammed died and was buried not at Medina but at Mecca. As to his Dutch chapters we shall have to begin our remarks on them with considerable distrust of his argument and to end quite out of agreement with his conclusions. In our view he is here almost perversely wrong in his appreciation, and one or two examples will be enough to show how untrustworthy is his manner of citing and of co-ordinating and subordinating facts. He tells us† that the London merchants in Founders' Hall had before them, on September 22nd, 1599, three models, one being the semi-state pattern of the Dutch. But this semi-state pattern did not come into existence till the year 1602. Again he informs us that‡ 'the chances of the Company rose and fell with the fluctuations of parties, the older politicians like Burleigh being for peace.' The Company was founded December 31st, 1600. Lord Burghley departed this life August 4th, 1598. Once more he assures us that the smaller islands of the Banda group§ 'are not mentioned in Vivien de Saint-Martin's great 'Dictionary of Geography' (Paris, 1879). They are to be found enumerated in that work under the heading 'Banda,' and a second time under the heading 'Moluques.' As with regard to

* 'A History of British India,' i, 101, and 124, 5. † *Ibid.*, i, 236.

‡ *Ibid.*, i, 256 n.

§ *Ibid.*, i, 372 n.

the earlier history of the Portuguese in India Sir W. Hunter's investigations are in many respects outweighed by Mr. Whiteway's researches, so, with regard to the later history of the Portuguese and with regard to his Dutch chapters, do several of his statements stand corrected by the third volume of 'East India Letters,' and the two volumes, edited for the Hakluyt Society, containing and illustrating the embassy of Sir Thomas Roe. Neither Sir W. Hunter's battle scenes nor his heroic portraits are in drawing. His somewhat detailed narrative of Captain Downton's exploits in Swally Roads is already superseded.* The whole perspective seems to us lost, with regard to the Dutch as compared with the English activity, during the seventeenth century: the sketch of the general movement is at fault and distorted, and so is the delineation of the individuals who took part in it. Thus the one man of whom in Sir W. Hunter's first volume we have anything like an original picture is the Dutch Governor-General, Jan Pieterszoon Coen. 'A really great book,' exclaims Sir W. Hunter, 'might be written on Coen.' Possibly, but it would not be the biography of a really great man. 'He will either win the horse or lose the saddle,' as the English of his own day reported Coen to have said, 'expel the English or be expelled himself.' From the Dutch point of view much was to be urged, at such a moment, for such a policy. But the manners and measures of the man, what did they but tempt to still more ruffianly and brutal courses creatures like the unhappy van Speult, and, in a later age, van Gysels, van Deutekom, Demmer, and the rest—blots on the history of civilisation and colonisation, on the history of the Dutch and the Moluccas?

Let us grapple at once with Sir W. Hunter's main topic and our own, and enquire what was the circumstance which brought the Dutch East India Company and the English East India Company upon the scene. It was the unification of the Iberian Peninsula, in its bearing upon the conflict, in which both Netherlanders and English were engaged, with Philip II. The annexation of Portugal to Spain, which lasted till 1640, took place in 1580. A sudden stop and block occurred in the business of the world, in the trade between Lisbon and Antwerp and

* 'A History of British India,' I, 319-26. Cf. 'Letters received by the E. I. Co. from its servants in the East,' III, xiv-xvi.

Amsterdam. For a moment the Dutch were in despair. They recovered their equanimity, and they threw their whole strength for a hundred years into a course of unprecedented daring and almost fabulous prosperity. The earliest incidents are the following. In 1591, some English merchants sent out a tentative expedition to the East Indies. Between 1595 and 1600 the Netherlands merchants sent out larger and more fortunate fleets. Then, in 1600, the English East India Company secured its charter, and commenced its operations, with a capital of, say, 70,000*l.*, to be speedily overtaken and outstripped, in 1602, by the Dutch East India Company—the venture, so to speak, of a whole nation—with a capital of, say, 550,000*l.*

It was, accordingly, as an incident in the great war with Spain, on the Spanish seas, on the sea-frontiers, that this armed enterprise of the Dutch and English merchants and skippers began, this irregular advance, as of seafaring sharpshooters and squatters, apart from, to some extent, and independent of, the regular conduct of the war in Europe. The year in which the smaller Dutch companies were fused into the great Dutch East India Company had been already marked by fighting in the East Indies between Dutch and Spanish ships. The conflict had been not unlike that carried on in the Channel, fourteen years before, during the 'Great Armada' season. The triumph was immediately utilised for purposes of commerce and settlement. The Company stepped in. Trading stations were founded. The war, from the first, paid, and far more than paid, its expenses. Besides, the Dutch appeared at the outset, in the Indian Archipelago, as deliverers of the natives, as sworn opponents of the Portuguese and Spanish tyranny, in the guise—which in the East they soon lost—of champions of freedom. Jacob van Heemskerck, the noblest of the Dutch naval captains of those times, the Francis Drake of the Netherlands—who had braved every climate and conquered in every sea, who had spent a winter in Nova Zembla, and who was to meet his death at the moment of victory in a great battle in the Bay of Gibraltar—Jacob van Heemskerck distinguished himself, in this same first year of the Dutch Company's undertakings, by seizing a splendid prize, a Portuguese carrack, at Malacca, and coasting in her as far as Macao. From Java the Dutch sailed to Banda, everywhere intent on making

treaties with the local potentates, which were to transfer the monopoly of trade from Portugal to Holland; while, at the same time, the Dutch met the natives on equal terms, professing, at all events at first, to have no intention of interfering with their religion, their customs, or their liberties. Indeed, the king of Acheen, or Sumatra, was invited to send a royal embassy to Holland, to inform himself as to the Western World, to assure himself of the feud between the Dutch and the Spaniards and Portuguese, and of the general revolt on the European seaboard against the theories and practices, ecclesiastical, civil, and mercantile, of Rome, Madrid, and Lisbon. Arrived in Europe, these envoys were presented to Prince Maurice in the lines before Grave at a conjuncture when the fortune and discipline of the Dutch army—and, not least, of the English contingent—had reached the highest point of fame, while their opponents were at the other extreme of military repute, disorderly and dispirited, and, to a large extent, in declared mutiny.

The whole Dutch community, firm after firm, city after city, province after province, embarked in the enterprise of the East India Company. It was a way of both beating the enemy and bettering the trade, of weakening war at close quarters while accomplishing distant conquests; it obtained immediately gigantic commercial returns; it opened out upon almost defenceless and unbounded tracts of sea and land. The Universal Dutch East India Company was a great national venture for a century—indeed, for centuries—in which the spirit of association passed from the States-General and the municipal councils to the ships, from port to port, animated the cabin and the factory, bound up the whole cause of the Netherlands with the acquisition and administration of one group after another of the islands of the East Indies. Three years, we may say, sufficed for the capture of the richest little cluster of colonies, the most compact and productive island realm on our planet. What had been the central mine of wealth in the King of Portugal's monopoly was now to be worked by, perhaps, the keenest, the shrewdest, the boldest, and, as it ere long became, the most grasping and the least scrupulous commercial confederacy Christendom has ever seen. Europe looked on amazed—here and there the old-fashioned Dutch citizen

must have shared with sad foreboding the amazement—at this state within and beyond the state, this republic within and beyond the republic, at this attempt to direct first a particular and then a universal commerce from the counting-houses of Amsterdam, at war waged explicitly for treasure, at treasure extorted methodically by war. Thus Holland passed into the room of Portugal, and with a wider and more vast, if a vaguer, a coarser, a more commonplace ambition. What Venice had been, when mistress of the Mediterranean waters, Holland became; what had been the maxims and measures of Venice became the maxims and measures of Holland, only more cynical and more cruel, in the Indian Archipelago. A great insular isolated colonial Power the Dutch gained, organised, and have maintained to this day. A great imperial policy they have never instituted; nor is anything more foreign to the Dutch national genius as such than the bare conception of such a policy.

There was this difference from the beginning, a difference strongly marked even in the first quarter of a century, in the history of the two companies, when militant Prince Maurice was Dutch Stadtholder and pacific James Stewart was English king. They died in the same year, 1625, within a month of each other. Prince Maurice, for all his forcefulness, could not keep in check his sea-captains in the East; King James, for all his flightiness, never let his London company slip out of his control. And James, here, was even willing to hazard much; he had a plan, from which we do not know that he ever quite receded, for amalgamating the Dutch and English companies.

It may be that, if the English had been able to displace the Dutch in the Spice Islands, they themselves might never have cared, in those regions towards which the Cape of Good Hope points and leads, for inland, continental, imperial sway. It is probable that, in such a case, the English would have been content to be merely in touch with sites like Sierra Leone, the Cape itself, Zanzibar, Aden, Ormuz, and Ceylon; naturally, what they would have most affected and preferred would have been a lordship of the isles. They would thus in time have dispossessed the French of Ile Dauphine, Ile de France, Ile de Bourbon—Madagascar, Mauritius, Réunion; they might have come into collision with Spain for the Philippines, and with

China for Formosa; they might have anglicised Japan. But the Indian Peninsula, especially as experiences in America grew monitory and menacing, we can imagine them anxious to leave alone, ready to resign. Think what might then have happened! The path of conquest might have lain open and unencumbered before a Dupleix and a Bussy; the French might have become, in politics and arms, as influential on the continent of Asia as on the continent of Europe—more revolutionary, more imperial. A Napoleon, for whom not only the revolutions of Paris and of Europe, but those of Bengal, of the Deccan, and of Delhi, had paved the way, might, indeed, have eclipsed Cæsar, and left to his marshals more to divide than Alexander left to the Diadochi.

As it was, the English had to retreat before the Dutch from the Malay Archipelago, and from the Spice Islands. Bit by bit the Dutch occupied the ground; over one island circle after another they established their authority. In proportion to their means, and judged at the moment of their ascendancy, the Dutch, as seafarers and as speculators, have never been surpassed. We have seen how, as against the English, they had gained, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, as it were by only a few steps—a ship's length or two—precedence and predominance in the East, how they claimed and secured the richest market in the world, how they held the posts of advance towards further discoveries. Just as, three or four generations previously, the West Indies, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, Newfoundland, had guarded or revealed the approaches to one New World, so did the Spice Islands, the Moluccas, Japan, lie on the threshold to another. The progress would soon begin—and the Dutch would lead it—into Melanesia, into Polynesia, towards the colonisation of the Pacific. But here again the history of final settlement, the inland, continental, imperial history, was fated to belong not to the Dutch but to the English; the acknowledged capitals in the remoter future were to bear such names as Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Hobart. The Dutch lived in the present—no nation, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, so much and so successfully. And throughout the seventeenth century they pressed and pursued the speeding steps of fortune with the whole array of their national resources and reserves,

'Hora ruit' is said to have been the favourite motto of Grotius. 'Time flies; snatch the opportunity!' No motto would more appropriately explain the heat and hurry of the contemporaries and countrymen of Grotius, their irritability, their restlessness, their impetuosity, their recklessness in battle, their audacity in controversy, their impatience of contradiction, in Asia their barbarity towards the natives and their exhaustion of the soil, their fevered haste to get rich.

Here, for a moment or two, let us pass from the first quarter of the seventeenth to the first quarter of the eighteenth century, from the age of Elisabeth and James to the age of William III and Anne, and the accession of the House of Hanover. We shall thus dispense ourselves from returning again at any length to these parallels between the Dutch and the English. We shall also have passed from the situation as depicted by Sir W. Hunter at the end of his first to that left with us at the end of the second volume; and we shall have suggested the lines along which the rash and unchastened opinions of the former volume might be brought into harmony with the safer and more sober deductions of the latter.

Throughout the struggle for political liberty in the West, which we associate with the Reformation and the revival of learning, and which was hardly determined till somewhere about the year 1714, the Dutch and English fought mainly side by side. In the movement against the autocratic, the absolutist principle in Spain, at Rome, and, later, at Versailles, honours are divided between the Dutch and the English. But there is a further aspect, in which the history of the seventeenth century, both in the distant Eastern waters and in the narrow seas near home, is that of a close and strenuous opposition of Amsterdam and the Hague against London and Hampton Court. It is the history of the fluctuations between Dutch and English trade and policy and progress. There were possibilities of the balance inclining towards the United Provinces rather than towards the United Kingdom. This history, at its different stages, intensely and indeed surpassingly interesting as it is for our race, has been interpreted, not always quite in the same sense, during our Victorian era by very notable historians writing in our language—Froude, Motley, Carlyle, Macaulay, Seeley. No one has

reviewed it so dispassionately, no one has analysed it so minutely, as our greatest living historian, Dr Gardiner.

The reign of Elisabeth begins the period. She is at once the protectress of Dutch independence and the asserter of the liberties of England. The reign of William III, if it does not set a term, imparts its final bias to the period. He again is both champion of the freedom of the Netherlands and defender of the cause of the British Constitution and Parliament. His name, given to Fort William on the Hugli, as an English not as a Dutch citadel, might be taken to denote at once an Asiatic landmark, an unfurling of the flag of Greater Britain, and a great milestone in universal history. We may remind ourselves in passing that this very landmark was subsequently at a critical instant submerged, and that it was the genius of Clive that bade the waters subside. The same genius of Clive it was that checked a new advance of the Dutch up the Hugli and that compelled France's ultimate consent to the hegemony of England in India. But just now it is enough for us to keep our eye on William of Orange and his relation to Dutch and English policy. With his succession to the crown of England there came in a sort of recognition—tardily tendered in Europe, still more slowly to be admitted in Asia—on the part of Holland, of English political principles, their currency and their genuineness, their superiority, their supremacy, among the free States of the world. We might add that a somewhat similar acceptance Portugal had already signified.

And now the way is clear for us to examine, within the too confined limits our space imposes, the English movement, and to ask ourselves what was the character of such English expansion as can be said to have begun with and to have taken place under Queen Elisabeth and King James. We hold that, in universal history, this was for England the epoch of opportunity; and that, in English history, it was then that England was most self-conscious.

Here again our narrative must convey our verdict on the treatment in Sir W. Hunter's first volume of this part of our theme. We will quote but one specimen sentence of his (p. 351): 'The English company was the weakling child of the old age of Elisabeth and of the shifty policy of King James.' It seems to us impossible to misread and misrepresent more egregiously than is done in such a

sentence as this the whole tone and tenor of the age and its activity. Let us put over against this sentence from Sir W. Hunter another sentence from Dr Creighton: 'The days of Elisabeth were emphatically the days of the hard-headed and long-headed men'; and let us subjoin to this sentence, as an instance, the name of one who was born in the first year of Queen Elisabeth and died in the last year of King James, Sir Thomas Smith (1558-1625), the first Governor of the East India Company.

A charter had been granted, as we saw, to the London East India Company, under Elisabeth, at the very close of the century, on the 31st of December in the year 1600, and, under her, the first voyage had set forth. It came back into port under James. The venture is thus a legacy from the sixteenth century to the seventeenth, and towards the fabric which the latter century was to rear—a legacy from the policy of the Tudors to that of the Stewarts, from Elisabeth of England to James of Britain. It marks a continuous policy. One is apt to consider the reign of Queen Elisabeth too exclusively in relation to the dynasty of the Tudors, to bring her into comparison and contrast with Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Philip and Mary, and to make a break at her death; again one is apt to read the history of James I in the light, chiefly, of subsequent events, those of Charles I's reign, of the Commonwealth, and of the reigns of Charles II and James II. But there are points of view from which the reign of the last Tudor and that of the first Stewart are best studied together. Dr Prothero has seen this in his collection of statutes and documents, 1558 to 1625, and he says (p. xxi): 'In the history of the constitution no hard line can be drawn between the reigns of the last Tudor and the first Stewart.' If this is true of the history of the English constitution, it will be found to be also true of English foreign policy, of the history of English commerce and of the English colonies, of the history, in the main, of English thought and of the English conscience.

James, the conditionally disinherited son of Mary Stewart, was the heir, successor, and disciple of Elisabeth Tudor. He continues the Tudor, not the Stewart policy. So far as he founds a Stewart policy, it is not that of his son, or of his grandsons: it is that of his great grand-daughters. James I, Queen Mary, Queen Anne, each on his or her own

lines, carried on the Elisabethan, the Tudor, tradition, the tradition which Elisabeth herself had moulded and modified after the strange career and character of her father, the Tudor *par excellence*, Henry VIII. Something of that loneliness which surrounds the throne, and the heart, of Elisabeth, hangs also about the political figure of James I. In the conflict between the Queen of England and the Queen of Scots, James took a side against his mother. Elisabeth went through life remembering that her father had condemned her mother to the block. Something like the aversion between Mary and James I re-appears between James II and his daughters, Queen Mary and Queen Anne. But policy overrules the dictates of the blood. A nation is being born, a new nation with new destinies, a nation with imperial destinies, a new creed, a new conscience; and the birth-throes are tremendous. The family bond yields, that of friendship, that of religion; all the bonds are stretched and strained of faith and fidelity, as these terms have been hitherto received. It is one of those times when son turns against father, brother against brother, and when—it cannot be otherwise.

Shakespeare, after his fashion, investigates for himself, transmits to us, the problems of the day—in 'Julius Cæsar,' in 'Hamlet,' in 'Othello,' in 'Measure for Measure,' in 'Macbeth,' in 'Lear,' in the 'Tempest.' We mention the leading plays between 1601 and 1611, the leading plays of the first ten years of the existence of the East India Company. In 'Julius Cæsar' there is a study of imperial design; in 'Hamlet' a study of the curse on the crown and at the court; in 'Othello' a great sea-captain meets us, with his hot jealous blood, and we see him pass from the extreme of self-assurance to the extreme of perplexity, and from self-sufficiency to suicide. In 'Measure for Measure' the 'favourite' is in power; in 'Macbeth' there is a scheming Scottish Queen; in 'Lear' a father wishing to be loved for himself is loved only or almost only while a king; in the 'Tempest' Shakespeare's fancy wanders from the Avon to the Atlantic, and calms a Pacific of his own.

Shakespeare deals, more or less allusively, with the England, the Scotland, the Great Britain of his times. James I, we are told, 'heard him gladly.' This is a particular perhaps worth noting in forming our estimate of

James's own reading of the drama of his own life and times. Shakespeare deals besides, as we know, with universal scenery, with an Italy, a France, a Greece, a Venice, a Vienna, partly of the past, partly of the present, partly of all time. He is himself part of universal literature; but, above all, the master, the incomparable master, of our native language and of our national imagination. Is there any of our poets in whom the policy, the history, of England is more incorporate, to whom the English State is more present, alive, life-giving? He belongs to the New World, also, which was being discovered in his day. He is aware of the greatness of the moment, but, further—and it is this we are trying to emphasise—of its dangers, its difficulties, its snares, its temptations. There is a caution about Shakespeare, as there is about Bacon, Hooker, and the Cecils. The leaders in literature, in science, in theology, in politics, of that critical and culminating age, all have a sense of its importance; but they have, moreover, a very strong sense of the possibility and the peril of a false step.

It is scarcely more true of Elisabeth than of James, it is true equally of Elisabethan and Jacobean statesmen, that, at every step, what looks like uncertainty of vision and action is coupled with exercise of most intense watchfulness and calculation. For the matter of that, we meet it again under the Protectorate. However daring in ideas,* who more cautious in deeds than Cromwell? That a great future was before the nation seems to have filled the imagination of people and of princes, the imagination of Elisabeth and James, the imagination of poets and philosophers, of diplomatists and divines, of the merchant, the soldier, the mariner. But in them all the sentiment was mixed; there was anticipation and there was apprehension. The impediments in the way of England were great. There was an absolute want of allies. There was an absolute want of precedent. There was consciousness of a want of unanimity, of serious divisions at home. Something like what we call now-a-days the Expansion of England was expected.

* We regret not to be able to discuss at length Sir W. Hunter's very characteristic chapter on Cromwell, ii, 101-42. He has something of novelty to produce; but, in order to exaggerate the discovery, how much has to be omitted or concealed! To correct Sir W. Hunter's silence *vide* Gardiner, 'History of the Commonwealth,' ii, 339-76, particularly 350-2; Ranke, 'Engl. Gesch.' (1861), iii, 467-70; Seeley, 'Growth of British Policy, ii, 47-54.

The internal convulsions were, as we know, to interrupt, to postpone this expansion. And it was early felt that the greatness of the English nation would only be achieved with great trouble and through great trials.

What actually was to happen does not appear to have been foreseen—the sharpness and severity of the domestic struggle, the armed collision between Crown and Commons, the Civil War, the sword of Cromwell thrown into the balance in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, thrown, decisively, into the European scales. No! the disorders of the fifteenth century were deemed overcome—the wars of York and Lancaster, the factions, so fierce as to overturn the State, among courtiers, and nobles, and citizens. No one under Elisabeth or James seems to have had any expectation of such a catastrophe as that of Charles I, such a career as that of Oliver.

Among the perils that obviously seemed to prohibit the expansion of England, were, first and foremost, the perils of the sea, where no foreigner was a friend, where Spaniards and Portuguese were open foes, and where the Hollander was seen to be a more or less undisguised enemy. Then, on our own shores, company rose against company, or, at least, company would undersell, would outbid company. Moreover, the ties of kindred and custom seemed nowhere so easily loosened and lost as at sea. What was the relation to the State of trading cities, of companies, of commerce, of colonies, of the mercantile class, of the seafaring population? All these questions began to assume, in regard to home policy and in regard to foreign policy, intricate bearings and novel proportions. Where was one to draw the distinction—even in such a case as that of Drake or as that of Raleigh—between the patriot and the pirate? There was room everywhere—in Spain, in France, in the Netherlands, at Bristol, at Plymouth, on the Thames—for Shakespeare's comic yet compromising personage,*

“the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.”

“Thou shall not steal?”

“Ay, that he razed.”

“Why, ’twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal.”

* ‘Measure for Measure,’ act i, scene ii.

The East India Company was founded on the last day of the sixteenth century, and we may consider it as the last great act of the Tudor dynasty. But the policy on which it sets the seal had accompanied the whole history of the Tudors; it is seen prominently throughout the second, and may easily be traced even in the first, half of the sixteenth century. As trade at home had grown up under the direction of the Guilds, and then, as cities and the capital became more and more important, had been regulated by the great Livery Companies, so was it found necessary, in view of the increase of foreign trade, to bring it, if it was to be carried on with any degree of safety and also of honesty, under the management of committees of able and leading and responsible merchants, and to connect these, by means of charters and the control which charters implied, with the Government and with the Sovereign.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, in 1505, under the first Tudor, Henry VII, the 'Merchant Adventurers' obtained their full and formal charter, though they themselves dated back their origin and activity, as an offshoot from the London guild of 'Mercers,' to the thirteenth century. To meet a typical 'Merchant Adventurer' and 'Mercer,' with whom to compare, from whom to derive the typical 'Cape Merchant'* and Chief Agent of the East India Company of later times, let us glance at the career of Sir Thomas Gresham. 'Statesman as well as merchant, half ambassador, half hawker,' a sort of 'consul-general' in the Low Countries and at Antwerp, with vaguely drawn and sometimes very widely interpreted functions, he became 'Royal Agent' and 'Queen's Factor'; he was Intelligencer to the English Government; he contracted loans in the Netherlands on behalf of the English Crown; he carried on a large private trade. Moreover, in his interest or in his pay he employed a considerable number of confidential scriveners and correspondents, engaged indifferently on financial experiments and diplomatic missions. In London he stood foremost among the city knights, founded Gresham College, planned and built the Royal Exchange. A detailed study of his life would show us

* 'Head merchant, an adaptation of some foreign title in *cap* or *capo*': vide 'New English Dictionary.'

how the Tudor merchant of the first class got both his commercial and his political training, on both sides of the Channel.

But the English merchants and their associations soon went further afield. The Russia Company started on its first voyage while Edward VI was king, in May 1553, and received its full charter of incorporation from Queen Mary in 1554. 'The discovery of Russia by the English'—to use Milton's words, and his phrase is still current among Continental historians*—was the work of this Company. Did our space permit us to follow the operations of the Russia Company, and the fortunes of a Chancellor and a Jenkinson,† we should track the English travellers to the uttermost borders of Eastern Europe, and beyond, among the markets and caravans of Central Asia.

About the same time emerges at Constantinople the figure of William Harborne, the pioneer in Turkey of the merchants of London and the diplomacy of Queen Elisabeth. The Turkey, or Levant, Company was incorporated in 1581, one of its founders being a young merchant we have already had occasion to name, Thomas Smith, afterwards Sir Thomas Smith, the first governor of the East India Company, one of the greatest merchants that ever lived, a leader in all the commerce of his country with the known world of his age. Harborne's second mission to Constantinople was as Queen Elisabeth's ambassador to the Porte (1583-8). The embassy at Constantinople was from the beginning a special school of English diplomatic fence and observation. The first official agents who visited the court of the Great Mogul, that of Akbar, at Agra, on behalf of English commerce and of the English Crown, were members of the Turkey, or Levant, Company. Newberry, Fitch, Leedes, and Storey set out in 1583, the first year of Harborne's embassy; Mildenhall, later, in 1599.

Then comes the incorporation of the East India Company, a demonstration, but with all the moderation which ever accompanied distinct Elisabethan menace, at once against Spain, with whom we were at war, and against

* Cf. Lavissee et Rambaud, '*Histoire Générale*' (1894), iv, 694; and Brückner, '*Geschichte Russlands*' (1896), i, 26-31.

† Anthony Jenkinson, it is worth noting, was by marriage one of the Gresham clan; his wife's mother was Alice Gresham, a daughter of William Gresham, cousin of Sir Thomas.

the Dutch, with whom we were at peace. The defeat of the Invincible Armada in 1588 had taught our royal and our mercantile navies what they might dare; and the Dutch, manipulating the pepper trade, and increasing their Eastward sailing fleets, had touched our commercial pride.

It was a London company which thus launched out into the deep; a City company; in the main, a Puritan venture. It had its heart and hearth on the Thames; the energy of its head and hands was chiefly addressed to bringing respectably and honourably earned treasure thither. To mark the historical traditions it followed we might say they were those of a Gresham; to indicate the personal note in its directorate we might say it was guided by a Smith, by an Abbott, by the counsels of a Mun. It strove to be, and to keep, in touch with the Queen, and then with the King, and with their ministers; whenever necessary—though the necessity was urged and acknowledged as rarely as possible—its affairs were discussed as affairs of State; it was a part of what, with reference to Burghley and Salisbury and their school, we have seen styled the 'Regnum Cecilianum'; its policy, if bold, was prudent; it was very ready, on the least occasion, to put as cautious, as pacific, as modest a cloak as possible on its proceedings. It was, at first, not so much national as somewhat specially and stringently metropolitan. It identified itself and its interests with the life of London. Till the winding-up of its affairs it continued the great controller of capital and employer of labour at the East End. It was not till after William III's reign—till after all that jealousy, of which we spoke, between Amsterdam and London had died down—that 'the Governor and Company of Merchants of *London* trading into the East Indies' became, even in description, 'the United Company of Merchants of *England* trading to the East Indies.'

It was no 'weakling child'; its waking hours were full of vigilance and vigour; it had its dreams and it had its visions, to be more than fulfilled. Its foundation sums up the English life of the sixteenth century. Its charter is the last great privilege granted by Elisabeth, by the Tudors, to the Companies—the final document of the century. Her reign, her dynasty, are all but over. Her Charter to the East India Company marks the first great stride of London towards becoming the capital of the com-

merce of the world. England—aye, and the old Queen—took pleasure in the swell and sweep of her affairs, at the distances to which her diplomacy and her trade extended. What a lifetime, what a reign, what a dynasty, what a century, it had been! In that lifetime alone, what a literature, what warfare, what victory! The note of Elisabethan literature—peculiar, and in some sense provincial, as it is, but ranging far and wide, and never out of breath, always strong and sound of voice—Shakespeare's note, is already the note of the reign, of the nation. It addresses the world, it echoes back, it resounds again, everywhere, at home, particularly in the capital, at the theatre, and on 'Change. People look beyond the angry Channel, the Dutch danger, the Spanish dread. They see the Tsar of Moscow, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Great Indian Mogul, coming to terms of alliance and intercourse, from far overland, from far beyond the seas, glad to negotiate with the London Companies and to treat with the English Crown and nation; and thus a fresh bond is knit between the growing commerce of England and the sagacious Sovereign and her advisers, who have known so well how to guide the State. The loyalty of the citizens, the credit of the merchants, the dignity of the throne, the outlook of the realm, all are interwoven, each is enhanced. England believed in God and her right—'Dieu et mon droit'; she believed in her mission; she believed that she had worked out, however rudely and crudely, her own Reformation and Renaissance.

The place of the ideal historian of British India is still unfilled. We cannot prescribe his course, or predict his language. But, assuredly, he would dwell on some such thoughts as the above, and, perchance, he might pass on to some such illustrations as the following. On the first beginnings of the Company he would discourse with predilection and in detail. The materials are ample; they require to be mastered at leisure and to be nicely adjusted, combined, brought to something like final form and finish. He would have to catch at little traits and gather up small hints. We imagine him pointing the moral of a Mr Sturdivant's sermon * or a Mr Copeland's remon-

* 'Calendar of State Papers, East Indies, 1513-1616,' p. 182.

strance;* then painting at full length such portraits as those of Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Maurice Abbott, Sir Dudley Carleton, Sir Dudley Digges, Mr Thomas Mun. He would show how the political pamphlet of the later seventeenth century was a child of the commercial and economic tract of the first decades of that century, and how this earlier literature centred round the earliest fortunes of the East India Company; he would connect the perseverance of the Company with the enthusiasm which still lives in the pages of Hakluyt and Purchas. After digressing on Persia, on Persian trade, on Sir Robert Sherley and his brothers in search of a creed, of credit, and of a court which should appreciate their English accommodation of the Spanish Don Quixote type, he would note how the history of the Virginia Company, and of the colonies in America, runs side by side with the history of the East India Company and its factories in Asia. He would piece out the fortunes of men like Lancaster and Middleton, Rastell and Kerridge, at one time agents of the Company in the East, and at another prominent on its councils at home as committee-men or directors. He would sketch the naval commanders, the next generation after Drake, Cavendish, and Frobisher, seamen experienced in many waters, in the Atlantic as well as the Pacific—a Best, a Pring, a Newport, a Downton; he would commemorate the great surveyors, the great commercial travellers and settlers for the Company, their journals, and their reports—an Aldworthe, a Courthope, a Methwold, a Gibson. Finally we would have our chronicler round off his record and legend of the whole century with many a picturesque touch out of the stories of what we might call the waifs and strays of the movement, from the 'Odcombian leg-stretcher,' Thomas Coryat, the contemporary of Sir Thomas Roe, to the 'twenty years' captive' in Ceylon, Robert Knox,† the contemporary of Sir Josiah Child.

The 'really great book' that 'might be written'—to borrow part of Sir W. Hunter's suggestion—on the beginnings of the East India Company and the relation of those

* Calendar of State Papers, East Indies, 1617-1621,' pp. 269, 70. And see Doyle, 'English in America,' p. 217, and Peckard, 'Life of Ferrar,' pp. 106, 7.

† The long-missing additional notes, written in later life by Knox on his adventures and experiences, have recently been discovered in the Bodleian, fol. A 623.

beginnings to the general history of the age, would have for foremost figure that of Sir Thomas Roe. Over and over again his biography has been taken in hand, in part prepared, then left in fragments. It is as if destiny had reserved it for our ideal historian. There was, in those times, no truer Englishman, no more accomplished Englishman, no more travelled Englishman than Sir Thomas Roe. In his youth he had been an explorer in America; in Africa he set up a pillar to commemorate his embassy at the Cape; he was then *en route* for Asia and India. If, after his return from the Great Mogul, he had gone out, as was proposed—November 19th, 1619—as principal of the fleet to Bantam, affairs in the Spice Islands might have taken a different turn. He had strange influence over half criminal, half heroic, dispositions. He might have made another man of Coen. Instead, he went, for the Turkey Company, as King's Ambassador to the Sultan. In later life he was envoy to Gustavus Adolphus and to the Empire. He watched the Thirty Years' War through most of its course. He came home to die just as the Civil War was breaking out. He had survived both Salisbury and Dorchester. After these among Jacobean statesmen and diplomatists he might rank third; and in all English history these three are not easily excelled in the science of statesmanship and the arts of diplomacy. At all its principal passages the tale of Roe's services flows in upon, and off from, the very core and centre of the history of the time.

'He was a part of all that he had met.

Much had he seen and known; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Himself not least, but honour'd of them all.'

And, let us note again, his policy is everywhere the old Gresham policy—quite away from that of Coen*—is an Elisabethan, a Jacobean, in a word a waiting policy. Roe, like Jenkinson, is still in the Gresham tradition and connexion; his grandmother was a daughter of Sir John, a niece of Sir Thomas, Gresham.

* For Roe's strong opinion as to the violence and ingratitude of the Dutch, we need only refer to a letter from Constantinople to Carleton (Dorchester), then still English envoy to the United Provinces, dated November 27th, 1624. ('Calendar of State Papers, East Indies, 1622-4,' p. 453.)

As Roe is the typical Anglo-Indian statesman of the first generation, so is Surat the typical factory, cradle of Anglo-Indian character, and nursery of Anglo-Indian commerce. Bantam looked forth towards altogether new departures and destinies; it might have caught up, almost prematurely, might have led astray, the spirit of English adventure among strange islands and into unknown seas. Surat lay on an ancient trade route between the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Gulf of Cambay. It could pick up, it could link into a new chain, an older mechanism. Surat and Jedda were the two ports of embarkation along a line of continual movement; Mecca was at one end, the goal of merchants and pilgrims, Agra at the other. The tone of the Surat settlement was Protestant and Puritan, corresponding to that of the party with which Leicester had been in sympathy, and then Essex, and to which Archbishop Abbott belonged; it partook of the grave and serious seventeenth-century vein—Jacobean, Caroline, Cromwellian; it is in kinship with this grave and serious country gentleman and London city magnate who directs affairs at Surat. Men like Sir George Oxinden and Mr Gerald Aungier are worthy contemporaries of Mr John Milton. John Milton was born in 1608; and that is the very year in which Captain Hawkins, with the *Hector*, being the first vessel of any English company to anchor in any port of the continent of India, arrived at Surat. Milton couples immediately the trade of the Persian Gulf with that of the coasts above and below the estuaries of the Indus—

‘the wealth of Ormuz, and of Ind,’

and this marks exactly the outlook of his age and that taken by the English factors at Surat. Thoughts reflecting abroad those which inspired Milton at home—for on the serenity and tolerance of Shakespeare had followed the scrupulosity and severity of Milton—of the duties rather than the delights, of the temptations incident to an ‘earthly paradise,’ may well have dominated this earliest Anglo-Indian society, ‘the President, and Council, and family’ at Surat. Its life was that of an extended domestic circle, of a concentrated guild, with its divisions or gradations of senior and junior merchants, factors, writers, and apprentices. Its discipline reminds one of that of a college.

almost of that of a cloister. During, say, the first three quarters of a century, promotion to Surat would be the highest promotion in the gift of the Company's Court at London. At Surat would sit their oldest, soberest, trustiest, and most trusted advisers and agents. The younger, bolder, less precise crew, shippers and brokers, with their positions and reputations to make or mar, would go on to the rougher, wilder, more unsettled life in the islands round Bantam, or beyond into the Chinese and Japanese waters. The Surat factory, 'the English house at Surat,' was maintained, not as a freehold, still less as a fort, but on a kind of experimental sufferance. The seeds were in planting, then and there, for a far-distant harvest. It was a small overflow of, it was a little parcel from, the England which had been sown under the Tudors, and was being sifted under the Stewarts.

We have described how Queen Elisabeth saw the Company projected and instituted, how she gave it the charter, how she sent it out to sea. But she had not granted that first charter at once, or without conditions; she had held it back because of the momentary exigencies of her policy in regard to Spain. Through all their history, the directors of the Company were to have a similar experience of procrastination, interference, check; their policy had to be considered side by side with, or over against, dynastic and national policy; this first occurrence in their life as a corporation, the postponement of their charter, was a typical occurrence. It is quite true, though Sir W. Hunter repeats this too often, and builds upon it too much, that there was no such identification of the concerns of trade with the affairs of the State, in the case of the Company of London Merchants and the Council and Crown of England, as existed between the Dutch East India Company and the executive authorities of the United Provinces. It is none the less true that the leading merchants of London, trafficking in the East, had to watch general international circumstances, the causes and consequences of war, the meshes and manœuvrings of treaties, at every step and turn, as much as, perhaps more than, any of their neighbours, primarily in Europe, but also, and this more or less from the first, in Turkey, in Russia, at Ispahan, at Agra, and, as time went on, in the camp of the Maráthás, at the court of the Nizám, and in the councils of Surat,

Murshidábád, and Lucknow. They had their eyes on this distant commerce, these merchants, but in their ears were all the rumours of the hour, the cries of the street, the troubles of the Crown, the dissensions of the Commonwealth. If we consider the education of this last offspring of the policy of Elisabeth, how elaborate was its training, how intricate its course, how skilful had to be its pilotage!

The first quarter of the seventeenth century ends with the death, in 1625, of James I. In his island kingdom, and so far as his sway extended, it was a time of absolutely unbroken, though of highly artificial, tranquillity, during which he did his best to maintain the old Tudor prerogative and the position of both defender of the Church of England and protector-in-chief throughout Europe of the Protestant Reformation. Everywhere he had to trim, and especially between Scotland, England, and the Netherlands. He wished to meet Spain on terms of equality and of amity. He would fain have arbitrated so as to avert from Germany the Thirty Years' War. Among the perplexities of the reign, as rival of the Portuguese, now dependent on Spain, and of the Dutch, a new, ambitious, avaricious, and valiant nationality among the Protestant Powers of the Continent, the English East India Company embarked on its career; and, in the main, the King's aims and those of the City magnates engaged in the East India trade did not disagree. But, passing away from these formative reigns of Elisabeth Tudor and James Stewart, what an incongruous, and, in every sense but one, inconsequent series of rulers is to follow! Face after face, character after character, down to the days of Clive—what contrasts of private taste and of public fortune! what contrasts in the conduct of affairs! what contrasts even in mien, and race, and language! How should we compose a dialogue among the shades between, for example, the first and last of these rulers, Charles I and George II, on foreign policy; or, on Church government, between Oliver Cromwell and James II? Far more easily would Francis Drake and Robert Clive light on a congenial theme and a common understanding. How wonderfully, in spite of all—such might be, between this couple, the reflection—had the English roving spirit survived, and the instinct of English eastward trade been strengthened and confirmed!

After the birthday under Elisabeth, and the schooldays

under James, fell the apprentice years under Charles I and Oliver Cromwell. It was a time of probation for the country, and for the Company. The design on the Indies and the East could grow only very slowly towards full stature, and on hard and frugal fare. Yet the Company did not perish; if it had to contract, it managed to consolidate, its methods and its efforts. 'We could wish,' wrote the President and Council at Surat, 'we could wish,' echoed back,* in 1638, the Governor and committees from London, 'that we could vindicate the reputation of our nation, and do ourselves right . . . but we must bear the burden, and with patience sit still until we may find these frowning times more auspicious to us and to our affairs.' Their whole policy, from 1638 or thereabouts to 1660, is expressed in these words. Yet there did take place, during the reign of Charles I, on the Indian mainland, in a territory hitherto comparatively unfrequented and unexplored, but to be hereafter the rallying ground of commercial and political expansion, a tentative movement. On what was known in Anglo-Indian parlance as 'the Coast'—that is the coast of Coromandel—and towards what was known as 'the Bay'—that is the Bay of Bengal—roots were driven and feelers pushed forth towards factories which should also be forts. What was tentative soon became deliberate, and we date from 1639 the first definite act of seisin in India, the first grasp of the English at property and possession on the continent of Asia. It is the year before the meeting of the Long Parliament, it is on the very eve, at home, of the great Civil War, of the greatest national disturbance in our history. In 1639, in the very last year of the Peace of King Charles, and in the name of the patron saint of his kingdom—so some contemporary churchman or cavalier might have read the signs of the times—was Fort St George founded, to be governed and garrisoned from England, to inaugurate a fresh chapter in Anglo-Indian annals.

The English House at Surat stands for the policy of the Company till about the year 1640. From, say, 1640 to 1690 Fort St George symbolises and represents that policy. There had been some previous discussion whether Arma-

* Cf. Bruce, 'Annals of the East India Company,' i, 349, and 'A History of British India,' ii, 65, and note.

gaon or Masulipatam or Madras was best suited to be a place of arms and of stores from whence to control and command the traffic on the Eastern shores of the Indian peninsula. As in the first quarter of the century among the Spice Islands, so during the second quarter of the century on 'the Coast'—from Cape Comorin up towards the Ganges delta—the English factors, now advancing, now receding, had spied out the land, studied the temper of the inhabitants, sought a permanent and defensible foothold. Pathfinder-in-chief, and then successful city-planter—little else is known of him—was a Mr Francis Day. He helped to found the factory at Armagaon in 1625, he founded Madras, or Fort St George, in 1639, he revived the factory at Balasor in 1642.

To sum up the years, indeed the century, which ensued : through the whole period of the Long Parliament, of the Great Rebellion, of the Civil War, of the Restoration, of the Revolution, of the settlement of the succession, the government of the East India Company could not but shift a good deal away from exact dependence on, or clear subservience to, Leadenhall Street. Much had to be left, much was left, to the discretion of the agents abroad, at Surat, Bantam, and Masulipatam, and then, as later stations grew into importance, at Fort St George, or Bombay, or Kásimbázár. The Company needed all their craft to be able to transfer authority and to disclaim responsibility, were they to weather the times of Cromwell, of Charles II, of James II, of William III, of Anne, of the first two Georges. The seasons changed, as it were, and the dangers, with each new ruler ; but the dangers never diminished, and, though the storm-cloud veered from one point on the horizon to another, it never dispersed. In 1653, Fort St George became the seat of a Presidency. Mr Francis Day had handed on his gift for scrutiny and acquisition. We find the Presidency examining—at the moment negating—the practicability of an overland India trade right across country between Madras, Goa, and Surat. Always we have the outposts maintained, the approaches multiplied, in the direction of Bengal, of the delta and valley of the Ganges.

With the restoration of the Stewarts and the return, in 1660, of Charles II to Whitehall, there set in, along with the magnificence of a court modelled on that of Louis Quatorze, a steady revival of trade, a growing demand for

luxuries and curiosities, not least for the gems, the gauzes, and the spices of the East. Charles II and his brother took a keen interest in mercantile affairs. Their policy was propped on the secret alliance with France; they hoped to win personal popularity by offering every encouragement to the spread of distant colonies and conquests; it was their cue to proclaim against all comers and to assert at every opportunity their sovereignty of the seas. They desired to put an end to the power and the pretensions of the Dutch Republic, its theory of the state, and its organisation of commerce. Cromwell had been a kind of 'Stadtholder' in Britain, a Protector of the genius of a nation much after the Dutch pattern, a William the Silent on the most impressive and extensive scale. As we know, it was to be the fate of the whole system of the Stewarts to be ultimately recast by another 'Stadtholder,' the third William as stadtholder of Holland, the third William as king of England. Meanwhile, though there was a marriage in Charles II's reign of his niece the Duke of York's elder daughter with this very Prince of Orange—as there had been in Charles I's reign of the then Princess Mary with the then Prince William of Orange—the two Stewart brothers were in sentiment and sympathy absolutely and entirely anti-Dutch; and, with regard to business, if not with regard to politics and religion, they had the merchants of London with them. The final issues we have already hinted at. The principles of freedom, which after all were identical in Holland and in England, prevailed at Westminster, were recombined, assimilated afresh, were finally Englished and nationalised. There was a kind of momentary personal triumph of the Dutch, of the spirit of de Ruyter, of the policy of the House of Orange. On the other hand, the ordering and regulating of the commerce of the world passed from the United Provinces and from Amsterdam to the British Isles and to the City of London.

But we are hastening on too quickly to the close of the seventeenth century. Let us pause on some such date as the year 1674. The third quarter of the century has all but expired. It is the year of the peace between England and the States-General. It divides fairly well the reign of Charles II into two parts. Down to 1674 the history of foreign complications is what most interests

the student of the reign; from 1674 onwards the history of the reign is that of plot and counterplot at home, with regard to the succession, and with regard to the controversies of the creeds. In 1674, moreover, Pondicherry was founded, and French rivalry came definitely into view on 'the Coast'; as, a couple of years later, the founding of the French settlement of Chandarnagar disclosed it on the Hugli and in 'the Bay.' It is in the year 1674 that Josiah Child first becomes a director of the East India Company. It is the year in which Thomas Pitt is first mentioned as an interloper. Child, afterwards Sir Josiah Child, baronet, inspired the councils of the Company at home till the end of the century. He died in 1699. At the end of the century Thomas Pitt was governor at Fort St George. He was still governor when his grandson William Pitt—the first Earl of Chatham—was born. The 'tales of a grandfather' which the Great Commoner might remember would be tales of adventurous voyages in the Persian Gulf and in the Bay of Bengal, of the 'Pitt' diamond, of the siege of Madras by Daoud Khan, of the campaigns of Aurangzeb. The career of Clive—which again and again commenced and recommenced from Fort St George—must have had a quite peculiar interest for William Pitt. The year 1674 marks, further, a very large increase in the shipping and stock sent out from England as the nucleus of the commerce with Asia. The merchants and factors abroad were made aware that capital and intelligence at home were engaged as never before in the affairs of India. We note the question arising in 1676 as to whether the trade with Persia could be most effectively re-established by the employment of force or by treaty. In 1676 the Surat Presidency was still in favour of pacific measures. But nine years later, when a similar question arose with regard to outlying provinces of the Mogul's dominion, the Bay of Cambay and the Bay of Bengal, the verdict was for open war. That is the year 1685, in which James II came to the throne, in which Sir John Child, Sir Josiah's brother, was made a baronet, and was in authority at Surat, or rather at Bombay—for that is the moment, too, when Bombay, instead of Surat, became the seat of the Western Presidency, to be for a while indeed factory and fortress-in-chief of the whole English adventure in India.

It was the day of many great designs as well as of what, in the Anglo-Indian history of the seventeenth century, goes by the name of 'the Great Design.' The King himself had a hand in it. Inconsistency is a Stewart characteristic; in some of the Stewarts it becomes an altogether baffling quality. It is hard to explain the inconsistencies of Charles I; it is harder still to explain the inconsistencies of James II. He narrows his views—and narrowness is far too weak a term—where and when we should least expect him to do so; again, when we least expect it, his policy soars to skilfully planned and even highly imaginative flights. We see him listening to Penn when America is in debate, and in India giving a free hand to Sir Josiah and Sir John Child. Sir Josiah Child was the ruling spirit in Leadenhall Street. At Surat and Bombay he relied on his brother, Sir John, who was captain-general and admiral in the regions and harbours to which the English resorted, and had directions to proceed, if necessary, to Fort St George, and even to Bengal, in order 'to bring the whole under a regulated administration.'* On the other side of India, up the Hugli and on the Ganges, Sir Josiah Child's confidant, correspondent, spy, and chosen captain and chief, was Job Charnock, the founder and father of Calcutta.

They must have been nearly if not quite contemporaries, Josiah and Job; their names seem to indicate a Puritan stock; one could fancy them to have been boys together, companions in obscurity and poverty, in day-dreams, at their start in life. They rose from the ranks, the one to be the foremost British merchant of his times, the other to fix the site and begin to build the city from whence the Anglo-Indian Empire is governed. Child was born in 1630, and died in 1699. Charnock's name first meets us in India in 1655 or 1656: he died in 1693. They were born under Charles I: they passed away towards the end of the century under William III. Each might have changed places with the other—so it strikes us as we study what remains in the way of record of each: Charnock might have been the great head of the Company in London, Child the letter-writer and explorer on the Lower Ganges. Charnock is about our earliest specimen of the

* Bruce, ii, 568.

Anglo-Indian 'Nabob,' of the orientalised, in this case the somewhat sultanised, Englishman. Through what changes, while he lingered in the East, had his country passed! The East India Company had lived through them all; through them all his friend and patron, Sir Josiah, had flourished; but how could the man who had come out to Bengal under the Commonwealth picture to himself the court of Charles II, the cabinet of James II, the sentiment which placed the Prince of Orange on the throne? He may have planned to christen the stronghold of his own Calcutta Fort St James; it was to be named Fort William. Once and again Charnock chose the spot; only at the third attempt did he succeed in settling the English at Sutanati. There he and his lie buried. It is not an easy character to decipher: fable and myth have overgrown it all along. Possibly we have here nature's and circumstance's rough draft for the figure of Clive. An agent far up country, at Patna, managing the saltpetre trade, with nothing but wars in the local and universal air, the wars of Aurangzeb, the wars of Louis Quatorze, the Rebellions, Restorations, Revolutions of England; a clerk at the desk, always reckoning to have to play the soldier and the engineer, never certain of his position, he may be bidden to obey a Hedges in council or to follow a Heath on campaign. He had a vakeel at Delhi: once at least there was a project for him to visit Delhi in person. We have a vague impression of a man with a strong, self-contained, self-asserting will, a man who makes himself felt and feared, a man who toils long to attain success, and whom successes do not after all satisfy. Legends there were in the factory of his having turned in the end capricious, indolent, something of a tyrant. Native legend paints him as a wizard who with a burning glass set the Hugli banks on fire, and who, when the Mogul general barred the river with chains, shattered them with one blow of his sword. Some dim notion that the man's fame would endure, that his warfare and wayfaring on earth would have more than ordinary claim on the memory of posterity, might seem to haunt, and even to hallow, the words on his tomb: '*Qui, postquam in solo non suo peregrinatus esset diu, reversus est domum suae aeternitatis.*'

Thus have we followed, through evil and good report,

in adverse fortunes and at prosperous turns, the policy of these merchant-committees and of their factors in the East, all through the seventeenth century—a notable expression and expansion of civic and metropolitan thought and life, full of chance and change, yet animated with unity of purpose and persistence of endeavour, from the days of Sir Thomas Smith and Aldworthe, the settler of an English trade at Surat, to the days of Sir Josiah Child and Charnock, the founder of what was to be the Imperial capital at Calcutta.

Is it mere fancy that would trace a faint resemblance between Charnock and the industrious and indomitable civilian and publicist whose last volume, whose almost last words, celebrated Charnock once more? The one determined the site for a chief city of Bengal and India, the centre whence the conquest of Bengal and India was to proceed; the other mapped out Bengal and India for new studies, sociological, political, linguistic, historical. Three times he essayed, as it were, to clear the jungle: in his 'Imperial Gazetteer'; in his series of 'Rulers of India'; finally, in the volumes before us. He opened the quarries, he laid the foundations, he began to build. He left the conditions most favourable and the moment most apt for the erection of a splendid edifice. To write carefully a history of the East India Company during the seventeenth century and the earlier years of the eighteenth; then to describe accurately the policy of the Governors-General down to the end of the nineteenth century; then to discuss the Anglo-Indian problems which rush so thickly upon us, world-problems, as they threaten to become—here is a work which some young scholar of the finest gifts might well undertake, as we turn from the nineteenth into the twentieth century, and, if he gave himself fully to his task, he would find it test all his powers and employ all his leisure during the next fifty years. He would thus pursue in their natural order, though in the contrary order to that adopted by his predecessor, Sir W. Hunter's researches. Here is a labour which could never be better undertaken than now, and which would have in a rare degree the prospect of remaining, through the ages, classical and monumental.

Art. IV.—THE VICTORIAN STAGE.

1. *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day.* By Clement Scott. Two vols. London : Macmillan, 1899.
2. *Dramatic Criticism.* By J. T. Grein. London : John Long, 1899.
3. *Nights at the Play.* By Dutton Cook. Two vols. London : Chatto and Windus, 1883.
4. *Some Notable Hamlets of the Present Time.* By Clement Scott. London : Greening, 1900.
5. *Helena Faucit (Lady Martin).* By Sir Theodore Martin. Edinburgh and London : Blackwood, 1900.

A RETROSPECT of the English drama from the accession of Queen Victoria to the present time, aiming at a complete record of the various changes in taste and manners which society has undergone during so long an interval, and gauging the fidelity with which they have been reflected on the stage, would, it is needless to say, require a volume to itself, and one very different from any of those which stand at the head of this article. Even a much less ambitious attempt, confined to a criticism of all the best-known plays and most popular actors of the Victorian era, would be entirely beyond the scope of a Quarterly Review article. All that we propose on the present occasion is to note some of the salient points which the retrospect presents, some of the leading contrasts which it affords between the middle and the close of the Victorian era, and some of the comparisons which it suggests between the comedy of the nineteenth and the comedy of the eighteenth century.

The Victorian period of the drama divides itself into two parts, which, though they run into each other, have sufficiently distinct characteristics. Sixty years ago we find the 'legitimate drama' struggling to hold its own against opera, burlesque, and melodrama. Some good pieces were produced, but they did not represent the real life of the period, or 'take' with society as the new drama has taken. 'London Assurance' is a conspicuous example of this defect, and betrays a total absence of that social knowledge which the author, when it was written, had enjoyed few opportunities of acquiring. The talk of the servants is even more absurd than it is in Sheridan's plays,

of which indeed 'London Assurance' is an obvious imitation. But it may be doubted whether the dramatists of that day aimed at producing anything like real life, like what they themselves saw either in private life or at their clubs and taverns. Now there was a reason at that time why this did not affect their popularity. During the twenty years that passed from about 1830 to 1850 the stage was gradually losing its hold upon the fashionable world; and the majority of play-goers neither knew nor cared whether the scenes set before them professing to represent that world were true to nature or not. It was sufficient that they were thoroughly amusing. Those who were satisfied with Sir Mulberry Hawk, Lord Frederick Verisopht, and Old Wardle, as types of the Kentish squire or the London rake, men whom you might meet at any time in a country manor house or a West End club, would not enquire very particularly whether such men as Sir Charles Coldstream, Alfred Evelyn, or Sir Harcourt Courtley, really lived and moved in English society. They paid for a good laugh, and they got their money's worth.

Now in most of the comedies of the eighteenth century, certainly in the best, the author does intend to hold the mirror up to nature, and to reproduce the society of his own day. It must be allowed that that society was easier to reproduce than our own. It was easier then for the actor who was not to the manner born to put on the outward semblance of a gentleman than it has been since. Dress and demeanour went much further, and there was less room for observing the little niceties of behaviour which now distinguish a gentleman or a lady from one who is neither. In Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford,' the highwaymen passed muster very well in the Assembly Room at Bath, save that one of the party talked and laughed a little too loudly. To be properly dressed, to know how to wear a sword and carry a cane, how to make a bow to a lady, and swear a round oath at a lackey, was all that was necessary to constitute a stage gentleman in the reign of George II. As the other sex are naturally more imitative, more gentle, and more graceful than the men, the task was still easier for them, so that there was no difficulty in finding actors and actresses quite equal to keeping up the illusion in society dramas.

If we turn to the comedies of Murphy, Bickerstaff

Cibber, and others of that era, we shall see at once they are meant for pictures of real life, and as long as they continued to be so society went to look at itself through the dramatic mirror. If we can trust the novels of that day, if we can trust the modern imitations of them, such as 'Esmond' and the 'Virginians,' if we can trust the evidence of the Essayists, from Steele and Addison down to Mackenzie and Cumberland, the stage in their day really was a reflection of living manners, of what one might see or hear in the 'gilded saloons,' in the clubs, and in all places of public amusement frequented by the best society. It was easy, says Mackenzie in 'The Lounger' (1786), for a clever actor so to play the hero of a comedy as to make young people confound the copy with the original, and suppose that a real gentleman was the same kind of man as the fictitious one: and therefore the immoral hero had a bad effect. But he could not do this equally with the hero of tragedy. It is clear, therefore, that the eighteenth-century comedies were meant to reproduce upon the stage the life of the boudoir and the ball-room, and that they did to a great extent succeed. As it became more difficult to do this, as there were fewer salient points on which the actor could depend, as the gap between life on the stage and life off it became wider and more apparent, English comedy began to decline, with the result which we have already noticed.

Webster's offer of five hundred pounds in 1843 for the best comedy of 'high life' shows that he felt, at least, the want of something different from 'London Assurance,' which came out in 1841. The prize was awarded to Mrs Gore, for a comedy entitled 'Quid pro Quo,' which was acted at the Haymarket in 1844. Mrs Nisbet, Mrs Glover, and Buckstone were all in the cast, and they all did their best. But 'Quid pro Quo' was not likely to succeed where 'London Assurance' failed. The champion destined to awaken the sleeping beauty was not yet found. Something very much better was required to bring back the world of fashion to the stalls and boxes. On this point we have the testimony of Mrs Gore herself. In her preface to 'Quid pro Quo' she says:—

'Were the boxes often filled, as I had the gratification of seeing them for the first representation of "Quid pro Quo," with those aristocratic and literary classes of the community

who have absolutely withdrawn their patronage from the English stage, . . . a new order of dramatic authors would be encouraged to write, and of performers to study. But no one familiar with the nightly aspect of our theatres will deny that they are supported by a class requiring a very different species of entertainment; . . . a mere daguerreotype picture of the manners of the day would afford little satisfaction to playgoers accustomed to the disproportion and caricature established with the custom of the stage.'

This 'aristocratic and literary' company which came the first night did not come again. It was twenty years before they returned to the play. Meanwhile, a reaction was slowly setting in, though we think it must in justice be allowed that it was not fairly established till Robertson made his first great hit. We cannot, indeed, see that he is entitled to such marked pre-eminence as is claimed for him; or that the comparison drawn by his biographer—to whose filial admiration, of course, something must be allowed—between the drama as Robertson found it and the drama as he made it, is a just criticism, 'Pieces,' says Mr Robertson, 'which reflected the form of English society were received by lovers of the drama as a breath of fresh air in a vitiated atmosphere.' We should not say that the atmosphere of the stage was particularly vitiated forty years ago. It was not that which kept the world away from the theatre. This is very clear, for the atmosphere is sufficiently unwholesome now, and yet society breathes it with delight. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that the production of 'Caste,' 'Ours,' 'Society,' and what are known generally as 'the Caste plays,' was coincident with a marked rise in the popularity of the stage.

'The new drama' was in some respects a return to nature. Mrs Gore's prophecy had been fulfilled. A class of playwrights had sprung up whose realism made them something quite different from Bulwer, or Tom Taylor, or Charles Reade, or Boucicault, or G. H. Lewes. 'The Way to Keep Him,' for instance, on which the 'Serious Family' is founded, might have been a true reflection—'a daguerreotype picture'—of eighteenth-century life. The 'Serious Family' is only a caricature of modern life. But the later school of dramatists aim at reproducing on the stage the manners and morals of society as closely as Colman or Cibber, Bickerstaff or Murphy. After a long

interval we have returned to the methods of what many critics still consider the most brilliant days of British comedy; and a very important question which we have to ask is whether our dramatic authors are succeeding in the task which they have set themselves. We may ask this question with regard to both authors and performers; and—to take the latter first—if it is no longer so easy to counterfeit the character of a lady or gentleman on the stage as it was when costume was more marked and manners more formal than they are now, nevertheless it may be granted at once that such parts are usually very well filled at our best theatres. This appears to be, partly at least, owing to a cause with which some leading theatrical critics cannot be sufficiently angry. Mr Clement Scott, for instance, complains that the old-fashioned hard-working conscientious actor, full of stage traditions,* devoted to his profession, and caring nothing for social recognition, is thrust to the wall by sprigs of aristocracy and 'society schoolgirls' who neither possess any natural aptitude for the stage nor take the trouble to acquire it. Really finished acting is therefore, we are told, in danger of extinction. But is such the impression left upon one's mind after witnessing such plays as 'The Liars,' or 'The Squire of Dames,' or 'The Passport,' or 'Liberty Hall,' or 'The Fool's Paradise,' or 'Lady Ursula'? As to the truth of these dramas we shall have a word to say presently. But surely the acting, if in some cases it lacked power, seldom or never lacked finish. The fact that so many ladies and gentlemen have found room for themselves upon the stage is due, among other causes, to the change in manners which we have already mentioned. It shows that they were wanted. The supply has followed the demand; and in the plays that we have ourselves witnessed we see no signs of that crudeness and carelessness which Mr Scott denounces when he enlarges on the superiority of the old school of actors and the laborious study which produced it.

It is moreover to be remembered that what is complained of as injurious to the English stage has also its good side. The change in question has tended to raise

* Sir Theodore thinks that Helena Faucit's early success was partly due to her ignorance of stage traditions.

the social status of the actor. Actors and actresses are now welcomed in society. They have the manners and the habits of the class with which they mingle, and to which many of them naturally belong. This result has undoubtedly contributed greatly to the success of the drawing-room drama during the last quarter of a century. The theatre has again become the fashion. The aristocratic spectators who crowd the stalls and boxes see the characters which are taken from their own class simply and naturally acted. The social education which is open to a large proportion of the theatrical profession has enabled managers and proprietors to minimise the difficulties created by those changes in the external aspect of society to which we have before referred, and to bring before the curtain the ladies and gentlemen of Mayfair and Belgravia, of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, in such faultless guise that they might have stepped from the stalls on to the stage at that moment.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do for the plays themselves exactly what has been done for the actor and actress. Modern life is externally so quiet and undemonstrative, the fine gentleman of to-day shrinks so rigidly from anything that is impulsive or emotional, and has so constantly before his eyes Lord Monmouth's great rule of conduct, the fear of making himself ridiculous, that to produce any effect upon the stage it is absolutely necessary to raise it somewhat above the actual level. It requires a little artificial colour, as the actress requires a little rouge. Incidents and actions must be accentuated: and it would probably be impossible for the most accomplished dramatist to construct a play which, while an exact and unembellished copy of what we should not be surprised to see at a London reception, should be neither insipid nor unintelligible. Broad effects are wanted on the stage: and the faint smiles and furtive glances and almost imperceptible gestures, all that makes up the by-play at a large party, would be invisible to nine tenths of the audience, if not to the whole of it, across the footlights. It is this supreme necessity which, in spite of admirable acting, still imparts a certain air of unreality to many of our most popular modern plays. On the stage the colours must be heightened, and they harmonise ill with the outward quietude, the general pallor, of con-

temporary life. It was different a hundred years ago, Strongly comic stage incidents, if not such as actually occurred, were then not inconsistent with the general tone of fashionable society: they bore about them no air of improbability. But they are improbable, if not impossible, at the present day.

We will give a single instance of what we mean. In that amusing piece the 'Liars,' a lady's husband is so immersed in business, and apparently so unconscious that it is any part of his duty to make himself agreeable to his wife after marriage, that she is on the point of consoling herself with some one else. The husband hears of it and rushes into a room where among a group of guests stands the favoured lover, with the lady on his arm, ready for an immediate start. The husband is furious. A common friend intervenes, and what is his remedy? The wife has consented to elope; she has already been unfaithful in her heart; and her husband is informed that it will be all right if he only takes her out to supper! The gentleman who prescribes this treatment is one who has a great reputation for composing marital quarrels, and getting ladies out of difficulties. He does not give this bit of advice to the husband in secret, but proclaims it openly before the assembled group. 'If you don't make love to your wife, some other fellow will,' he says. And the way to prevent this misfortune is to treat her to lobster salad!

Little incidents of this kind are constantly turning up in these fashionable pieces and destroying the illusion. Something of the kind seems to be indispensable to add piquancy to our domestic comedy. But if that quality can only be purchased by the introduction of broad farce, it is too high a price to pay for it. The contrast between the pure realism of the whole play and the absurdity of the comic 'relief' is too marked; and no gift of genius in the actor who presents it could make it appear otherwise. There is of course a farcical leaven, to which no one can object, in almost all comedies. But it should neither be relied upon as the centre of attraction nor introduced, however sparingly, in violation of all those social conventionalities which legitimate comedy is bound to respect.

To turn again for a moment to the performers themselves, as distinct from the plays in which they act—we cannot help enquiring whether, with all the grace and

finish, all the humour, and all the ease which characterise our best comedians, there is still not something wanting to the perfection of their art: a something rather to be felt than described: a something which, whether we call it greater earnestness, or greater reality, or greater power, should make us one of the party on the stage, and forgetful that we are only lookers-on. There is a good deal in Mr Grein's book with which we cannot agree. But we think he is approaching a truth, though we regret to say so, in what he writes of 'Lady Ursula.' At all events it will serve to illustrate our meaning:—

'The part [Lady Ursula] allotted to Miss Millard was worthy of a great actress; and a great actress would have lifted the play. But Miss Millard played nicely, sweetly, coyly, like a London *bourgeoise* of the outer circle who delights in male fancy dress, with due deference to Mrs Grundy. It was an agreeable performance in a minor key.'

Mr Grein is decidedly wrong on one point—there is nothing of the *bourgeoise* in Miss Millard's acting; but he is right upon the whole. Lady Ursula is one of those performances which on coming away we at once pronounce 'charming.' To vary Mr Grein's words, it is only pretty, where it ought to be powerful.

We have next to consider a much more delicate question: the morality of the modern stage. We remember, when 'Liberty Hall' came out, hearing a lady well known in the ranks of fashion, and an indefatigable playgoer, express lively satisfaction that a play had at last been produced to which you could take your daughters. It is undeniable that authors do not scruple to present upon the stage now what they would not have ventured to exhibit during the earlier years of the Victorian era. Vice and profligacy will of course supply food for comedy as long as the theatre exists. But there are two ways of introducing vice. It may be said that many of the heroines of the society drama go no further than Lady Teazle did, if so far. But in the 'School for Scandal' the scene between Lady Teazle and Joseph Surface, with the discovery of the former, is turned into a farce; and Joseph's arguments in support of his suit, and the lady's explanation of the only motives which could make her consent to it, are so laughable, and so far removed from

anything resembling passion, that no harm is done. There is no suggestiveness, no implied recognition of vice as a matter of course. The whole thing is a caricature.

It is very different with some modern plays, the chief interest of which is made to consist in bringing the two worlds, the *monde* and the *demi-monde*, into as close juxtaposition as possible, and even in blurring the lines by which they are separated from each other. We are told that the popularity of such plays is due to the fact that they do really represent a corresponding deterioration in the tone of English society and the moral standards which govern it; and that in this one respect, at all events, they reproduce the very form and fashion of the time. In two books which have lately been published by authors of repute, to whom the doors of society are open, we find this deterioration deplored as an acknowledged fact. The Warden of Merton, who may be supposed to write with knowledge, says in his 'Reminiscences' that there is, he fears, an inner circle of the fashionable world in which much is habitually said and done which in the earlier Victorian era was a comparatively rare exception, even in the gayest society; and Mr Lilly, in his recently published volume, 'First Principles in Politics,' tells us still more confidently that 'one of the notes of the age is a pronounced laxity of practice—and, what is worse, of theory—about sexual matters.' What weight is to be attached to the gossip of club smoking-rooms is, of course, a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that 'society' lends a favourable ear to such plays as 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray,' 'The Gay Lord Quex,' and 'The Profligate'; and that, if some ladies of fashion hesitate to let their daughters see them, many do not. Now if what Mr Brodrick and Mr Lilly assert is really true, we must not suppose that it is the licence of the stage that has led to the corruption of manners, but rather the corruption of manners which has encouraged the licence of the stage.

If there is any truth in the above remarks, it would seem that the palmy days of pure comedy must be looked for in the past; and the gradual encroachment of the novel on the province of the drama points the same way. The fact is, every kind of comedy, be it of intrigue or character, must of necessity be more or less the comedy of manners, dependent, that is, on the aspects and the con-

ventions of society at any given time ; and if the manners of the *fin de siècle* do not lend themselves readily to theatrical representation, we have only to expect that our dramatic productions will bear traces of the difficulties which they have had to contend with. The 'repose' of Vere de Vere cannot well be imitated on the stage, and the mirth which is introduced to relieve it is only purchased at the cost of congruity, probability, or decency.

Mr Robertson was the first playwright to set himself seriously to work to overcome these difficulties, and to present real life upon the stage in all its natural simplicity. His popular career may be said to have commenced with 'David Garrick' (1864), and to have culminated with 'Caste' in 1867. 'Society' and 'Ours' appeared between the two; and 'Play,' 'School,' 'Dreams' and 'War' followed them. We cannot say that we think any of them models of constructive art. They were plays of home life, depending to a great extent on those domestic incidents with which we are all familiar and which English people always love. The two most popular of the series are, we suppose, 'Caste' and 'School.' But the misfortune of 'Caste' is that there is neither plot nor point in it. The marriage of George and Esther is no rebuke to caste; and the marriage of Sam and Polly is no contrast. 'School' is even weaker in construction than 'Caste.' The young ladies' school, which gives its name to the piece, is not in the least degree wanted; while the expedient of Bella Marten turning out to be a lost heiress and the cousin of Lord Beaufoy is too stale to cause the slightest throb of excitement. But in both cases the performers came to the rescue. Hare, Bancroft, and Marie Wilton formed a trio who would have made a triumphant success of any well-written play.

In our opinion 'Society' is Mr Robertson's best. There is a real plot in this, and fairly well worked out, but the story keeps less closely to real life than most of the others. Sidney Daryl, the literary barrister, is an old friend in whose reality we have little faith. He is a kind of cross between Charles Surface and Arthur Pendennis—the kind of man whom young writers, with little knowledge of the world, are fond of imagining, and what aspiring youths fresh from Oxford or Cambridge would like to be taken for. Sidney Daryl is thoroughly conventional, as much

so as Charles Torrens in 'London Assurance.' The 'man about town,' living in chambers in the Temple, writing a smart magazine article when he is in the humour, for which he is paid enormous sums, constantly receiving letters from the editor of the 'Times' begging for a leader on the question of the day, deeply in debt—this is an essential feature of the character—member of a fashionable club, with the *entrée* to all the green-rooms in London—this is the ideal hero of many a young man on first leaving college, though it is needless to say that he exists only in the imagination of such as have no other sources of information. These aspirations have been the ruin of many a clever fellow who but for this silly vanity might have been a respectable member of society, and died a county-court judge. We need not detain the reader any longer over what are known as 'the Caste plays.' Aided by some of the most skilful and gentlemanly actors and one of the most bewitching actresses of our time, they undoubtedly hit the public taste, and 'caught on.' Their realism we suppose was their novelty; they showed the public on the stage what they could see at home, and to appetites jaded with the traditional heroes and heroines, the plots and contrivances of the earlier and mid-century comedy, they came as a refreshing change.

We now turn to Mr Pinero. The worshippers of Robertson say that had there been no Robertson there would have been no Pinero. But Robertson and Ibsen have both gone to the formation of Mr Pinero as we now know him. If Robertson discarded one stage convention, Ibsen, we are assured, discarded another. If Robertson made the drama more natural and simple, Ibsen, we are told, made it still more real by a larger admixture of vice and misery. He banished from his stage 'the trickery of happy endings,' which long tradition had raised to the rank of a principle. At this point, then, we are confronted by two questions: what is the end of comedy; and, secondly, if we determine that our play shall not end happily, by what necessary process is our end to be attained? Those who object so strongly to the conventional happy ending seem sometimes to forget that comedy is concerned only with one aspect of human life; that it is a species of satire directed not against crime but folly; and that to introduce into it the machinery which we associate

with the darker forms of guilt is to break a butterfly on a wheel—in other words, to confound comedy with tragedy. It is true enough that in real life the two go side by side; but they are not necessarily or inseparably mixed up together; and comedy, we repeat, is concerned with only one of them. We cannot think, therefore, that the traditional happy ending is deserving of the censure which some modern critics have heaped upon it. If the great end of comedy is, as Dr Johnson declared, to make us laugh, why should we think it an improvement that it makes us weep?

We may be told that this is only a dispute about words. Dismiss the word comedy, it may be said, and the difficulty is at an end. The division into comedy and tragedy is not an exhaustive one; and the drama which combines both is a truer picture of human life than that which is confined to one. There is some truth in this reply; but the question is whether justice can be done to this combination on the stage. It can be done by the novelist, we know. But the action on the stage is compressed within too short a space of time, the canvas is too narrow, to admit of the proper proportions and due perspective being observed. Take Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' or Pinero's 'Hobby Horse' as examples. The comic parts of these are a very bad preparation for the tragic ending. In the 'Wild Duck' nothing prepares us for Hedvig's suicide. The incidents which lead up to it are sordid and vulgar, and inadequate either to bring about such a result or to throw the mind of the reader or spectator into the necessary mood for sympathising with it. Mr Pinero, in writing the 'Hobby Horse,' seems to have been aware of the 'restricted conditions of dramatic composition,' and how much they interfere with the perfect evolution of the comic and tragic elements. Then why struggle with such difficulties, which can never be successfully overcome?

Whether an unhappy ending must always be brought about by means of vice, profligacy, or crime is another question which the modern school seem inclined to answer in the affirmative. That this is a mistake, however, it requires no very wide research to demonstrate. The 'Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Kenilworth' are standing examples of this; and the 'Mill on the Floss' would be another if the drowning of Tom and Maggie had any

connexion with anything which had gone before. But both Ibsen and Pinero seem to take it for granted that the only kind of catastrophe worth producing on the stage is that which is caused by immorality, and immorality sometimes of a very coarse and revolting character. Surely it cannot be said that this is required in the interests of art. In the 'Wild Duck' the discovery of Hedvig's parentage is effected in the most disgusting fashion; while in 'The Ghosts' and 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray,' between which there is a strong family likeness, the flavour of the vice set before us is particularly nauseous. Unless it is contended that, in the fullest sense, there is not a single human action which is not fit for dramatic use if it happens to be wanted for the better evolution of the plot, it is not easy to see why a line should not be drawn at such scenes and characters as we are asked to contemplate in the dramas we have named. There is plenty of room for human frailties and vices to do their proper work upon the stage, and develop their natural consequences, without being exhibited in forms not only painful to modesty, but repugnant to ordinary good taste. Yet this is the kind of realism to which we are required to do homage as a special mark of the dramatic renaissance which distinguishes the close of the Victorian era.

We have no hesitation in adding that this so-called realism is often very unreal, and shows little insight into human nature. A woman like the second Mrs Tanqueray is not the heroine of suicide. Her one conversation with Captain Archdell is sufficient to show the stuff she was made of. Such creatures do not take poison: they are too fond of life. As much may be said of Dunstan Renshaw in 'The Profligate'; and it was a wise instinct which dictated his reprieve when the play was first produced in London. Suicide was too good for him; and though he certainly intended to destroy himself, the fact that he failed prevents the audience from feeling a sympathy of which he was totally unworthy. There has been a great run upon suicide in the modern drama. It is a very convenient exit for a troublesome character, we grant; but it imparts a sameness to the Ibsen and Pinero drama which we could well dispense with. These dramatists will discover in time, we think, that society, like the old lady who

had ceased to relish her murders, has had nearly enough of this highly-flavoured dish. At all events, we protest against this kind of plot being called realism. Of course, if either dramatist would consent to a verdict of temporary insanity in the case of their unhappy victims, there would be no more to be said; but that would not be 'high art.' As a matter of probability, the number of persons who commit suicide in full possession of their faculties is so few as to make these recurrent instances in the drama not a reflection of truth, but exactly the reverse. Legitimate comedy, we may repeat, is not intended to take life too seriously, and even to those writers who despise such canons, it is open to distinguish between different kinds of misery. If a play is not hilarious it need not be morbid, and if the ending is not happy it need not be nasty.

We should be unjust however to Mr Pinero if this was the last word we had to say about him. All his plays are not Ibsenite: and we should like to know to what extent he endorses the opinion of his editor, that Ibsen was necessary to 'clear the air' for him. The author of 'Sweet Lavender' required no such assistance as this from the author of 'Ghosts.' 'Sweet Lavender,' however, was written in 1886, before Ibsen had begun to make his influence felt on the English drama, which is chiefly seen in 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray' and in 'The Profligate.' There is a touch of it in 'The Hobby Horse,' a very disagreeable play; but it was perfectly easy to ridicule pseudo-philanthropy without introducing such a painful and we would say unnatural situation as that between the lady and the curate. Mrs Jermyn in the play must have seen that Noel Brice was falling in love with her. What woman would not have seen it? But Mr Pinero makes her totally unconscious. Pseudo-philanthropy lends itself very readily to comic treatment, witness Mrs Weller, Mrs Jellaby, and Mrs Pardiggle; and Mr Pinero was going out of his way to make an amiable young married lady and a guileless young clergyman the victims of this particular folly. As a satire the plot is both watery and clumsy. Ibsen seems rather to have thickened the atmosphere for Mr Pinero than to have cleared it for him. Somebody of course had to be miserable at the end: that is *de rigueur* with the Ibsenites. But the lady should have been the victim of a hopeless attachment as well as the gentleman.

They should have indulged in one last embrace and then torn themselves asunder. The knowledge that they were destined to pine away in secret for years to come could not have failed to be highly gratifying to all those cheerful playgoers who agree with Mrs Gamp that life is a 'wale.'

It is not easy to see why a bad ending is more like real life than a good one. People do get into scrapes and get out of them again every day; they even make love to other men's wives without anybody being consigned to hopeless wretchedness. We do not suppose that Mr Sullen broke his heart when his wife went off with Aimwell. The novelist or dramatist who first hangs his characters 'up a tree' and then cuts them down before they are quite gone is guilty in the eyes of Ibsen and his school of a vulgar weakness. It may be so; but it seems to us that the universal craving for 'happy endings' is something like a proof that they cannot be so unreal as the new school represent them to be. There are of course bad endings to equivocal complications in real life, but it is not the part of pure comedy to deal with these; and if we take the mixed drama in which tragedy and comedy are combined, it will not seldom be found that both have been spoiled. There is not room for both even in a five-act play.

The Victorian drama has not been rich in tragedy, and what we have to say on this subject had better be deferred till we come to our actors and actresses; but it shines greatly in farce, burlesque, and melodrama. To attempt to pick and choose out of the legion of plays over which three generations have split their sides would be a hopeless task. They all have this in common, that they depend even more than modern comedy does on particular individuals. 'Box and Cox' was nothing without Buckstone. 'Parents and Guardians' was nothing without the Keeleys. The Adelphi farce was nothing without Wright and Paul Bedford. These were actors whose entrance on the stage, before they had spoken a word, was the signal for a general titter; their faces were simply irresistible; and it was only necessary for them to open their lips for that titter to become a roar. It did not matter what they said, and they indulged freely in gag. We doubt if there is anything on the stage now, unless it is 'Charley's Aunt,' quite equal to the farces which filled the London theatres

from 1840 to 1860. Among others never to be forgotten, besides those just mentioned, are 'The Camp at Chobham,' 'The Area Belle,' 'To Oblige Benson,' 'Boots at the Swan,' 'Lend me Five Shillings'—all these and more come flocking, as Milton hath it, at the call of memory, which carries us back to the middle of the century. No doubt we have some capital farces at the present day, but somehow they seem to want the rollicking fun, the abandon, we might almost say the sincerity, of the earlier ones.

Perhaps it may be thought that with the improvement and refinement of comedy the taste for broad farce is less decided than it used to be. Yet he will scarcely say so who has been present at the performance of 'My Milliner's Bill,' or 'The Magistrate,' or 'The Widow Hunt,' or 'Charley's Aunt,' or 'The Curate,' or 'The Private Secretary,' plays which we select at random, and not as being necessarily the most laughable of those which keep the stage. 'There is touch-and-go farce in your laugh,' said Mr Crummles to Nicholas Nickleby; and though we never knew exactly what particular species of drollery was signified by 'touch-and-go,' we were willing to take it on trust; and we have known several actors of whose eyes, noses, mouths, and legs the same might be said, with the additional point in their favour that their gravity was more comic than their levity. We are not sure that we have any actor now, unless it is Mr Penley, who is a walking farce in himself. Still it cannot fairly be said that farce is less popular now than it was in the days referred to, when an Adelphi farce was regarded as the greatest theatrical treat which a Londoner could enjoy. In spite of the little difference we have mentioned, English farce still holds a position higher of its kind perhaps, though it may be a lower kind, than comedy. There is one thing in favour of it, namely, that there can never be any mistake about it. In looking at a farce which professes to be that and nothing else, we are at liberty to abandon ourselves wholly to inextinguishable laughter, unchecked by any troublesome doubts of its artistic claims upon us. But when we are trembling on the border line between farce and comedy we feel no such freedom; and with a large class of spectators this will always constitute a point in favour of the less formal drama so long as the theatre exists.

Melodrama stills holds its ground in its old hereditary home, but not in its original glory, nor need we say much about it in the present article. It hardly calls forth the highest powers of either actress or actor. Madame Céleste indeed made herself a great name in melodrama, but it is a name which we prefer to forget. The artificiality of melodrama places it almost beyond the range of dramatic criticism; and though it may be thought perhaps that this is no less true of farce, there is a difference between the two showing that the same canon is not equally applicable to both. Farce, after all, is only comedy in her cups: a grotesque exaggeration of what might really happen, and which in the wildest caricature retains some of the features of ordinary sober life. Now this is not so with melodrama. We are not reminded by it of anything that ever happens, or is likely to happen, in real life, and we are scarcely therefore in a position to criticise the actors in it, as men engaged in holding the mirror up to nature, though it be nature in a distorted shape. We admit, of course, that farce is only a very imperfect test of real histrionic ability, but still it is some test, and we have not felt called upon to exclude it from a notice of the English drama. We are considering the truth and nature of the modern English drama, and melodrama has little to do with either.

The English stage at present is not destitute of tragic talent, though the nineteenth century has given us no native tragedy of the first class. Our tragic actors have established themselves for the most part on Shakespeare, and it is remarkable that of his best representatives several have not been Englishmen. Since the accession of Queen Victoria our leading tragedians may be counted on one's fingers—Macready, Phelps, Kean, Fechter, Salvini, Sarah Bernhardt, Irving, Miss Glyn, Lady Martin, and Mrs Warner almost exhaust the list. But he who has seen Macready as Lear, Fechter as Hamlet, Salvini as Othello, and Lady Martin as Lady Macbeth, has seen some tragic acting which will make him regret the less that he was not born a century and a quarter sooner. If we add Sir Henry Irving's Shylock, in which he excels all his predecessors, we have named, we think, the best tragic performances of the Victorian era. We should say that in versatility, Lady Martin excelled them all; and on this point Sir Theodore

Martin, in his deeply interesting 'Life' of this delightful actress, lays particular stress. Our article was in type before the 'Life' of Lady Martin appeared, nor had we seen Professor Wilson's opinion of her Lady Macbeth when the foregoing paragraph was written. We are happy to find so distinguished a critic in agreement with ourselves. After seeing the performance he exclaimed, 'We have all been wrong: this is the true Lady Macbeth,' and thenceforth he abandoned the view that Mrs Siddons was the ideal impersonation of Shakespeare's heroine. This is a question on which those only who saw both Mrs Siddons and Lady Martin have any right to speak. The former is said to have been deficient in that quality which Sir Theodore Martin thinks essential to the highest histrionic art, a sense of humour and the power of giving expression to it.

Sadlers Wells was for a long time the home of the legitimate or rather, we should say, the Shakespearean drama; and here Phelps and Mrs Warner, who started together in 1844, made a gallant attempt to revive genuine tragedy, as Webster had done to revive genuine comedy, and to lure back to it the audiences which had crowded to hear Kemble and Siddons. The theatre opened with 'Macbeth,' and it was the opinion of some competent critics that in this character Phelps was superior to Macready. Mrs Warner is said to have played Lady Macbeth with 'great care and force.' But the undertaking was a failure. Phelps kept it up for eighteen years, though in 1847 he lost the services of Mrs Warner, who was succeeded by Miss Glyn, an accomplished actress, but who did not enable Phelps to effect the great object which he had in view. Since Macready's death, Fechter, Salvini, Henry Irving, and Lady Martin are the only four tragedians who have been the talk of society and been really run after. The dreamy, poetical, and refined character of Hamlet was admirably given by Fechter, who also looked the part to perfection; and Salvini's Othello was a still more wonderful performance. Here human passion was portrayed with all the violence of despair mingled with all the agony of grief, first for the infidelity of Desdemona and then for the loss of her, without the slightest suspicion of rant or any superfluous gesticulation. We should assign to Salvini's Othello the first place in tragedy during the

last fifty years ; and we hardly know whether to give the second to Fechter or to Lady Martin. In the banquet scene in ' Macbeth ' she rose to the summit of her noble art.

We shall wound no susceptibilities, we hope, if we add that Miss Ellen Terry is better fitted for Beatrice, Rosalind (which, however, she has never played), or Juliet than for Ophelia or Desdemona. Her personal charms, her animal spirits, her girlish gaiety, maintained to the last, and her clever assumption of characters which really suit her, have made her decidedly the reigning favourite of the last thirty years ; and she is, probably, take her all round, the most popular actress of the Victorian age. We cannot honestly say she is the best, but she and Sir Henry Irving will always be remembered, with Phelps and Mrs Warner, and with Charles Kean and Mrs Kean, as the leading dramatic revivalists of the last half-century. Their efforts have been attended with varying degrees of success ; but there is no doubt that they have contributed greatly to that restoration of the stage to the favour of the higher classes in which the Kendals, the Bancrofts, the Hares, Wyndhams, and Alexanders, with such actresses as Mary Moore, Marion Terry, Gertrude Kingston, Winifred Emery, Mrs Patrick Campbell, Miss Millard, and Miss Olga Nethersole have also had a large share. Charles Kean's Shakespearean revivals at the Princess's were chiefly remarkable for their scenic effects. Kean himself was a gentlemanly actor in the higher comedy, but his wife was the favourite. Her Viola in ' Twelfth Night ' was a treat not to be forgotten.

Among recent attempts to revive the Shakespearean drama, that of Mr F. R. Benson deserves notice, not so much for any unusual merit in the acting, as for a certain originality in methods and aims. Many actors have brought out isolated plays of Shakespeare with more or less success : Mr Benson has made it his business to produce him continually. Most managers who have sought to popularise the great dramatist have relied chiefly on splendid scenic effects, and an almost pedantic accuracy in costume and decorative details : Mr Benson's object is to show, in the words of one of his critics, ' that Shakespeare can be played for Shakespeare's sake.' When a piece is placed on the stage in such a way as to distract attention from the picture to the frame, no honour is done either to author or actor. Mr Benson's presentations are a pro-

test against this system. His staging is simple but adequate; and careful study, combined with vigour, intelligence, and a refreshing freedom from affectation, claim for his efforts the encouragement of all those playgoers who worship the greatest of playwrights, and who care more for the play than the spectacle.

Among the comic actresses of the present day, though comparisons are odious, we have no hesitation in assigning the first place to Mrs Kendal. She is so easy and so natural, and, what is a great point in her favour, seems so thoroughly at home in her best parts, that we might feel inclined to say of her what Goldsmith said of Garrick :—

‘On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 ’Twas only that when he was off he was acting’—

if we did not know that the second line was wholly untrue of Mrs Kendal. Still we may say she is never more natural than when she is on the stage.

Lady Bancroft essayed the part of Lady Teazle at the Prince of Wales’s in 1874; but, as was to be expected, she appeared rather as the country hoyden than as the finished woman of fashion which Mrs Kendal and Miss Winifred Emery have taken to be the true interpretation of the character. According to Mr Dutton Cook, however, Marie Wilton was playing the part as it was played by Mrs Jordan, who must have known as well as anybody what Lady Teazle was intended to be. Lady Bancroft is said to have made a most satisfactory Georgina in ‘Money.’ But farce after all is her forte rather than comedy.

For broad farce the nearest approach to the popular style of fifty years ago has been made, we think, by Mr Toole, Mr Penley, and Mrs John Wood, whose powers in this line are simply irresistible. In her fearless freedom from all squeamishness or prudery she reminds us occasionally of Miss Woolgar, though very unlike her in person. Lady Bancroft is the more finished actress of the two; but we doubt if Mrs John Wood has not produced more laughter.

Of our leading actors at the present day we cannot, we must confess, place Sir Henry Irving at the head. In some kinds of tragedy, and in some serious plays which are neither tragedies nor comedies, he is excellent; but not more excellent than Wyndham, Hare, Alexander,

Cyril Maude, Arthur Cecil, Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson, Clayton, and Kendal, in their respective walks. Many of our tragic actors have been equally good, if not better, in comedy. Sir Theodore Martin quotes the dictum of Socrates, that 'the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be the writer of comedy also.' We cannot enlarge on this text, suggestive as it is. But Sir Theodore continues: 'This is equally true of the actor. He will never reach the highest point in his profession unless he possesses the double gift of tragic passion and humorous expression. This combination, possessed by Garrick in a remarkable degree, is by no means common.' Macready and Phelps, however, possessed it. Macready was thought to make an excellent Sir Peter Teazle: with the help of Count D'Orsay he succeeded greatly in Evelyn; while Phelps was adjudged to be at his best as Lord Ogleby in 'The Clandestine Marriage.'

Sir Henry Irving might perhaps succeed in Joseph Surface if he could bring himself down to Mephistopheles in a laced waistcoat and peruke. It is a character that is seldom well acted. In the last performance of it at the Haymarket Mr Valentine was not a success—Mr Cyril Maude, as Sir Peter, and Mr Kemble, as Sir Oliver, carrying off the honours among the gentlemen. But the actor of whom we feel we should never tire, who is always natural, humorous, and genial, is Mr C. Wyndham. To see him in 'The Squire of Dames,' with Miss Fay Davis, is to witness a scene which haunts one. 'You are the only eligible man I have met since I came to England,' says the American young lady, 'who hasn't proposed to me.' 'You see I have been so busy; I'll do it to-morrow,' says Wyndham, with a smiling glance at the fair challenger. At this point Wyndham is simply perfection. The tone of his voice, the expression of his face, the turn of his head, all assist each other, and all share alike in a result which is comedy of the highest order. We have spoken of the ease, the adroitness, the air of good society which marks our modern actors and actresses. Where so many possess these, it is as difficult as it would be invidious to award the palm to any one in particular. But probably among our younger actors no better example of this combination could be found than Charles Wyndham.

Mr John Hare excels in the exhibition of suppressed feeling, whether serious or otherwise. An example of this may be seen in the 'Scrap of Paper,' and a still better one in the 'Fool's Paradise,' already mentioned, a play founded on the case of Mrs Maybrick, in which he plays the physician. But he has made a particular class of characters his own—the shrewd, sarcastic, and yet kindly elderly gentlemen—so says Mr Dutton Cook, in his 'Nights at the Play'; and it is the statement of a very competent critic. Mr Hare was one of the pioneers of the new style of comedy to which we have so often referred. Writing of Tom Taylor's comedy of 'Victims,' originally brought out at the Haymarket in 1857, and revived by Mr Hare when manager of the Court Theatre in 1878, Mr Cook observes :—

'The comedy pleased, however, at the Haymarket, supported by the strong company then directed by Mr Buckstone; nor does it fail to amuse at the Court Theatre. But by the more subdued and refined system of interpretation now assigned to it, the coarseness of the play's artifices and the rude unreality of its characters stand fully betrayed. Twenty years ago an element of boisterous farce was indispensable to comedy at the Haymarket, while of acting generally it may be said that it was then required to be rather theatrically effective than punctiliously lifelike. Mr Hare's strict regard for truth and nature, and his affection for a *mise en scène* of fantastically picturesque quality, seem out of harmony with dramas of rough humour and broad caricature. The dignity of comedy perhaps paired off long since with the dignity of history; still in plays affecting to portray modern life, manners, and character, a certain reserve seems desirable in regard to the means employed to stir our mirth.'

We should hope that Mr Cook is wrong both about the dignity of comedy and the dignity of history; but he is right about Mr Hare. The dignity of comedy has been to a great extent restored, though the inevitable drop of farce with which it still seems necessary to season it is like adding sugar to champagne. Still the work which has been accomplished by the actors and actresses who in the last year of the nineteenth century were in possession of the English stage—performers who have made their reputations for the most part within the last thirty years

—is immense. The change is well described in the passage we have just quoted by one who saw the beginning of it. 'In plays affecting to portray modern life, manners, and character, a certain reserve seems desirable in regard to the means employed to stir our mirth.' This 'certain reserve' has been introduced. The 'rough humour and broad caricature' of the mid-century have given way to the refinement and quietude which have once more brought comedy into touch with the best society. This indeed is a great work to have accomplished, though traces of the old style, '*veteris vestigia culpæ*,' still survive; and things are still said and done in comedies supposed to represent the fashionable manners of the day, which would never be heard or seen in a lady's drawing-room.

Whether the dramatic revival which has been witnessed by the present generation signifies the permanent restoration of the stage to all its former popularity remains to be seen. Speaking of the Shakespearean revival at Sadlers Wells in 1845, Mr Clement Scott quotes an interesting passage from the '*Athenæum*' of that date, in which the writer says: 'Society may have outgrown the drama, and by many it is suspected that such is actually the case in England.' The suspicion was premature, as we have seen, and yet it may be doubted whether the evidence on which it rested was not the result of causes something more than ephemeral, and not unlikely to survive the reaction which set in forty years ago.

When books are the luxury of a few, the stage is the resort of the many. As a taste for reading is diffused, and the means of gratifying it extended, the hold which the drama once possessed on the popular mind is naturally weakened. It is only to be expected that with the decline of its importance there should be some diminution of its excellence; so that both the highly educated and cultured classes, as well as those below them, no longer find what they want in it so fully as they did of old. In a thoughtful and reflective age, when the public mind is occupied with problems both social and religious which go to the very root of established creeds and traditions, it is inevitable that a spirit of greater gravity should pervade society than is altogether consistent with the full enjoyment of theatrical representations. If Mr Ruskin is right in his estimate of the 'melancholy' of the present age—a melancholy born

of the feeling that we are drifting away from all our old landmarks and anchorages towards 'we know not what mysterious doom'—we have here a reason for distrusting the permanence of that unquestionable popularity which the theatre commands at present. It is clear, moreover, that the demand for mere amusement has enormously increased, and the music-hall usurps the place of the theatre. The political and social issues now before the world are so large and so engrossing, the changes so perturbing and so rapid, the daily stress and strain so exhausting, that we have neither time nor energy to spend on the serious discussion of dramatic themes, or the full enjoyment of the higher stage. The result is a deterioration of taste, and the presentation of much very poor stuff upon the boards. What we want is to be amused, we care not how: the frivolity of the drama seems an indispensable relief from the seriousness of life.

For the drama to attain its highest popularity and success we require a light-hearted age, and an age not much given to reading, or to brooding over the riddles of humanity. Such an age was the eighteenth century. Such was that embodiment of it so admirably described by George Eliot in her picture of 'Old Leisure.' Shall we ever see a revival of that spirit? This, one would say, is impossible. Yet, in default of it or something like it, we fear that the English drama, or English comedy at all events, has seen its best days. We have pointed out certain social and moral differences between our age and that of our grandfathers, which seem at first sight to justify the suspicion entertained by some dramatic critics fifty-five years ago. Events may prove that the decay which they then observed was a transient phase of our dramatic art, and its subsequent revival the lasting one. For many reasons we trust that it may be so, but we dare not play the prophet further.

Art. V.—VIRGIL AND TENNYSON: A LITERARY
PARALLEL.

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‘I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began.’

FEW books have had a longer or more living influence than the ‘Parallel Lives’ of Plutarch. Its shining examples of character and genius have affected and inspired the emotion and emulation of all ages and portions of the Western world. If the trophies of Miltiades have caused sleepless nights to many besides Themistocles, it is Plutarch whom envy or ambition must blame or thank. Yet of the thousands who have sauntered through or lingered in Plutarch’s gallery, how many have really noted its arrangement? Many have read the ‘Lives’: few have read the ‘Comparisons.’ Most common is it to speak only of Plutarch’s ‘Lives,’ and, ignoring the epithet he gave them, to forget that they are parallels.

Plutarch’s method, indeed, has gone out of fashion, as history has become more scientific and less picturesque—more pedantic, perhaps some would say, and less historic. History, it is seen, if it repeats itself, does so with a difference, and the historic or geographic parallel only provokes a smile of superiority. Yet the method of Plutarch

has its advantages. Truth to tell, it is, as Bacon remarked, quite as much a part of science to note resemblances as to note differences. Often the differences are natural or necessary, and it is the resemblances which are surprising. Similarities, in style and genius, between the late Lord Tennyson and the Roman Virgil have often been noticed. The comparison was, perhaps, first made in print by Lord Tennyson's old friend, the Rev. R. D. B. Rawnsley, a quarter of a century ago. It was perhaps rather of Mr Andrew Lang's pretty allusion that the poet himself was thinking when he remarked to a friend: 'Someone once called me the English Virgil'; but in any case he was aware of the suggestion and was pleased by it. The parallel of their lives, however, has never been as fully worked out as it deserves to be. For, striking as is the analogy when once suggested, in general terms and on the surface, it will be found still more striking when the two biographies are, after the manner of Plutarch, placed side by side.

The life of Tennyson has been given us in a singularly full and happy form. Virgil's life we no longer possess in a form comparable to this. But such a picture of him did once exist, and of that picture considerable relics and traces remain. Beside the three great works of Virgil, the 'Eclogues,' 'Georgics,' and 'Æneid,' there have come down, as scholars know, various minor works—in particular two hexameter pieces, the 'Culex,' or 'Gnat,' and the 'Ciris,' a mythological poem; a pretty idyll, entitled the 'Moretum' or 'Salad'; the 'Copa,' or 'Mine Hostess,' a short elegiac piece; and, further, a small collection, chiefly of lyrical pieces, called the 'Catalepta,' or 'Catalepton.' Several 'Lives' of the poet, longer or shorter, have also survived. These it is not unusual to treat with neglect or discredit, as a tissue of forgery or a mass of accretions. But this is surely a mistake. Virgil, though like Tennyson he loved seclusion, did not live or die in a corner, but rather in the fullest blaze of light. He was a great figure in the great world of Rome when Rome was at her highest intellectual level. Of that Rome he may, like Horace, properly be called a laureate poet. He was the friend of the Emperor, and of the greatest statesmen and the leading literary men of the day. By two of these, Tucca and Varius, specially intimate friends of long standing, his papers were sifted, and his great epic edited, under the Emperor's own direc-

tion. Varius, himself an excellent and admired poet, also wrote his friend's 'Life.' He wrote with full knowledge of the persons and the facts while most of the persons were still living and the facts were still fresh. His memoir contained, we have reason to believe, a full and sufficient account of the poet, of his life and work, his education and friendships, his habits of composition, personal traits, anecdotes, table-talk, good stories, perhaps scandals, *obiter dicta*, and the like, together with illustrative extracts from the poet's poems, whether published or unpublished, and from his correspondence, both his own letters and those of friends. When it was written, many of the documents on which it was based, such as the letters of the Emperor, like those of the Queen to Tennyson, were in evidence, and remained so long after. It would have been impossible to make any serious misstatement which many living friends could correct, or which could be contradicted by reference to documents undoubtedly authentic, or to interpolate any poem or portion of a poem as Virgil's without authority.

On this 'Life' by Varius, and on the authorised edition or editions of his poems, it is pretty clear that the later authorities rested, as long as any serious and strong critical spirit remained. The best that we now have is a fairly long sketch, probably by Suetonius, much in the nature of a 'Dictionary of Biography' article. This no doubt is a reduction from the 'Life' by Varius, but has been again added to and embroidered from other less excellent sources. In Virgil's case, as in most others, there were current, immediately after his death, and perhaps even during his lifetime, conflicting texts and semi-authenticated stories, and some of these doubtless established themselves in lieu of, or side by side with, the genuine; but without entering into the minutiae of discrimination, it may be said that we possess a considerable body of information about Virgil, and that when due allowance has been made for such accretions, a great deal remains, well attested or carrying its own claim to credence. We know more, probably, about the life of Virgil than we do about the life of Shakespeare. To state this may not indeed be to state very much. The late Master of Balliol, whose historical scepticism knew hardly any limit, was fond of saying that all that we really know about Shakespeare's life could be

written on a half-sheet of note-paper. The Master, it is true, did not live to see the brilliant essay of his distinguished pupil Mr Sidney Lee, but even had he done so he would probably have stuck to his epigram.

Taking then the life of Virgil as we have it, let us put it side by side with that of Tennyson. The regular method of Plutarch would no doubt be to recite first the one career and then the other, and finally to institute the comparison. For our purpose, however, it would seem better to take the two lives together. The life of Tennyson may be assumed to be generally known, that of Virgil will be best understood when thus brought into comparison point by point.

The large differences are obvious. Virgil was born and spent his days in Italy, the Italy of the last century before the coming of Christ; Tennyson in England, the England of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Tennyson lived to eighty-six, Virgil died at fifty-one. Tennyson married and saw children and grandchildren of his blood; Virgil had neither wife nor child. Tennyson lived all his days under a constitutional monarchy; Virgil first under a Republic, then under a despotism. Virgil wrote three principal works in three styles—the pastoral, the didactic, the epic—but all in one metre, though with great variety within that metre. It is only in his minor poems that we find him using either elegiac or lyric measures. There is little here to match the infinite variety of Tennyson.

But all these contrasts, with the exception of the personal differences of length of life and domestic surroundings, are not in reality nearly so great as would at first sight appear. Looking at history in the large way, what is seen is that Virgil flourished when the Roman Republic was changing into the imperial monarchy of the Cæsars; what will be seen hereafter is that Tennyson flourished when the English realm and monarchy were expanding into the British Empire.

Between the old senatorial oligarchy of Rome and the government of England as it existed under the hereditary monarchy, the privileged House of Lords, and the unreformed House of Commons, there is no small similarity. It is one of the great services of Mommsen and his scholars to have shown that the movement towards the Empire—the Roman revolution, as it is sometimes styled—was still a democratic movement, fought for, and issuing

in, the admission of many to civic privileges previously confined to a few, and the extension to wide regions of as much of self-government as was possible without a representative system. Both poets, then, were born and grew up in times of 'storm and stress.' Both witnessed in their own day an immense expansion—the one a city, the other a kingdom outgrowing its ancient bounds; each saw the establishment, amid battle and throes, of a world-wide empire. Events moved more slowly in the later case; and thus, if Tennyson lived longer, he saw less, rather than more, political change, for the thirty or thirty-five additional years of his life were needed to complete the revolution begun in his boyhood.

Virgil was born in 70 B.C. His birth-year, the year of the consulship of Pompey and Crassus, may be taken as the beginning of the Roman revolution, for it was this consulship that began, by the restoration of the Tribunate, to undo the work of Sulla, while the memorable impeachment of Verres by Cicero was, if not the first, at least a signal recognition of the provincial empire of Rome. Virgil's boyhood and youth, then, were full of disturbance at home and abroad. The great campaigns of Pompey and of Cæsar shook alike the eastern and the western world, from his fifth to his twentieth year. He was a child of seven in the year of Catiline's famous conspiracy; then followed the long ignoble brawls and street-fights, of which those of Clodius and Milo were only the most notorious. He came of age in the Roman sense in the year of the first invasion of Britain. He was twenty-one when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, twenty-six when Cæsar fell by the dagger of Brutus, thirty-nine when the battle of Actium once more brought a settlement into view.

Tennyson in like manner was born in the last years of a narrow oligarchy, when gigantic wars abroad were reacting upon a state of unstable equilibrium at home. His birthday fell amid the opening conflicts of the Peninsular campaign, and in the year in which Sir Francis Burdett introduced his first motion for a reform of the House of Commons. The effect of the struggle with Napoleon was for a time to retard the disintegration of the English oligarchy. But, Waterloo over, and peace restored, the movement soon began once more, and indeed was fomented by the distress consequent on the long and wasting war.

Tennyson's childhood saw Peterloo and the Cato Street conspiracy; his youthful days were the 'rick-fire days' of riot and rebellion in town and country. As an undergraduate he helped to quench a blazing farm near Cambridge. He would have been, but for his father, at the battle of Navarino, in 1827. He actually went, with Arthur Hallam, in 1831, to the Pyrenees, to help the insurgents under Torrijos. Then came the great reform battle at home, and the memorable upheavals in Europe. Tennyson through all this turmoil was, like Virgil, for liberty, but also for order and religion. Of finding both together he rather despaired.

'The empty thrones call out for kings,
But kings are cheap as summer dust;
The good old time hath taken wings,
And with it taken faith and trust,
And solid hope of better things.'

To the Roman reformers it seemed that the combination could, by divine providence, be found in Cæsar:—

'O Melibœe, deus nobis hæc otia fecit.' ('Ecl.' i, 6.)

In the welter of the civil war, Virgil's life was probably in danger, and for a time he lost his property; but the rule of Cæsar meant peace and enfranchisement. Julius had been the friend of the provinces, the friend in particular of Lombardy; he became patron of Gallia Transpadana in 68 B.C., when Virgil was a child of two. In the year 49 B.C., when Virgil was twenty-one, Cæsar conferred the Roman citizenship on its inhabitants, thereby attaching the whole region to his cause. Tennyson at twenty-three was ringing the Somersby church bells with his brothers for the passing of the Reform Bill. Virgil had no bells to ring, but it is not unlikely that the feeling of himself and his family was, *mutatis mutandis*, much the same as that of the Tennysons. On all grounds, personal, political, and, as we shall see later, philosophic, Virgil was in thorough sympathy with the Empire and the Augustan régime. The bent, the bias, of both lives is the same. It is the political accord of Virgil, just as it is the political accord of Tennyson, the personal attachment of Virgil, like the personal attachment of Tennyson, the spiritual sympathy of Virgil, like the spiritual sympathy

of Tennyson, which made them both such happily loyal, because such sincerely and spontaneously loyal, laureates, the one of Augustus, the other of Victoria.

Both were children of the country, and of the real unsophisticated country. Tennyson was born in the sequestered hamlet of Somersby, in Lincolnshire; Virgil's birthplace was also a hamlet, that of Andes—for such is its strange name—perhaps the modern Pietola, a little way out of Mantua. Mantua itself was no large town, and Andes, whether three or seventeen miles away—for this is disputed—must have been thoroughly rural. In birth Tennyson had the advantage. His father, though disinherited in favour of a younger brother, was the eldest son in a good family, and was a beneficed clergyman and a Doctor of Laws of Cambridge. His mother, too, came of a good county stock. Virgil's father, on the other hand, would appear to have been a hired servant to one Magius, a carrier or courier, perhaps himself in addition a working potter, who by industry amassed a little property for himself, which he increased by keeping bees and buying up tracts of woodland, and then, like the industrious apprentice, marrying his master's daughter, whose name, Magia, or Magia Polla, may perhaps have given rise to the later idea that Virgil was a wizard.

Both, then, were brought up face to face with nature, with the country, and with country folks and ways. A very good critic of Tennyson once made the pertinent remark that he was a poet of the country in a sense even beyond that of ordinary lovers and students of nature; that he was the only great poet who, if he saw a turnip-field, could tell with a farmer's eye how the turnips were doing. The 'Georgics' were written no doubt from a similar or even greater personal knowledge. So probably was the famous picture of the 'Corycius senex,' the old gardener amid his roses and his cucumbers, with whom perhaps may be compared the two 'Northern Farmers.'

Both, however, while brought up in the depths of the country, had as good an education as the time could give. Tennyson was sent first to Louth Grammar School, then to Trinity College in Cambridge. Virgil went to school, first at Cremona, then at fifteen to Milan—some say also to Naples to learn Greek with Parthenius—and finally at seventeen was entrusted to the best teachers at Rome.

Each of them received through his education a good introduction to the great world of letters and affairs. All of us know the list of Tennyson's early friends, the 'Cambridge Group,' the 'Apostles' of the day—Milnes, Trench, Blakesley, Alford, Thompson, Spedding, Brookfield, Spring-Rice, Charles Buller, above all Arthur Hallam. It is not possible to say exactly when Virgil made the acquaintance of his chief friends, but among those who were school-fellows, fellow-students, or early comrades are Alfenus Varus, Quintilius Varus,* Varius and Tucca, Gallus and Macer, and Horace himself; somewhat older were Pollio, the statesman and poet, and Cinna, the poet-friend of Catullus. It is worth noting that Antony and Augustus himself were also earlier and later pupils of the same teacher Epidius, from whom Virgil learnt rhetoric; and one of the ancient 'Lives' actually makes Virgil a fellow-student with Augustus, though this can hardly be correct, for Augustus was seven years his junior.

Tennyson began to write verse as a boy, or even as a child, and naturally felt the influence of the leading writers just before his time, notably Byron, Moore, and Coleridge. Keats he came to love and Wordsworth to admire somewhat later, after he had achieved his own style. Virgil, apparently, began not less early. His first poem, written in boyhood, is said to have been an epigram on a certain Ballista, a fencing-master or trainer of gladiators, who also, it would seem, took the road as a highwayman, and was stoned to death for his crimes. The incident was not improbably an experience or a good story of Virgil's father, the carrier's man. The epigram has been preserved:—

'Monte sub hoc lapidum tegitur Ballista sepultus;
Nocte, die, tutum carpe viator iter!'

which perhaps may be rendered:

'Old Sling is dead,
And o'er his head
This hill of stones we rear:
Now take your way,
By night or day,
Traveller, the road is clear!'

* 'Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebillor quam tibi, Vergili.' (Hor. 'Od.' i, 24.)

Virgil's Byron and Coleridge were Catullus and Lucretius. Among his minor youthful pieces are several in the Catullian vein. One, which is an obvious parody of Catullus, seems again to contain a reminiscence of Virgil's home and early days. It is a poem on an old muleteer, turned schoolmaster and town-councillor, who, in lines which are a travesty of Catullus' well known stanzas on his old yacht, boasts his own former prowess and dedicates himself to Castor and Pollux, the traveller's gods. Catullus belonged to the literary generation just before Virgil; his brief and brilliant literary career was at its height in Virgil's early years. It was natural that he should exercise a strong influence over the poets of the next era; and indeed it is clear that he did set or lead a fashion, to which Virgil and perhaps Horace also—though, if so, he afterwards resented it—yielded in their youth. Catullus died when Virgil was twenty-three; whether they ever met we do not know; it may be remembered, however, that both came from Lombardy. Artistically, they had much in common—for Virgil, like Catullus, belonged to the Alexandrine school—and they enjoyed many common friends. Just as Tennyson was linked to Byron, whom he never saw, by Rogers and Leigh Hunt, so Virgil was linked to Catullus by men like Pollio and Cinna.

Some other minor pieces attributed to Virgil are extant, less creditable followings of the Catullian fashion; but it is not certain that Virgil wrote them, and they are hardly consonant with the character with which, as will be seen later, his youth was credited. Tennyson had also his period of youthful heat and trial, but he passed through it well. He uttered nothing base, and hardly anything bitter. In one or two pieces he just showed what he could have done in the mordant and satiric vein had he wished. Such a piece is the spirited and gay repartee—a 'silly squib' he called it himself—to 'Crusty Christopher,' the dogmatic and heavy-handed Professor Wilson; while the lines on Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, entitled the 'New Timon and the Poets,' which were sent to 'Punch,' though not sent by Tennyson himself, are an even better example.

But Virgil soon came under another influence, for him far more potent than that of Catullus. One of the most striking and interesting of his minor poems is what may perhaps be called a sixth-form or undergraduate piece,

written when he was passing from grammar and rhetoric to philosophy, when, as an Oxford undergraduate would say, he was turning from 'Honour Mods' to 'Honour Greats.' Not a few young Oxford scholars from Eton, let us say, or Winchester or Charterhouse, a little wearied, for the nonce at any rate, with what seem the trite topics and stale rules of scholarship and composition, and looking forward to a new subject and what promise to be more real and vital studies, will understand Virgil's feelings in these lines. They are headed: 'Virgil abandons other studies and embraces the Epicurean philosophy.' The text is uncertain in places; the whole may be somewhat freely rendered as follows:—

'Avaunt, ye vain bombastic crew,
Blown up, but not with Grecian dew :
Good-bye, grammarians, crass and narrow,
Selius, Tarquitiu's, and Varro,
A pedant tribe of fat-brained fools,
The tinkling cymbals of the schools ;
You, too, my plague of plagues, good-bye,
Sextus, with all that's crabbed and dry :
I'm sailing for the blissful shore,
Great Siron's high recondite lore,
That haven where my soul shall be
From every tyrant care set free.
Ye, too, sweet Muses mine, farewell,
Sweet Muses mine, for truth to tell
Sweet were ye once, but now begone !
And yet, and yet, return anon,
And when I write at times be seen
In visits chaste and far between !'

In another shorter piece in the same collection, which, moreover, is vouched for by Quintilian, Virgil attacks a rhetorician of the day, accusing him of murdering first the alphabet, and then—which he seems actually to have done—his own brother. It is curious to see these poems of schoolboy or undergraduate revolt. Such an attitude is of course common with young men of genius, and not least common among those who afterwards become champions of order and convention. Virgil in later days became, if ever there was one, a scholarly poet, so much so that he was even accused of subtle verbal affectation and of pedantry. Remembering these youthful explosions, we

may say that probably here too his position was really not unlike that of the Tennyson of whom Jowett writes: 'Tennyson was very much of a scholar, but was not at all a pedant. Once he said to me, "I hate learning," by which I understood him to mean that he hated the minutiae of criticism compiled by the Dryasdusts.' Both certainly loved simplicity, but the simplicity of knowledge, not of ignorance.

It need hardly be said that Virgil's 'sweet Muses' did return, and that he found himself loving philosophy, but writing poetry. But this love of philosophy was in him no passing undergraduate phase. It sank deep into the very tissue of his being: it persisted to his latest day. In his last year, when setting out on the final fatal journey to Greece and Asia, his purpose was, we are told, to finish the *'Æneid,'* and then to give up the rest of his life to philosophy. The Epicurean philosophy was fashionable in the Rome of Virgil's youth, and his tutor Siron was its most fashionable professor. It had two main branches of interest and two aspects. It was largely a materialistic philosophy, attempting to give an account of the physical universe, dealing therefore with questions rather of natural science than of philosophy proper. In the realm of religion it preached a kind of mechanical fatalism, a 'polytheistic deism,' if such a phrase can be coined. This, like other agnostic systems, produced in shallower natures an easy hedonism—'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die'; in deeper, a sort of strenuous positivism or religion of irreligion—'let us toil and strive, for the long night cometh, and in the grave there is neither wisdom nor knowledge.' The first may be seen in Memmius Gemellus or in Horace, who calls himself a 'hog of Epicurus' sty'; the second in Lucretius and in Virgil. The debt, the deep debt, of Virgil to Lucretius is obvious and avowed, but its character and limits are not always understood.

Here once more the parallel with Tennyson becomes singularly illuminating. Tennyson and his friends at Cambridge, like Virgil in the class-rooms of Rome, complained of the narrow range, the cut-and-dried nature, of much academic study. His fine, but too denunciatory sonnet on the Cambridge of his day, ending—

'You that do profess to teach,

And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart'—

the poet, and through the poet the world, the secrets of nature and science. If he cannot learn these, the poet would prefer the life of seclusion and ease, unknown to fortune and to fame.* This is worth toiling for, not the giddy and gaudy glories of the senate and the market-place, of the throne and the sword; yes,

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,'

but also—

'Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.'

That this love of science was one of Virgil's first loves is shown by the fact that it had appeared already in the Sixth of the 'Eclogues,' in the famous song of Silenus, the language of which is strikingly Lucretian; and indeed still earlier, in the 'Culex.' Its persistence is proved by its reappearance in the First 'Æneid,' in the song of the minstrel Iopas, who, like Silenus, sings of 'the wandering moon and the sun's eclipse,' and

'Whence mankind and cattle came,
The source of water and of flame,'

and again in the Sixth Æneid, in that transcendent central passage, beginning—

'Principio cælum ac terram camposque liquentes,'

which Mr. F. W. H. Myers has rendered so finely—the most Virgilian passage in Virgil, as he calls it.

Tennyson's early poems in exactly the same way show this combination of interests, which was to reappear later in more splendid and mature expression. The chief mark of his poems in the little Lincolnshire volume, put out by him and his brother when still at school, is the display made, with all the innocent exaggeration of boyhood, at once of literary learning and of scientific study. This is shown by the very titles of the poems, 'Apollonius' Complaint,' 'The High Priest to Alexander,' 'Mithridates

* There a story that Virgil said that the only thing which does not cause satiety is knowledge. ('Tib. Cl. Donati Vita,' xviii, 73.)

presenting Berenice with the Cup of Poison'; by lines like—

‘The mighty sea-snake of the storm,
The vorticella’s viewless form,’

and again, by the frequent notes and references to ‘Baker on Animalculæ,’ or to Ælius Lampridius; while the Cambridge prize poem ‘Timbuctoo,’ which may perhaps be called Tennyson’s ‘Culex,’ displays, in a manner less crude, it is true, but still immature, precisely the same features.

Both writers, then, to use the phrase of the last century, ‘commenced poet’ early. We do not know when Virgil first published anything, but the ‘Culex’ was evidently regarded as an early and promising publication; and many of his other minor poems were doubtless circulated in manuscript, as indeed were many of Tennyson’s, among his friends. It is fair then to say that both early achieved a certain limited success and recognition. Then came for both that period which so often comes between youth and manhood, bringing with it causes at once internal and external for uncertainty and arrestation. Virgil apparently tried the bar, but without success. He appeared and spoke in court as an advocate, but only once. In speech, he was, says Melissus, very slow, and like one untaught. Tennyson never attempted a profession. An admirable talker, he never made a speech, only once returning thanks, and that, as he said, not on his legs, at a dinner given by a society of authors at Hampstead. Before a crowd he was, he professed, infinitely shy. Speaking of the youthful club whose debates are immortalised in ‘In Memoriam,’ he said, ‘They made speeches, I never did.’ Yet both Tennyson and Virgil have shown great mastery of rhetoric in writing speeches for their characters.

Both, again, appear to have dabbled in medicine; both certainly studied the stars. Amongst other studies, says Virgil’s biographer, he devoted himself to medicine, and especially to astrology. Tennyson as a youth read medical books till he fancied, like a medical student, that he had all the diseases in the world. As for astronomy, he was at all times devoted to it. It is one of the most constant and conspicuous features of his earliest poems, as of his very last. The striking fragment, ‘The Moon,’ and the beautiful astronomical stanzas, afterwards removed, which

appear in the early versions of the 'Palace of Art,' show the same taste, to which he returned in 'God and the Universe.' 'His mind,' said Norman Lockyer, 'was saturated with astronomy.' But both made their studies subserve to poetry instead of to a profession.

The 'Culex,' we are told, was written when Virgil was sixteen. Before he published the 'Eclogues' he had learned something of the trials of life as well as of the dreams of the poet and the aspirations of the student. In the year 41 B.C., when he was twenty-nine years of age, his father lost his estate by the confiscations of the civil war; and Virgil and his family were turned out of house and home, and had to take refuge in a cottage belonging to Siron, his whilom master in philosophy. The story of his restoration is well known. The good offices of Pollio, the poet and statesman, and of Cornelius Gallus, the poet, made interest with Mæcenas and ultimately with the future Emperor, Octavianus himself; and Virgil's patrimony was restored. Tennyson's story is of course not so heroic, nor so well known, but it affected him very deeply. He lost the little property inherited from his father by an unlucky philanthropic speculation. His mother and sister suffered too in the same way. Then followed a season of real hardship. 'I have drunk,' he said, 'one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life which go near to make men hate the world they move in.' He found, however, a Gallus and a Pollio in Carlyle and 'Dicky' Milnes, and a Mæcenas in Sir Robert Peel, who recommended him for a pension of 200*l.* a year. Both, then, chose the poet's life, and remained faithful to it, through good report and evil report, in sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer, until death; both when once fairly established gave themselves up to it, and forswore everything else. Virgil's genius forsook him when he attempted prose, says an ancient authority. The same ought hardly to be said of Tennyson; but neither left any works in prose. A few scraps are all that remain of Virgil's correspondence, nor are Tennyson's letters numerous.

In person Virgil was tall, dark, of rustic mien, and of variable health, often suffering from weakness in the throat and stomach and from headache, and not seldom spitting blood. He was exceedingly temperate in eating and drinking. Gossip has not spared his character, but

what is certain is that he was modest and refined in thought and word, so much so that, just as Milton was called at Cambridge the 'Lady of Christ's,' Virgil, by a Greek pun on his name, was known at Naples as Parthenias, the 'Lady,' or, to use the last-century expression, the 'Miss' of Naples. There is, perhaps, an allusion also to the Greek name of Naples, Parthenope. Other plays upon his name have been made at other times. Leland, in his popular stories about Virgil, tells us how a Florentine claimed him for Florence, on the ground that he was a true lily of the city of lilies—*Ver' giglio*. He very seldom came to Rome, though he had a house there in a good situation, near Mæcenas' villa; when he did, he disliked very much being seen in public, and if anyone pointed him out he fled into the nearest house. For the most part he affected the seclusion of Campania and Naples or Sicily. Yet this retirement, says Tacitus, did not diminish either the favour of Augustus or his popularity with the people of Rome. When he did come to town he was a celebrity, and on one occasion when he was at the theatre and his own poems were recited, the whole house rose up and honoured him as if he had been the Emperor.

Substitute Hampshire for Campania, the Isle of Wight for Naples and Sicily, and London for Rome, and this account might, in most points, have been written for the late Laureate, who might also be described as tall and dark, and, if not exactly rustic, not town-bred in appearance, though on the other hand certainly not at all girlish or ladylike, and who also fled from the interviewer and the admirer.

Throughout his life Virgil seems to have been shy and sensitive, but amiable and attractive. Horace, in the delightful glimpse given on the road to Brundisium, tells us two things of him—that having a poor digestion he retired to sleep after dinner instead of playing tennis with Mæcenas, and that he was emphatically a 'white soul,' the most sincere and lovable of spirits. Apocryphal or doubtful stories eke out the record of his modesty and affection, gentleness and generosity. 'His library was open to all scholars; he went on the principle that friends have all in common; he praised the good, he censured none; if he saw anything well said by anyone else he was as pleased as if it was his own, so that everyone who was not abso-

lutely cross-grained not only liked but loved him, and the contemporary poets, though burning with jealousy among themselves, Varius, Tucca, Horace, Gallus, Propertius, were one and all devoted to Virgil.* So it might be written of Tennyson, in whom nothing is more admirable than his charity, whether as a man or a poet. Nothing in his life is more entirely delightful than the account of his relations with the other poets of his long reign, from the days of Rogers and Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Freiligrath, to those of Victor Hugo, Henry Taylor, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman, Swinburne, Watson, and Kipling.

Both Tennyson and Virgil, while young, conceived the idea of writing an epic, but, daunted by its difficulty, postponed it. 'The earliest fragment of an epic,' says Lord Tennyson, 'that I can find among my father's MSS. in my possession, was probably written about 1833, when he was twenty-four, and is a sketch in prose.' The vision of Arthur, as Tennyson said of himself, had come upon him when, little more than a boy, he first lighted upon Malory. The magnificent fragment of the 'Morte d'Arthur' was read by him in manuscript to his friends in 1835. Twelve was the number of books he had originally contemplated, as we learn from the preface afterwards added to this fragment; and this was the number of 'Idylls' ultimately completed, but they were not written in the order in which they are now arranged.

Not otherwise Virgil, after he had written a few youthful pieces, began a poem on the History of Rome, but, repelled by the amount of matter, also, as some say, by the roughness of the proper names involved, turned to the 'Bucolics.' Not otherwise, when he came to write the 'Æneid,' he sketched it out in prose, arranging it for twelve books, and then composed it piecemeal and in no order, taking up a section here and a section there, as the humour seized him.

Neither life, after its earlier years, can be said to have been eventful. A poet's life naturally has but few events. Its landmarks are his poems. A few visits, a few travels, the trip to Brundisium, the voyage in the 'Pembroke Castle,' journeys to Italy or to Greece—these may diver-

* 'Tib. Cl. Donati Vita,' xvii, 67.

sify life, but are hardly events. Through the liberal gifts of friends Virgil became very wealthy, enjoying a fortune of some 100,000*l*. When Augustus offered him the property of a citizen who had been exiled, he declined to accept it. Is it a coincidence, or something more, that Tennyson is the one poet of modern times who became really rich by poetry? *

Virgil, being unmarried, could not found a family. His father died before him and his mother married again. Of his two brothers he lost one in childhood, and the other as a young man. He left half his property to his half-brother, Valerius Proculus. The rest of his life is soon told. He spent on the '*Æneid*' some eleven years, groaning, it would seem, over the magnitude of the task, saying that he had been mad ever to undertake it, longing to be free and turn to other pursuits more to his taste. At last, in his fifty-second year, he determined to make a great effort to finish. He decided to travel to Greece and Asia, and there devote himself in seclusion to the sole task of revising his poem, so that he might have the rest of his life free to follow philosophy. He started on his journey and proceeded as far as Athens, when he met Augustus returning from the East. The Emperor, using perhaps a little gentle violence, persuaded the poet to return in his own company. But fate had other destinies for him. He went in a very hot sun to make an antiquary's visit to the neighbouring town of Megara. He contracted a low fever, made it worse by travelling by sea, without any break, to Brundisium, and, reaching that port in a critical state, died there on the 21st of September, B.C. 19. His ashes were conveyed to his home at Naples, and there entombed a little way out of the town, on the road to Puteoli. Upon the tomb was inscribed the distich which, it is said, he himself dictated on his death-bed:—

‘Fields, flocks, and chiefs I sang; Mantua gave
Me birth, Calabria death, Naples a grave.’

By the multitude his resting-place was little heeded, but it became a sort of shrine of the faithful, who, like Silius Italicus, kept the poet's birthday there and honoured his shade. The fame of him lived long on the country-side.

* Shakespeare and Pope prospered in their day in this respect.

Whether he was more of a saint or a wizard was uncertain, but his name lingered on, and is apparently still known and associated with strange tales of magic and marvel.*

Meanwhile his poems became more and more widely read. Like Tennyson, Virgil became at once an author for the young, a classic for colleges and schools. He suffered, but also gained, as the topic and theme of critics of every order. The first to lecture on Virgil was a private tutor and lecturer to young ladies and gentlemen, one Quintus Cæcilius Epirota, a freedman of Cicero's friend Atticus, and a friend of Virgil's friend Gallus, apparently a Greek by origin, for the rest a dilettante of somewhat doubtful morals, styled by the epigrammatist Domitius Marsus 'the nurse of baby bards.' Another, a critic of heavier metal, was the compiler of the first Latin Dictionary, Verrius Flaccus. Still later, it is interesting to find Cornutus, the tutor to whom his pupil Persius makes so touching an acknowledgment, commenting on Virgil. But what is still more noticeable is that the best of all the commentators on Virgil is not a Roman of Rome, but a colonial, a Latin scholar of the colony of Berytus in Syria, Marcus Valerius Probus, who flourished in the middle and latter part of the first century of our era. A man of real learning, Probus restored, in more than one place, an almost certain reading, notably when he gave back to Lavinia her 'bloomy' or to keep the archaism more strictly, 'blosmy' locks.† A man too of independent mind, he ventured, we are told, to criticise Virgil at times, and that sharply. So Tennyson found some of his best commentators in the United States and Canada, while the earliest annotated editions of his poems were written by professors of English in India for their native students.

Virgil was everywhere. Lines of his were inscribed on spoons and tiles, and introduced like texts on grave-stones. Fashionable blue-stockings began the conversation at dinner by comparing Virgil and Homer, or discussing

* See Comparetti, 'Virgilio nel Medio Aevo,' translated by Mr F. M. Benecke, London, 1895; and Mr C. G. Leland's more recent book, 'The Unpublished Legends of Virgil,' Elliot Stock, London, 1899.

† 'Floros crines.' ('Æneid,' xii, 605.) But the Oxford 'Virgil' (ed. Papillon and Haigh) reads 'flavos crines.'

the 'Dido problem.' Grammarians and lexicographers made him their norm and example. The schoolboy thumbed his 'Æneid' by lamplight till the page grew black with the smuts; he learned it for repetition, and scribbled scraps of it on the nearest wall. At Pompeii, where all is silent, and has been so for eighteen hundred years, it is touching to read the first word and a half of the famous second book, 'CONTICUERE OM . . .,' while still more notable, scrawled in gigantic letters, as though by the hand of the genius of Rome itself, on the wall of the Baths of Titus, is the most appropriate of lines:—

'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.'

Like Tennyson, like all truly popular poets, Virgil was parodied. Like Tennyson, he was taken to task during his lifetime, and for much the same faults as Tennyson. What are these? First and foremost, unoriginality, plagiarism. 'Virgil,' says his biographer, 'never wanted disparagers (*obtrectatores*), and no wonder, for Homer has been disparaged too.' Herennius collected only Virgil's faults, Perellius Faustus his thefts as well; Quintus Octavius Avitus had eight books of parallels or translations, saying what verses he borrowed, and from what sources. Other critics defended him from these charges of plagiarism, but Virgil's own answer is the best: 'Why don't these gentry attempt the same thefts themselves? They will then find that it is easier to rob Hercules of his club than Homer of a single line.' Still he was not insensible to criticism. He intended, we are told, to go into retirement and polish his works till even the most hostile critic could say no more. Here again how like Tennyson! 'No poet,' says Mr Lecky, 'ever altered more in deference to his critics'; while Mr Churton Collins and Mr Stephen Gwynn have shown how many corrections he made in his early volume after the strictures of the Quarterly Review.

Of Virgil's imitation much is obvious enough. It is obvious that he copies Theocritus, obvious that he translates, and it must be confessed, even mistranslates, him. He avowedly follows Hesiod and sings the song of Ascrea through the towns of Italy. It is obvious that he copies Homer and borrows from Ennius. Tennyson's case is different. He, too, was a scholar deeply versed in letters,

Greek, Roman, and modern, and he often makes scholarly allusions and appropriations, and occasionally, though not often, obviously imitates or translates. But the amount of his imitation has been, as he himself long ago pointed out, much over-estimated by the class of critics who are inclined—to use his own phrase—to ‘swamp the sacred poets with themselves.’

In addition to the charge of plagiarism thus brought against both of them, they were taken to task for yet other faults, faults of manner, faults of matter. Virgil was accused of a ‘new Euphuism’ of a special and subtle kind, by which he gave an unusual and recondite meaning to simple words. The critics could not call him either bombastic or poverty-stricken, they therefore quarrelled with what he and Horace considered his great achievement, and what surely is a secret of his grand style, his new and inspired combination of old and simple materials. The truth would seem to be that Virgil, like Tennyson, held the theory that poetry and poetic diction must often suggest rather than express, that you cannot tie down the poet to one meaning and one only. ‘Poetry is like shot silk,’ Tennyson once said, ‘with many glancing colours, it combines many meanings’ :—

‘Words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within’ ;

and this is exactly the theory applied by Conington to the elucidation of Virgil.*

A more serious charge is that levelled against the characters, and especially the heroes, of their epics. Tennyson’s mediævalism is unreal : he has sophisticated the masculine directness of Malory. The hero of the ‘Idylls’ is a prig, and a blameless prig : he is too good, he is even goody. This has often been said of Tennyson and King Arthur. It is exactly what is said of Virgil and *pious Æneas*. Virgil’s hero is a prig or a ‘stick’—‘always,’ as Charles James Fox remarked, ‘either insipid or odious’ : his blood does not flow, his battles are battles of the stage. Virgil’s epic is a drawing-room epic. These are criticisms often made, and there is a certain truth in them. *Æneas*

* For instance in his note on ‘Assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion,’ ‘Æneid,’ i, 535.

is certainly not a simple Homeric hero. 'He is conceived by Virgil,' says Professor Nettleship, 'as embodying in his character the qualities of a warrior, a ruler, and a civiliser of men, the legendary impersonation of all that was great in the achievements of Rome. His mission is to carry on a contest in Italy, to crush the resistance of its warlike tribes, to give them customs and build them cities.'

'Bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces
Contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet.'*

Mr. Gladstone curiously misses this character. To him Turnus is more attractive than Æneas: he is the leader of a people rightly struggling to be free. But, in truth, to Virgil Turnus is a barbarian. So Arthur is the champion of the faith, who—

'In twelve great battles ruining overthrew
The heathen hordes.'

He is not only the warrior king of legend, but is an ideal—

'New-old and shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Ideal manhood closed in real man.'

It is this element of allegory that here and there, as Mr Stopford Brooke has eloquently shown, makes Arthur seem 'superhuman,' 'out of the world,' 'too good for human nature's daily food.'†

It has been a question with critics to what extent Æneas is the type of Augustus. There can be little doubt that Virgil sincerely saw in the Augustan régime the realisation of much of his wish for the Roman people. Tennyson also, doubtless with sincerity, found in Prince Albert the antitype of Arthur.

'These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself.'

'Æneas,' says Professor Sellar, in almost the same language as Professor Nettleship, 'is intended to be an embodiment of the courage of an ancient hero, the justice of a paternal ruler, the mild humanity of a cultivated man living in an age of advanced civilisation, the saintliness of the founder of a new religion of

* 'Æneid,' i, 263.

† Vol. II, chapter x. 'Idylls of the King.'

peace and pure observance, the affection for parent and child which was one of the strongest instincts in the Italian race.' 'Mr. Tennyson,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, 'has encouraged us to conceive of Arthur as a warrior no less irresistible than Lancelot, but as also perfect in purity, and as in all other respects more comprehensive, solid, and profound.'

Yet, after all this apology, both heroes leave us a little cold—'Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.' Tennyson has perhaps come nearer to success with his hero than Virgil. Arthur finds more voices to praise him than Æneas. The greatness, the superior greatness, of Virgil, does not depend upon Æneas, but upon the 'Æneid' as a whole. Of its characters the greatest is Dido: indeed it may be doubted if any other is really great. Yet many are excellently delineated; and figures like Anchises, Evander, Mezentius, Camilla, and Drances have a picturesqueness and dramatic value, as the creations of one who is a master in grouping and figure-painting, if not exactly in character-drawing. Certainly as much or more might be said of the minor characters of the 'Idylls,' Gawain, Sir Bors, Enid, Elaine, and others; but Tennyson's powers as a delineator of character are not to be judged only, perhaps not mainly, by the 'Idylls.' The characters of his dramas are, it is true, in the first place, not so much ideals as historical studies; but the study of the personality of Queen Mary is very fine,* and so, though less striking, are the conceptions of Harold and of Becket, as became increasingly clear when the last was seen on the stage; while, leaving these out of the question, the 'Northern Farmer,' and in a different way 'Ulysses,' and, yet again, 'Maud,' show a power of indicating individuality by a few strokes, which is of a very high order.

But if the epics of both fail in directness, fail in point of heroic strength and life, and in those qualities in which Homer is so forcible, both have on the other hand qualities which go far to compensate for these defects. Both make appeal to sentiments and interests strong at once in their own day and for all time. Both are national poets addressing themselves to the patriotism of their country-

* 'Vienne un grand acteur qui comprend et incarne Harold, une grande actrice qui se passionne pour le caractère de Marie, et sans effort Tennyson prendra sa place parmi les dramaturges.' (Filon, 'Théâtre Anglais,' p. 168.)

men!; both are at once religious and scientific; both are scholars and artists. What in this regard was Virgil's attitude is best seen by placing him once more side by side with Lucretius. Lucretius, as was said above, is a natural philosopher. Science for him retained its old double meaning: it was at once natural science, that is to say, physical investigation and induction, and philosophy, that is, metaphysical speculation. Lucretius is not indeed aggressively negative: rather he is an agnostic. He embraces a philosophy which retains the gods provisionally. He does not accept the ordinary views about them, but he does go so far, in his magnificent proem, as to give a kind of scientific justification to a national belief and a family cult. He does not however believe, he disbelieves, in the immortality of the soul. He certainly cannot, by any stretch, be called orthodox. Virgil on the other hand is constructive, is in a sense orthodox. The orthodoxy of his time consisted in maintaining the accepted historic religion of Rome, and in giving a new sanction to its traditions and legends. This line Virgil pre-eminently follows. Further, he has a strong yearning for a personal immortality. He starts, it is true, with the same Epicurean creed as Lucretius: his desire is to know the causes of things. Horace began in precisely the same way. But Horace rested in, or lapsed into, an agnostic conformity: for him all after this life is dust and shadow. Virgil is not content with such a view. If still somewhat of a doubter, 'majestic in his sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind,' more and more he trusts to a larger hope. He believes in a Providence, a Providence to whom the Roman people is specially near and dear; he believes in the persistence of the individual soul, though it may clothe itself in different forms, and therefore in a heaven and a hell, even in a purgatory. The Sixth 'Æneid' is a magnificent effort to reconcile traditional belief and philosophic science. The famous doctrine of metempsychosis is used, no doubt, partly as a splendid artistic device, parallel to the 'Making of the Shield,' but it is also an attempt to justify the belief in immortality, to give to humanity 'the wages of going on, and still to be.'

Here again Tennyson's effect is less intense, or perhaps rather only less concentrated. Like Virgil, he too had from youth to age a passion for philosophy. Jowett said

to him: 'Your poetry has an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England. It is almost too much impregnated with philosophy. Yet this to some minds will be its greatest charm.' It is hardly necessary to recall his part in the early discussions of the Cambridge 'Conversazione' Society, better known as the 'Apostles,' or how with Mr Knowles and Professor Pritchard in later days he founded the Metaphysical Society, to which a brief but notable chapter in the 'Life' is very properly devoted by his son. Like Virgil, and with better opportunities than Virgil, he had a passion for natural science—a passion that appears on almost every page of his poems. He was accepted by the scientific men of his age as their most intelligent and sympathetic critic and mouthpiece in the world of letters; while his accuracy as an observer of nature is a household word. Virgil's poetry is more artificial, and certainly cannot always be called scientific, but it is probable that less than justice is done to him on this score. Mr Warde Fowler, for instance, tells us that, excepting that of the half-mythical 'aleyon,' all Virgil's descriptions of birds are true to nature. Tennyson was specially careful about his birds and beasts, and had much correspondence about them with friends, in particular with the late Duke of Argyll; and, as other experts have shown, he was not less exact in his botany.

But Tennyson, if a naturalist, was no materialist; and with this scientific attitude there went in him, as in Virgil, an intense personal conviction of the immortality of the soul. His effort was to bring all these factors—natural observation, personal intuition, reason, and passion—into relation with religion in general, and in particular with Christianity, still more especially, here and there, with that Anglican Christianity in whose warm and kindly bosom he had been brought up. For like Virgil, if, to use the old classical phrase, his head struck the stars and the sky, he had his feet firmly planted on the soil of his own country.

Both, then, wrote *sub specie eternitatis*, but both were passionately patriotic, even to the extent of appearing at times almost narrowly national. Of this it is hardly necessary to multiply examples from either poet. Virgil's many splendid allusions to the beauties and glories of

Italy, her lakes and mountains, her 'hill-towns piled on their sheer crags,' her 'rivers gliding under ancient walls,' his great apostrophe to her as 'Mother of increase, mighty mother of men,' are known to all. His magnificent lines in the Sixth 'Æneid' sum up Rome's character and mission as perhaps no other artist has ever summed up the mission and character of a race.

'To rule the world, O Roman, be thy bent,
 Empire thy fine art and accomplishment,
 To spare the crushed, but battle down the proud,
 Till all beneath the code of thy firm peace be bowed !'
 ('Æneid,' vi, 851.)

The mission of England, the mandate of the British Empire, is not so fierce or selfish or all-embracing, and Tennyson's strain is naturally different. It is all the more interesting at once to compare and contrast Tennyson's patriotic songs and passages, such songs and passages as—

'Love thou thy land,

or—

'There is no land like England,'

or—

'Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Thro' craven fears of being great.'

The utterances of both poets, moreover, have in this matter a certain character of prophecy. What is specially noticeable perhaps is how Tennyson outran his own time in his language about the colonies and the Empire as a whole, his words about which are even more true and vital now than they were when he wrote them. As a key to this, we may remark that so far back as May 1881 we find him writing in a private letter to Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales: 'I always feel with the Empire, and I read with great interest of these first steps in Federation.'

Both poets, again, were scholars, though, as we have seen, neither was a pedant. Both read widely and deeply. Both were 'lords of language,' coiners of many a golden phrase. Tennyson invented and employed many metres. Virgil, so far as we know, used but few; indeed in his great acknowledged poems he used the hexameter alone.

But within the large limits of the hexameter he made numberless experiments and inventions. There is reason, as was said above, to believe that the criticisms of Horace were worked out in conjunction with Virgil; Horace's maxims about the choice of words and the combination of words, and about the arrangement of a theme, coincide exactly with Virgil's practice; and indeed in more than one place he avows that he has Virgil in his mind. That Virgil was a conscious and critical artist, laborious and careful, there can be no doubt. He used to compose, we are told, a large number of lines every morning, dictating them to his secretary and then going over them all day, to reduce them finally to very few,* saying that he brought forth his poems as a she-bear does her young and gradually licked them into shape. Not to stop his flow, he would pass over certain parts without finishing them; other places again, he, so to speak, propped up with very slight lines, which he would say in jest were shoring-poles put in to support the work until the solid pillars should arrive. But sometimes lines would come to him in a flash, and his amanuensis Eros in his old age used to tell a story, which apparently became a little confused in the telling, how he had completed two lines of the 'Æneid' on the spur of the moment as his work was being read over for entry in the finished book.

Tennyson's process was perhaps less methodical, but he too polished and rejected. He certainly composed hundreds, nay thousands, of lines which he never wrote down; as a rule he 'rolled them about in his head.' But to him, too, not seldom the lines 'came.' 'Many of his shorter poems,' says his son, 'were made in a flash!' and again, 'When alone with me he would often chaunt his poems and add fresh lines.' 'Crossing the Bar' was made in a few minutes. Often his poems started from a single line. The line, 'At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay' was in his desk for years, but he finished the ballad at last, all at once, in a day or two. 'What people don't understand,' he said, 'is the slow germination, the long preliminary process which must precede the sudden rapid bursting into flower.' The crowning in-

* Tennyson has himself referred to this tradition in 'Poets and their Bibliographies'

stance is 'Maud,' the whole of which as we now have it was written *backward*, as the development and justification of the lovely little lyric beginning, 'O that 'twere possible, After long grief and pain,' which had been composed and even published in a magazine many years earlier.

Both were very fastidious. Tennyson would throw away a beautiful poem like that on 'Reticence' because he could not please himself about one collocation. He would reject, says Aubrey de Vere, passages or stanzas, however beautiful in themselves, if they spoiled the general form of the poem. We know less about Virgil, but all we know points in the same direction, and the story about his wishing the 'Æneid' to be burnt is probably no fable, though it is also probably true that he agreed to his impulse being over-ruled.

Tennyson restored or revived the use of many old and beautiful English words and forms: forms like *knolled*, words like *flittermouse* or *marish*, 'Not a cricket *chirred*,' 'The wood that *grides* and clangs,' 'The *poached* filth that floods the middle street.' It is characteristic that he regretted that he had never employed the word 'yarely.' Exactly analogous is Virgil's use of archaism, his genitives in *ai*, his infinitives in *ier*; his *olle* for *ille* and *hoc* for *huc*, or his *quianam* and *porgite* and *flictus*; or the beautiful old word *florus* as an epithet for a maiden's hair, alluded to already.

There is nothing unusual in the fact that both read their poems aloud: this has been done by many poets, ancient and modern. But in their manner of reading there is an interesting resemblance. Virgil used to read or recite from his poems, we are told, not, as became the fashion at Rome, publicly or semi-publicly at *séances* to large audiences, but only occasionally to a few chosen friends, and then for the most part passages about which he was in doubt, in order to get his friends' judgment. Of the charm of his reading abundant testimony has been preserved. He read with wonderful sweetness and fascination, and with enviable dramatic power, and often brought out the meaning of lines of his own which without him were empty and dumb. The story of Octavia fainting at the recital of the passage on the young Marcellus is well known.

Tennyson followed the same practice. He read to get his friends' judgment. 'The constant reading of new poems aloud was the surest way of helping him to find out any defects there might be.' He also read for the enjoyment of his friends. Reporters differ, as is to be expected, about the artistic value of his reading. One witness said he read with a voice like a rough sea; but most pronounce it to have been very fine, and to have brought out, like Virgil's reading, new and unsuspected meanings and beauties in the poems themselves. Fanny Kemble speaks of the striking and impressive reading of 'Boadicea.' Gladstone understood and was converted to 'Maud' when he heard it read: so was Dr Van Dyke, the American critic, who has written on the whole the fullest and truest account of Tennyson's reading. The reading of freshly finished poems to special friends was with both poets a great occasion. Thus Virgil read the 'Georgics' to Augustus, a 'Georgic' a day, for four days. Propertius, again, was admitted to a hearing of the 'Æneid' while it was still in process, and wrote:

'Room, bards of Greece, and Roman bards, make room!
More than the "Iliad" quickens in the womb.'

So Tennyson read to the Prince Consort or to the Rossettis and the Brownings.

It would be easy to carry the parallel into yet further detail, but perhaps it has been almost over-elaborated already. Much of the same kind of similarity might be found between other poets, ancient and modern. Tennyson has much of affinity with Milton and Gray. As regards Virgil, Tennyson had Virgil himself as well as Virgil's model before him, and was a conscious and constant student of Virgil. His poem on Virgil is well known. What is less well known, though recorded in the last lines, is the life-long love out of which these glorious stanzas themselves flowed. 'I had no idea that Virgil could sound so fine as it did by his reading,' said Savile Morton in 1844. 'Tears which during a pretty long and intimate intercourse I had never seen glisten in his eye but once, when reading Virgil—dear old Virgil, as he called him—together.' So wrote Edward Fitzgerald, who shared this as many of his loves.

It seems a pity that he did not give any specimen

of translation from a poet with whom he had so much affinity. How he thought it ought to have been done he has told us. Like Wordsworth, he thought Virgil should be translated into blank verse. Perhaps the best suggestion of what Tennyson's rendering would have been like, had he attempted it, is to be found in the closing lines of 'Demeter,' lines which have a distinctly Virgilian ring :—

'The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
Along the silent field of Asphodel'—

or in what his son justly calls the 'Virgilian' simile about the torrent and the cataract in 'Enid.'

Imitation however is one thing, the parallelism of independent writers another ; and in drawing out the parallel some deduction must perhaps be made on these and similar grounds. In their actual output too there is perhaps more difference than in their genius. Tennyson is more various. Virgil is more concentrated. Had Virgil followed up his early bent, or had he lived longer, he might have given us both lyrics and elegiacs of a memorable kind. The 'Catalepta,' as already hinted, seems to suggest analogues to several of Tennyson's occasional verses. It must be remembered also that our record of Virgil's personality is very imperfect. Thus his passion for philosophy, hinted at, as has been shown, more than once in his remains, can hardly be properly estimated now, though it is unconsciously felt in his poetry. Again we have very few of his sayings. There is one, which sounds genuine and is certainly fine, 'That no virtue is more useful to a man than patience, and that there is no lot so hard that a brave man cannot conquer it by bearing it wisely.' He has expressed this maxim in the 'Æneid':—

'Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est ;'

and Horace, in his beautiful dirge on Virgil's friend Quintilius Varus, is perhaps alluding to it, and for Virgil's sake :

'Durum : sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.'

With both may be not inaptly compared Tennyson's fine and famous lines—

'O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.'

Had Tennyson been more bold and determined with his epic, reared a more sustained architecture, and finished all in a style and on a scale more fully corresponding to the promise of the first '*Morte d'Arthur*,' the resemblance might have been more complete, if less interesting.

Yet when all deductions have been made, the parallel seems well worth working out. How close it is perhaps we can hardly yet tell. Hereafter, when these things shall have become history, when the Victorian age like the Augustan shall lie '*foreshortened in the tract of time*,' its separate stars gathered to one glittering constellation, it will be more easy to pronounce. Yet assuredly it is strikingly close. Were there ever two poets at once so profound and so popular, satisfying at the same time the highest and the widest tastes; poets the delight of the artist and the student; the favourites, and more, the friends, of kings; the heroes, so far as men of letters can be heroes, of an empire? Did we hold Virgil's creed, we might be tempted at times to think—though the dates do not exactly, but only nearly, correspond—of that ancient doctrine so wonderfully handled by Plato and by Virgil himself, and to fancy that the tender and pensive, yet withal manly, soul—'*Leal bard, lips worthy of the laurelled god*'—which went to join Musæus on the Elysian lawn nineteen years before the birth of Christ, had, after twice rolling the fateful cycle, found a third avatar, and lived again, well nigh two thousand years later, in the English Laureate of the nineteenth century. But Tennyson's faith, though the doctrine had much attraction for him, was not this. Rather it was one which looked ever forward and upward—'*On and always on.*'

Art. VI.—MICHELET AS AN HISTORIAN.

1. *Ma Jeunesse*. Par Jules Michelet. Deuxième Edition. Paris: C. Lévy, 1884.
2. *Jules Michelet: Œuvres Complètes*. Edition définitive, revue et corrigée. Paris: Flammarion, 1893, &c.
3. *Les Maîtres d'Histoire: Renan, Taine, Michelet*. Par G. Monod. Paris: C. Lévy, 1894.
4. *Cinquante Ans d'Amitié; Michelet-Quinet*. Par Mme Edgar Quinet. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie, 1899.

It is a singular coincidence that in this century, so rich in strict historical investigation, two historians should have arisen, one in England and the other in France, who, while contributing largely to our scientific knowledge of the past, have yet been chiefly pre-eminent for poetic vision, for prophetic ardour, and for certain strongly-marked peculiarities of style and method, which, while perhaps adding incisiveness to their immediate influence, have prevented either the one or the other from founding a school in history or in literature. They are Thomas Carlyle and Jules Michelet. Both were sons of the people; both were poets, prophets, historians. Both exercised a deep moral influence over their contemporaries, and in their lifetimes occupied a kind of pontifical position, one as the high priest of Cæsarism, the other as the orator of the masses. Each lacked measure and self-control, and spurned the literary traditions of his race. And so, being full of priceless but incommunicable merits, and of obvious and undesirable eccentricities, they have left no succession.

In the dreadful year 1798, when the worst of governments was disgracing France, and fortune had turned against her arms, Jules Michelet was born in a desecrated church in the Rue St Denis, 'like an unsunned plant between two Paris paving-stones.' His father was a Picard ('that inflammable race') from Laon, reared in the quiet old-world atmosphere of a cathedral town, the son of a cathedral choir-master. Large empty monasteries opened their cool courts and sumptuous gardens and opulent sinecures to the young man, for it was a hard task to recruit religious establishments in the declining years of the eighteenth century, thanks to the 'Encyclopédie' and other philosophical antidotes to religion. Michelet's father

was, however, not cast in the clerical mould. Credulous, curious, sanguine, and versatile, a kind of Mr Micawber, whose favourite phrase, in the midst of persistent pecuniary troubles, was 'Tout s'arrangera,' he was inevitably drawn into the din and dust of Paris. In the critical month of August 1792 he came to the capital, and entered the printing-house of assignats in the Place Vendôme. His career was the reverse of successful. He was bankrupt more than once, and tasted the solitude of La Pélagie, not the most commodious of prisons. He wrote an unsuccessful novel, printed an ecclesiastical gazette, was practically ruined by the suppression of his printing-office in 1812, but sprouted up again ever youthful and ebullient as male housekeeper to a private lunatic asylum.

It will be agreed that life did not open very radiantly for Jules. The lad lost his mother—a poor, sad, depressed creature from the Ardennes country, whose physical strength was plainly inadequate to cope with usurious duns and the pangs of hunger—when he was just beginning to need her most. Laborious days spent in a dark cellar putting up type; 'up to fifteen years no meat, no wine, no fire; bread and vegetables most often cooked with water and salt'; no brothers and sisters, and no playmates. Then there was the shadow of the Napoleonic wars, the sense of squandered lives, of hopeless political and military ruin, of stifled thought and strangled commerce. The boy never forgot the horror of d'Enghien's execution, and he confessed afterwards that nothing had more enabled him to understand the sombre monotony of the Middle Ages than to have languished as a child in the last days of the Empire. 'I felt in my sombre cave what the Jew dreamt of when he built the pyramids... what the man in the Middle Ages dreamt when he drew his furrow under the shade of the feudal tower.' The results of the Corsican ambition, indeed, were brought home to the slender Michelet *ménage* in the most practical of all ways—dear food, and a derisory indemnity for the suppression of their printing press. Perhaps it was as well for the future historian that he should thus early have experienced the repercussion of high politics on everyday life.

This child of ardent imagination and tender feminine sympathies, morbidly shy and diffident, quick to tears, but full of enthusiasm and poetry, passed a youth 'devoured

by intellectual passions.' In the cool twilight, as his fingers worked upon the types, the boy's thoughts went ranging freely through the empyrean of fancy. His acquaintance with the world of books seems to have been just sufficient to stimulate, and not great enough to choke inventiveness. His mother read the old chronicles to him; and the Druids, the Boar of Ardennes, and St Hubert's miraculous stag took an early lodgment in his mind. Later came the 'Imitation,' Virgil, and lastly, at the age of eighteen, that 'virile enchanter,' Rousseau.

Meanwhile, the elder Michelet, despite his respectable ecclesiastical origin, had taken sides against the Church. He had refused to take orders, he had printed assignats, and he omitted to baptise his boy. The consequence was that Jules never received the regular Catholic training, or indeed any distinctively Christian education; and this added to the influence which the first contact with the 'Imitation' would necessarily exert upon the thoughtful mind. The boy, with his love for 'veiled skies' and solitude, was now first called into the realms of religious meditation; and religion, received thus without a human intermediary, became for him a living and constant force, recruited by all the incidents of life, by all the holy and tender things of art and poetry. Virgil, too—that feminine Sibyl half way between two worlds—touched him with his magical wand, filling him with the melody of his great Roman rhythm, and drawing him downwards into the moonlit gloom of Christian times. These books fed his reverie, and ministered consolation during the dark days of the later Empire, but they did nothing to shake him from his solitary mood. 'It was Rousseau,' he said, 'who awoke in me the need of action. His uncouthness went with mine. . . . From him I learnt what I had felt daily on certain days of stoical mood, "That poverty might be a spur."' The boy had learnt much of the French Revolution from his father, who had met many of the chief actors in the drama, had mounted guard at the Temple, and witnessed the execution of the king. But here was one of the grand motor forces behind all that huge movement of things, those rhapsodical Federations of '91 to which the elder man looked back so fondly, and which the son was to describe with all the resources of his eloquence, the shameful years of the Directorate, the sterilising epoch of

Napoleonic despotism. And the wizard had lost none of his power, in spite of the ruins on the way. If ever historian was a child of Rousseau, it was Jules Michelet.

The author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' is considered by competent judges, himself among them, to have enjoyed all the external and internal advantages which are requisite to the production of a great historian. He was tolerably well connected; his tutors had neglected him at college; he had been first a Protestant, then a Catholic, and then nothing at all. He had fallen in love just enough to see what it was like, and just not enough to be involved in the troubles of matrimony. He had been a captain in the militia, and had thus learnt something of the handling of men. His social experience was wide, his leisure wider still, his means ample. He had the sense to live at Lausanne, far away from the chance of impertinent interruption and from solicitous relatives. His temper was cool, even, and complacent. He was not a man to be upset by grief or love, to be hurried by common ambitions into hasty work; and he wrote for his own pleasure, like a gentleman, upon an aristocratic theme, from which the vulgarity of passion had long since evaporated.

Yet there is something to be said for the contention that the half-starved Paris compositor was better equipped by fortune than the plump little Englishman at Lausanne. It was something for the historian of the French Revolution to have lived in Paris, to have been the son of a man who had seen Robespierre and Danton and suffered under the Law of Suspects, to have been brought up as an artisan among the people, to have suffered the pangs of starvation, to have known how the poor live. It was something to be able, like Henry IV, to talk at one's ease with the country folk and the cobblers, to learn how far a *sou* can be made to go, and how much virtue and heroism are sometimes involved in the process of extending its journey. Nothing is so valuable as the capacity of making friends in all classes of life; and nobody is so well fitted for this task as the man whom fortune has endowed with a warm heart, a lowly origin, of which he is not ashamed, and a sufficient education.

Again, so far as the literary part of the training went, much is to be said on Michelet's side. A childhood passed

in the company of a few great authors, undistracted by the ordinary pleasures and friendships of youth, the sound, though perhaps too rhetorical drill of the Lycée Charlemagne, and then a life of almost incessant lecturing and teaching in classical, philosophical, and historical subjects. 'Great thoughts,' said Vauvenargues, 'come from the heart.' Is this not also true of great histories as well? At any rate, the historical work of Michelet flowed from this source, and was inspired by a most constant and fervid social ideal. Though the man had an astounding plenitude of rhetorical resource, and could pour out unending melodies of scorn and rapture, sentiment and eloquence, all controlled by that delicate sense of rhythm which is the finest gift of the artist in words, yet he cared little for the exercise of these precious talents, save as a means to an end. 'I did not wish to live by my pen,' he writes, speaking of his first scholastic appointment at a small private school. 'I thought then, as Rousseau, that literature ought to be a thing reserved, the fine luxury of life, the inmost flower of the soul.' The main part of life must be practical, and what more practical career than that of the teacher? 'L'enseignement c'est le sacerdoce.'

The life of a teacher may be difficult to reconcile with the severe labour of original historical research, but it is generally held to bring compensating advantages—greater perspicuity, greater sense of proportion, greater width of sympathy. To this category of benefits it should be added that teaching always meant for Michelet friendship, and that friendship had meant love. Other historians had been more brilliant, judicious, and profound. The special value of his own work was that, if less bookish, it was closer to life than many elegant and reputable performances, for it was written by a man of the people who had loved and suffered more than most professors; and the thoughts had been struck out in ardent and sympathetic communion with the young.

The great source of Michelet's strength lies in the clearness with which he conceives his end. He does not care a fig for mere erudition, he eschews footnotes, he rarely affords the readers a glimpse of his scaffoldings. He may be tediously emphatic in his rhetoric, but he is a man with a gospel, and the power to hold his audience.

The gospel according to Michelet can be packed into two words, *Nature* and *Patrie*.^{*} He tells us himself how, when he began to think and study, he found his country utterly demoralised by the cruel legend of military idolatry, the monarchic superstition, and the cult of force; how the memory of the historical continuity of France, of her mission among the nations, had been effaced by a series of political convulsions; how the solidarity of the family was broken up by the confessional, by loose morals; how humiliating was the image of French life reflected in the mirror of her current literature. The thing needed was to teach France to Frenchmen, to arouse them to a deep patriotic interest in the past of their fatherland, to give them a faith in its destinies that should supply the place of Christianity, which, being essentially monarchic and feminine, was unsuited to the manly gravity of republican manners. Men talk of cosmopolitanism and the family of nations. For Michelet the European concert was a harmony composed of distinctive national notes; and the notes became more distinctive as time went on. It was true that geography was most influential in the springtide of nations, but then other discriminating agents took its place; and 'the more a man advances the more he enters into the genius of his country.'

We will not here stop to enquire how far patriotism is an all-sufficient *credo*, or what kind of European concert would be the result of an artificial intensification of national traits all round. It is, however, only fair to Michelet to point out that, like his friend Quinet, he has no sympathy with the view that all has been for the best in the best possible of worlds. He believed, indeed, that the history of France had special properties of a religious nature. In somewhat vague language he sums up thus: 'This nation has two very strong things, which I see nowhere else. She has the principle and the legend, the most large and human idea, and at the same time the most continuous tradition. The idea Fraternity, the tradition the Moral Idea of the world.' By the latter phrase

* 'Il faut que le jeune âme ait un substantiel aliment. Il y faut une chose vivante. Quelle chose? La Patrie, son âme, son histoire, sa tradition nationale. La Nature, l'universelle Patrie. Voilà une nourriture qui réjouira, remplira le cœur de l'enfant.' ('Nos Fils,' Intr., xii.)

he seems to mean that France has participated more fully and continuously in the Romano-Christian and democratic tradition than the other nations of Europe, and that in her the development of civilisation is, as Guizot too thought, most clearly exhibited. But, at the same time, the pathway is strewn with gigantic blocks of error. The scholasticism which obscured the dawning light of the twelfth century, the Inquisition which crushed the Albigenes, the reception of the Jesuit Order, the wild and unpatriotic follies of the politicians of the sixteenth century, the Spanish influence at the Court of Lewis XIII, the expulsion of the Huguenots, diverted France from her true course of democratic and colonial development, and gave the primacy of industry and the rule of the seas to Holland and Great Britain. The Terrorists again diverted the Revolution from the paths of democracy, and Robespierre paved the way for Bonaparte.

It is well to recognise these things, and it is also well to be patriotic, but we confess that Michelet's national vanity seems, notwithstanding his admissions, to be somewhat fantastic and overdone. France supplies 'the sympathetic tie of the world.' It is the source of all illumination. The French language penetrates everywhere, and chases mystery from the dark sanctuaries of the earth. 'Une telle langue est la guerre aux dieux.' Conversely, England, which is Anti-France, comes in for even more than her proper share of castigation. Ireland, of course, has been shamefully maltreated by the brutal Saxons. We will not quarrel with Michelet over his estimate of the Celts, although perhaps it is excessive to say that 'it is the glory of the Celts to have founded in the West the law of equality,' upon the double ground that an early Welsh philosopher believed in the freedom of the will, and that Celtic tribal property was subdivided by 'a law of precocious equity.' It is, however, surprising to learn that Cornwall has been the Peru of England, only valued for her mines; that in Norman England serfdom approached in horror to ancient slavery; that the comedies of Shakespeare are mournful and betray signs of national degeneration; that the sea is English by inclination, and does not love France, but breaks her vessels and fills her ports with sand. We feel here that however much Michelet may have gained by the lowliness of his origin, he has cer-

tainly lost something by sharing the vulgar prejudices of the man in the street.

In palliation it may be said that the Frenchmen of his time were nurtured upon the Pitt-Coburg legend; that the boy was sixteen years of age when the battle of Waterloo was fought; that he saw the allied armies occupy Paris, and that Thierry had set him a bad example in his history of the Norman conquest of England. Michelet also would probably have replied to his critics that it was not the function of the historian to correct national traditions, but to justify them.

‘This is what France demands of us historians, not to make history—it is made for the essential facts morally, the great results are inscribed in the conscience of the people—but to reestablish the chain of facts and ideas from which these results have issued. “I do not ask of you,” she says, “that you should make my creeds, and dictate my judgments; it is for you to receive them and conform yourself to them. The problem which I propose to you is to tell me how I came to act as I have acted, and to judge as I have judged.”’

This was sound enough doctrine as against Hamel, who wrote three volumes to deify Robespierre, and the numerous apologists of the Emigration. The massive popular tradition, which reported the *émigrés* to have been unpatriotic and selfish, the King to have been incompetent, and the Terror to have been a gigantic crime as well as a blunder, was very much more trustworthy than the elaborate sophistries of the partisan historians. But it is one thing to trust the national memory upon facts within the range of recent national experience, and another thing to trust its report upon facts about which, from the necessity of the case, it was imperfectly informed. The Parisian who, in 1794, was in hourly terror of the guillotine, had every right to express and record an opinion of the ways of the Mountain; but of European diplomacy he knew nothing, and of England he was, despite Montesquieu and Voltaire, almost as ignorant as of Tartary or Timbuctoo.

There is another somewhat serious deduction from the value of Michelet's historical work, which may equally be traced to the character of the intellectual influences in France at the time of his youth. For all his emotional and poetic nature, he had inherited the one-sided Revolu-

tionary view of Christianity.* In an eloquent little book, the 'Bible de l'Humanité,' published in 1864, that is to say, after Strauss and Renan had respectively abolished and evaporated Christ, he reviewed the leading creeds of the world, indicating his own marked preference for the ancient religion of the Persians. The creeds fall into two classes, those of the Peoples of the Light, and those of the Peoples of the Twilight, the Night, and the *Clair-Obscur*. In the first division we have India, Persia, and Greece: in the second division Egypt, the religion of death; Syria and Phrygia, the religion of enervation; the worship of Bacchus-Sabbas, typifying tyranny and military orgies; Judaism, the religion of the slave; Christianity, the religion of the woman. Of the last religion he writes:—

'Three women begin the whole thing. Anne, mother of the Virgin; Elizabeth, her cousin, mother of St John, and another Anne, prophetess, and wife of the high priest. . . . The Messianic condition (to be elderly and so far childless) was found precisely in the cousins Anne and Elizabeth.'

The 'Protoevangelium Jacobi,' 'innocent and amusing,' is the book which throws the clearest light upon this feminine aspect of Christianity. It is unnecessary to say more of Michelet's treatment of Christian origins, for it is confessedly slight, and indeed little more than a repetition of Renan's sentimental and unsatisfactory idyll. The curious fact is that Michelet seems never to have recognised that Christianity has anything to say to grown men. The whole history of Christian development is explained upon the hypothesis of a secular conspiracy between the priest and the woman, culminating in the domination of the Jesuits, the organisation of the confessional, the break-up of family life, the Vendée, and the counter-Revolution. The antidote to this emasculating influence was to be found in the study of national history, in a closer and more refined union between man and wife, and in a sense of the solidarity of man with nature.

It is well that an historian should offer prescriptions, and Michelet's prescriptions are admirable. No one, except

* 'L'Eglise était pour moi un monde étranger, de curiosité pure, comme eût été la lune. Ce que je savais le mieux de cet astre pâli c'est que ses jours étaient comptés, qu'il avait peu à vivre.' ('Hist. de Fr.,' Préf., 1860, p. xi.)

perhaps Georges Sand in 'Mdlle la Quintinie,' has described the evils of the confessional so eloquently, or has studied with such delicate insight and sympathy the influence of priest upon woman through history. But while there are clearly many elements of truth in Michelet's view, it is nothing short of astounding that an historian, a poet, and a moralist, steeped in the literature of the Middle Ages, should have been dead to the rational and practical side of Church teaching, should have ignored the extent to which it fortified mind and character in barbarous ages, and should have attributed the ultimate victory of a great institution and scheme of thought to the insidious influence of priest upon woman and woman upon man. Fortunately this unsympathetic attitude had not been adopted until after the completion of the first six volumes of the 'History of France,' which carry the reader down to the end of the Middle Ages.

For diplomatic correspondence he had little taste, and in this was the opposite of Ranke, 'notre aimable savant ingénieux, Ranke, qui nous a tant appris,' who seems to find nothing but state papers entirely interesting. It was necessary, of course, to read Granvelle and similar authorities for the period of Charles V; and Michelet is careful to explain that if his treatment of the reign of Louis XIII seems to be a tissue of Court intrigue, it is because (as Cardinal Mazarin explained to the Queen) the capture of the King for two days meant a revolution in policy. But having chosen the people for his hero, he despises cabinet intrigues, deeming that they have been accorded an excessive importance in historical works. Thus Cato introduces him to the 'rudeness of the old Latin genius,' revealing 'a people patient and tenacious, disciplined and regular, avaricious and avid.' Germany is made manifest in Grimm's 'Weisthümer,' that splendid collection of old legal custom and ritual, and in the writings and table-talk of Luther, from which Michelet published two volumes of extracts. So, too, Haxthausen's agrarian studies first discover for him the true Russia.

Michelet always looks behind the courtly records for clues to the real popular life, and thus shows the way to Mr J. R. Green and the later group of social historians. He claims to have discovered 'the great, the sombre, the terrible fourteenth century,' by discarding Froissart, who, spinning like a gaudy dragon-fly over a dank and turbid

pool, has attracted all eyes by his iridescence. The life of the Flemish Communes and of Jacques Bonhomme is for him more fundamental and more attractive than the feudal society depicted by Olivier de la Marche and Chastellain. He fell in with fifteen folio volumes of street ballads and fashion plates when working at French life under Louis XIV; and it was a great windfall, for he loved the work of the microscope, and claimed it as one of his greatest merits that he was able to extract significance from 'le menu détail.' Not that he was destitute of general ideas. He may be said to have rediscovered Vico, the father of philosophical history, and he learnt from the Italian writer the doctrine that 'humanity creates itself,' changing its character by continuous mutual interaction as time goes on. Thus Thierry's conception of Race as a constant struck him as unscientific; and it was one of his objects to show how 'France had made France,' how in the course of the multitudinous intercourse of men the national character had undergone numerous changes. But to exhibit the national psychology in all its delicate manners and varieties, it was not sufficient merely to narrate a string of battles and negotiations and treaties. The physical basis of life, climate, geography, food, must be studied, so that the story should not be 'like a Japanese picture,' the figures resting on air. A whole society should be, so to speak, surprised in its intimate moods, when it is off guard, and its pose is natural.

The task requires delicate sensibility and a wide conspectus of life, for the indications are often trivial, and very heterogeneous. A picture, a medallion, a coin, the sentiment of a Burgundian hill-side, a fragment of old building, a scrap of song or of painted glass, a rustic proverb or the joke of a chronicler—what marvels may they not be made to perform by the magician of history? Sometimes he divines a truth; often his fancy floats him away into some painted cloud. And so, with the best intentions to be real, his works are full of symbolism and of the 'pathetic fallacy'—the malady which afflicts those who search too zealously for sentiment and significance among common things. The 'fresh rosy mask' of Francis II of Austria, 'in its terrible fixity,' as it hangs in the gallery of Versailles, appals him. 'Such a being visibly will never feel remorse; it commits crime conscientiously. Pitiless bigotry is necessarily written in this bigoted face.' A drawing of Danton

gives rise to the following reflections: 'The most terrifying thing is that there are no eyes. At least, one scarcely sees them. What? This terrible blind man shall be the guide of nations? Obscurity, vertigo, fatality, absolute ignorance of the future—this is what one reads here.' It is characteristic of him to seize upon some little scrap of personal evidence and hold it up to the spectators as typical and decisive of a man or even of a period. In the hands of a great imaginative writer such a method is always effective, often convincing, sometimes very misleading.

It is generally agreed that the finest portions of Michelet's historical work are the first six volumes of the 'History of France.' They were written between 1833 and 1843, when he was Professor at the École Normale and the Collège de France, and also chief of the historical division of the Archives Nationales. The 'History of the French Revolution' was written between 1845 and 1853, the 'Renaissance and the New Monarchy' from 1855 to 1867, the 'History of the Nineteenth Century' in 1869. It will thus be seen that the histories of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were composed after the author had steeped himself in the passions of the Revolution. They are less complete, less sure, less massive than the earlier work. They are defaced by the introduction of pathological explanations which are often repellent and seldom convincing, and by an uncontrolled hatred of monarchy and religion.* Besides this, the literature of these later centuries was too vast to be mastered in its entirety; and Michelet selected and used his fragments with caprice. Melody, eloquence, divination are there: the voice is no longer that of the poet-savant but that of the poet-politician.

It has been truly said by a distinguished scholar that we are apt to overrate the morals and to underrate the brains of the Middle Ages. Michelet certainly underrated the value and originality of mediæval thought; and, despite

* This would be sufficiently clear from Michelet's own avowal even if there were nothing else to support it. 'Quand je rentrais, que je me retournais, revis mon Moyen Âge, cette mer superbe de sottises, une hilarité violente me prit, et au seizième au dix-septième siècle je fis une terrible fête. Rabelais et Voltaire ont ri dans leur tombeau. Les dieux crevés, les rois pourris ont apparu sans voile. La fade histoire du convenu, cette prude honteuse dont on se contentait, a disparu. De Médecis à Louis XIV une autopsie sévère a caractérisé ce gouvernement de cadavres.' ('Hist. de France,' Préf., 1869.)

the work of Hauréau and other writers, his estimate of scholasticism is no fairer than that of Voltaire. He was not unacquainted with philosophy, and had even taught it at the Collège Charlemagne and at Ste-Barbe; but the strength of his anti-ecclesiastical bias prevented him from doing justice to any thinker save Abélard and Arnold of Brescia. The 'Sentences' of Peter Lombard are a 'manuel de sottise,' and the recovery of the Church in the thirteenth century is explained in the following absurd manner:—

'On imagina un pauvre expédient. . . . On permit des demi-mystiques qui pouvaient délirer un peu, s'emporter jusqu'à un certain point, être fous, mais avec méthode.'

The *demi-mystiques* are in the first place the Franciscans, whose proceedings, inspired by their founder St Francis—'ce tout-puissant génie dramatique'—remind one of 'the pantomimes of the priests of Cybele'; and in the second place the scholastic philosophers, 'the immense army of the sons of Æolus.' Even the architecture of the Middle Ages, 'l'art boiteux du moyen âge,' comes in for severe condemnation, on the ground that the Gothic church is dependent upon the external support of buttresses.* On the other hand, the sanctity of mediæval morals was certainly overrated in the first six volumes, although Michelet's opinion of them changed decidedly for the worse after working at the second volume of the 'Procès des Templiers,' and reading the striking evidence contained in the 'Cartulaire de St Bertin' and the 'Journal des visites épiscopales d'Eudes Rigaud.'

The first six volumes were eloquent and poetical and learned; and they were an attempt to tell the history of the French people rather than that of the monarchy. But the 'French Revolution' is more than eloquent, learned, and poetical: it marks a new departure.

'Every history of the Revolution up till now has been essentially monarchical. This has been the first republican history, the first which has broken the idols and the gods. From the first page to the last it has only had one hero, the people. . . . All the glory of the Mountain has been monopolised

* There is, however, an eloquent and appreciative passage in 'Hist. de France,' vol. ii, 'Éclaircissement.'

by the Committee, that of the Committee by Robespierre; that is to say, republican history has constantly been written in a monarchical sense.*

The supreme merit of Michelet's history lies just in the fact that it is the attempt of a powerful genius to evoke the spirit of a whole people from the tomb. Of all the histories of the French Revolution this is the greatest, and yet it is written by a man without a scrap of true political judgment. It is as poetical as Carlyle's, but fuller, closer to the complex and passionate reality. It does not deal out frigid judgments like Taine, but tells the story with the clear fervour of a disciple recounting the origins of his creed. It rings with sounding epigrams and noble eloquence and absurd rhapsody. It is prefaced and inspired by the ridiculous belief that the Revolution was in essence and origin antagonistic to Christianity, that 'to the genius of Christianity one thing only could be opposed—the genius of St Bartholomew.' It is disgracefully lenient in its estimate of the men of the Convention, who acquiesced in the most monstrous cruelties which a civilised city has ever witnessed.

'They were all, we swear it, excellent citizens, ardent lovers of their country. It was in general the jealous and terrible love which they had for the republic which threw them into these ways of unjust accusation and extermination.'

The truth is, they suffered from abject cowardice and hysterical suspicion; and Michelet quotes only to forget the fine phrase of Fabre d'Eglantine, 'Rien de grand sans la pitié.' Nevertheless, making all allowances for exuberant perversion, it is a wonderful book, for it reveals the raptures and the passions of a whole nation, enabling the reader to understand the truth of the statement with which it is prefaced, that 'never since the Crusades has there been such a convulsion of the masses, so general and so profound.'

The industrious investigations of M. Aulard and his school are now mainly concerned with the government of France by the Committee of Public Safety. We are introduced to the instructions of the Représentatives en Mission, and are invited to wax enthusiastic over the administrative labours of those very zealous but commonplace clerks Car-

* 'Hist. de la Révolution Française,' vol. I, Introduction.

not and Jean Bon Saint-André.* Administrative history is almost always dull, and therefore it is almost always taken to be respectable; and the jury which sits upon the Revolution is asked to acquit upon the ground that, even if the soil of France was reddened by the blood of innocent victims, much official paper was industriously blackened in the effort to secure pigs and fodder and shoes for the army.

Michelet does not work in this vein. His task is to describe the enthusiasm of '89, the Federations of '90, the spontaneous organisation of France in '91, the growth of republican feeling and the popular movements in '92. With the ascendancy of Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety the wine for him has lost its flavour. The *elan* has gone; the spirit of Fraternity has evaporated; and the Revolution is checked by the gloomy repression of the Terror. Though he consulted the manuscript register of the Committee of Public Safety, the material in which he delights to revel is not administrative but popular—the letters of the provincial federations to the National Assembly which he found 'entire, burning as of yesterday after sixty years,' and full of the naïve and unreserved confidences of the child to its mother; the *procès-verbaux* of the Commune under Chaumette, which illustrate the miscellaneous philanthropy that went on together with the guillotine; the manuscript reports of the debates in the Assembly; the Archives de Police. He travels to Toulon to get a sight of the registers which record the names of the galley-slaves; he ransacks the judicial registers of Nantes for light upon the Vendée and the Noyades; he picks up lessons and valuable crumbs of oral information from his father, from one of the combatants of August 10th, from a Nantes merchant, from the family of the artist who painted Charlotte Corday; and he is actually acquainted with a lady who took the part of Goddess of Reason in a provincial festival, 'une femme sérieuse et d'une vie irréprochable.' No other history written so long after the events gives such an impression of being contemporary.

The drawback of trying to be contemporary is that you lose the advantages of being subsequent. Michelet's book is vitiated by a certain superficiality of judgment. He

* Perhaps the best apology for these men is contained in the striking conversation of Jean Bon and Count Beugnot in 1813. 'Beugnot Mémoires' (ed. 1868), vol. II, p. 17.

loves the Revolution, which was 'gloriously spiritualistic, daughter of philosophy, not of the deficit'; but, on the other hand, he hates the Terror, and has arrived at a very just estimate of Robespierre. He is therefore forced to explain how it was that so glorious a movement, 'which demanded that a whole people should elevate itself above its material habits,' should decline upon so miserable an issue. His answer is that certain assignable mistakes were committed. In the first place, the Constituent lacked *le sens éducatif*. It was prolific in laws, but it did not supply the means of education by which those laws could be made intelligible. Its work was merely political and superficial, fruitful in laws, sterile in dogmas; whereas it ought to have been social, profound, positive. Then the Constituent, tempted by the virtues of Rabaut, Grégoire, and Camus, made the mistake of compromising with the Church; while, lastly, war should have been declared a year earlier, before the air had become thick with suspicion, and when France could have taken the offensive against unready foes, for it was the defensive war which produced the September massacres.

These explanations neglect the facts that the Reign of Terror and spontaneous anarchy had really begun in 1789; that the process of political education cannot be accomplished by a stroke of the pen; and that France was wholly unready for a breach with Catholicism. The one remedy which to Mirabeau and Malouet seemed possible—the establishment of a constitutional monarchy after the English pattern—is by Michelet rejected with scorn.

'The Middle Ages,' he writes, 'only possessed one hypocrisy; we possess two: the hypocrisy of authority, the hypocrisy of liberty; in a word the priest, the Englishman—the two forms of Tartuffe. The priest acts principally on women or the peasant; the Englishman on the *classes bourgeoises*.'

Perhaps after all Michelet was right, and the experiment of parliamentary government is alien to the genius of French republicanism. Yet the hypocritical side of English liberty was not so apparent in 1789 as it was thirty years later; and Montesquieu's ideal picture of us had not yet been torn to shreds by the iconoclasts of constitutional history.

Anacharsis Clootz once said on a famous occasion,
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'France, guéris-toi des individus.' Michelet, who individualises everything, who paints character so boldly and brilliantly, gives this to his country by way of crowning precept after issuing from the fiery furnace of '94. The great things of the Revolution were, in his view, done, not by a few men, but by the masses; he disbelieved in the artificial mechanism of the revolutionary day. The growth of France was not, as so many had written, the result of the fostering care of the monarchy; and it was Michelet's aim to prove the fact in his concluding volumes. Germany and Italy had lived by the light of a few bright stars; France 'by the common soul': 'sans la France le Français n'est plus.' All the more difficult was the task of the historian, called upon to evoke this varied and multitudinous life. 'Doucement, messieurs les morts,' whispered the Archivist to his sallow cohorts, 'procédons par ordre, s'il vous plaît.' And what a long, noble, and crowded procession it is, glowing with light and air and animation! Who can forget the portraits of Joan of Arc, and Luther, 'with his heroic joy and laughter,' and Louis XI, and Savonarola? Who has ever written a finer page upon Turenne?

'In this time of Spanish emphasis and heroes *à la* Corneille, prose appeared in Turenne. It was seen that war was an affair of logic, mathematics, and reason, that it did not demand great heat, but, on the contrary, a cold good sense, firmness and patience; much of that special instinct of the sportsman and his dog which can perfectly be reconciled with mediocrity of character. Romances have invested Turenne with an air of philanthropy, making him a kind of philanthropist, a warlike Fénelon. There is nothing of all that. The reality is that the Thirty Years' War, having lost its furies and its heats, and having used up five or six generations of indifferent generals, without passions or ideas, finished by producing the technical man, or incarnate art, light, ice, and calculus. No emotion remains. It is a quasi-pacific war, but none the less murderous.'

Could anything more truly illustrate the workings of an epoch in a man, or the light which a man casts upon an epoch?

'The Renaissance did not regard antiquity as a varied world of mingled ages and infinitely different colours, but as Eternal Venus.' Michelet, who sweeps the field of history with a microscope, was not in danger of falling into the

error which he attributes to the Italians of the sixteenth century, and which certainly vitiates the æsthetic criticism of Winckelmann and Goethe. His antiquity is living and concrete, and coloured with all the hues of the spectrum. He paints the movement and the passion of crowds with the power of Tintoret, overhears the chatter of the peasant's cottage and the wineshops, listens to the *curé* and his housekeeper, to the priest and his *pénitente*, watches the fingers of the machinist tending his tyrant of steel, follows the plough as it shears through the loam, catches the malevolent gossip from the backstairs of the palace, and throws his ardent nature into every aspect of human toil and every manifestation of human character. The great spectacle of historic France, with its varying climes and tempers and manners of living, emerges for the first time into clear light with the advent of the Capetian dynasty. There is a character which persists, discerned equally by Polybius and Strabo and by the intelligent English traveller of the eighteenth century, a buoyancy, an *insouciance*, a brilliant courage, a nimble wit, a sensual appetite. Multiply coarseness and power and it gives you Rabelais or Danton; add the nervousness which comes from crowds, and you get the furies of 1358 and 1792. Some large spirits, a Fénelon or a Renan, seem to contain all the intellectual nuances in their Protean variety; but, large as that variety is, there is no trait of national thought or feeling which has escaped Michelet's piercing vision. He has written, says Taine, 'the lyrical epic' of French history, lyrical in the intensity of its personal feeling, and yet an epic in that it recreates poetically the story of a nation.

Von Ranke thought that the historian's mission was merely to relate what had actually happened, 'was eigentlich geschehen ist.' Michelet, however, was constitutionally incapable of seeing anything through plain glass. In his best period he felt passionately with every movement and every phase, breathing life and love whithersoever he passed. 'Let it be,' he writes, 'my part in the future not to have attained but to have marked the goal of history, to have given it a name which no one as yet has uttered. Thierry called it narrative and M. Guizot analysis. I have named it resurrection, and this name will remain to it.' In view of the historical methods at present practised in

France, the prophecy will seem a little sanguine, but it contains the explanation and the aim of Michelet's work. The term 'resurrection' applies to the work of the best period, to the first six volumes, and to the 'History of the Revolution.' The later books are prophetic, critical, one-sided, the work of the Professor who used his chair for political propaganda, 'transforming his lectures,' according to the words of a pupil, 'into pieces of oratory addressed, not to a select body of students, but to the crowd.'

The 'History of the Nineteenth Century' must indeed be judged leniently, for it was written with the hand of extreme old age; and it could not be expected that a teacher who had been deprived of his chair under the Second Empire should appreciate the merits of the First. He could measure the evils, but not the necessity or the services of Cæsarism, nor yet was his mind rid of the brilliant phantasmagoria of the revolutionary dreamers. He thinks that during the Directorate Europe was longing to be free; he says that Napoleon did not know Italy, or he would have confiscated the Church lands and freed the peninsula from sea to sea. Napoleon knew Italy better than Michelet, and saw that the Italian was superstitious through and through, and that the revolutionary movement was superficial, confined to a handful of merchants, doctors, and lawyers in the big towns. Michelet scolds the Corsican for making peace with Austria, that is to say, with the counter-revolution, at Campo-Formio, whereas most historians would say that it was one of Napoleon's wisest acts. The Concordat is condemned, as it is by Lanfrey, and the civil work of the Emperor passed by with a mere statement that it was a revival of the *régime* of Louis Quatorze. The military genius of the man is belittled, and wherever possible the credit of a victory is transferred to some one else. Too much is made of the fear of socialism as an element in determining Napoleon's rise to power. Too little is said of the incompetence, the profligacy, the crimes of the Directorate. We are invited to admire La Reveillière Lepaux as a model of all the civic virtues. We are expected to believe that it would have been statesmanlike for France to maintain the Girondin propaganda against crowned heads. We are told that the financial ruin of the Directorate was due to the milliards of false assignats forged by Pitt. We are asked to lament

'the deplorable philanthropy' of Fructidor, which preferred to send its victims to rot away in Cayenne rather than to expiate their royalism on the block. M. Houssaye, working from the police reports in the Paris archives, shows how much popularity still remained to Napoleon even in the Hundred Days. Michelet, who remembered how the Dames des Halles stood under their umbrellas in the Marché des Innocents and cursed the man who had robbed them of their coffee, will have none of this. The misfortune is that in order to blacken Napoleon he must needs gild the last moments of the Directorate.

But when all is said, Michelet remains a force in historical literature which no subsequent generation can afford to neglect. His reflection is often childish, his analysis deficient, his passion strained; there are pages of inaccuracy, pages of hallucination, pages of prurience. Whole nations are sometimes travestied, and the wilfulness of an overstrung genius often flings its fantastic colours upon the page. But we are brought face to face with men and women who think, feel, and act. All things, indeed, which pass through the furnace of that glowing mind come out human. Nations and rivers, birds and storms, mountains and insects are endowed with living personality. Every province has its special character and *ἦθος*. The Ardennes is 'dry, critical, serious'; Flanders is 'a prosaic Lombardy, lacking the vine and the sun'; we read of 'the spiritual lightness' of Guyenne, the pompous and 'solemn eloquence' of Burgundy, the 'contradictory genius' of Poitou, the 'violent petulance' of Provence. Upon such passages the foe of subjective history might write a sufficiently crushing dissertation.

Many histories may be more methodical and judicious, but is there another historian endowed with Michelet's poetic vision, with his broad grasp of human motives, his immortal velocity of style? Texts do not say everything; often they do not say the important things. Like the moon at night, they reveal the dim silhouette of the forest, leaving it for the inner eye to figure the various wealth of foliage, the fresh dewy lawns, the glancing colours of the birds and butterflies, the green bracken rustling with living things. Yet it must not be supposed that Michelet neglected his texts. He had read enormously, especially in manuscript material; and the 'History of the French

Revolution' derives a special importance from the fact that the author had access to documents which were burnt in 1871. It must be confessed that few men have learnt so little wisdom from so vast a study of human transactions; and we question whether such amazing knowledge has ever before been united with such a vivacious stock of empty childishness. But then, on the other hand, what historian of equal knowledge has felt so deeply the pathos of common life? There was no rumour of heroism or tenderness or love so faint or so distant but that it sent a melodious quiver through that sensitive spirit as it travelled through the halls of time.

Frenchmen will always continue to read Michelet for his style. He is the one writer of French prose who, albeit widely departing from the classic tradition, holds an audience by sheer force of native melody. Like Carlyle he has no predecessors, and will have no successors. There is something in him of Saint-Simon, something of Chateaubriand, something of Rousseau. He is lavish of interjections and queries and short stinging sentences, and then he will suddenly sing to you in prose so softly and so sweetly that it is like passing from the hiss and crackle of a furnace into the melodious cool of the organ room. We cannot better conclude than by quoting a passage* which reveals the exquisite musical resources which Michelet has at his command.

"Saint Virgile, priez pour moi!" Moi-même j'avais ce mot à cœur bien avant de savoir qu'un autre a parlé ainsi, au *xv* siècle. Et qui plus que moi a droit de le dire, moi élevé sur vos genoux, qui n'eus si longtemps nul autre aliment que l'antiquité adoucie par vous; moi qui vécus de votre lait avant de boire dans Homère le vin, le sang, et la vie? Mes heures de mélancolie, jeune, je les passai près de vous; vieux, quand les pensées tristes viennent, d'eux-mêmes ses rythmes aimés chantent encore à mon oreille; la voix de la douce sibylle suffit pour éloigner de moi le noir essaim des mauvais songes.'

* 'Hist. de France,' vii, 190.

Art. VII.—THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

1. *The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan.* Edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mahomed Khan. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1900.
2. *Khurasan and Sistān.* By Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Yate. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1900.
3. *A Vizier's Daughter.* By Lillias Hamilton, M.D., Court Physician to the Amir of Afghanistan. London: John Murray, 1900.
4. *The Forward Policy and its Results.* By Richard Isaac Bruce. London: Longmans, 1900.

THE new diplomacy, of which Prince Bismarck was the founder and most distinguished exponent in Europe, has gained an illustrious adherent in the Amir of Afghanistan, who, in the autobiography lately issued, has published, *urbi et orbi*, to his sons and his subjects, to England, Russia, and the world, the story of his life and the causes of his success and power. He has described the rapid transformation of a wild and savage people, inhabiting a war-worn and neglected country, into a well-ordered and prosperous community, directed by a master-hand along the paths of civilisation, union, and national self-respect. He has moreover disclosed, with a frankness so great as to be audacious, the secret springs and motives of his policy, and his hopes and fears for the future, and has laid down for his successors rules of conduct which they should observe if they desire to remain independent chiefs of a free country. Never before has a ruling monarch revealed with such singular clearness the deepest thoughts of his heart, inspired, not only by the self-confidence which Abdur Rahman's past achievements fully justify, but by a penetrating and constant sense of divine protection, and a fatalistic resignation to an appointed destiny.

It is difficult to review, in the ordinary sense of the word, a book such as this, every page of which is full of interest, and which all Englishmen, who understand how dominating an influence the politics of Asia will exercise over the fortunes of the British Empire during the coming century, will take care to read and consider with the attention which is its due. All that is needed in this article is to point to a few of the lessons which it conveys and

which should not need enforcement from without if English statesmen, or the people in whose name they hold office, possessed—as the Amir possesses—a definite, acknowledged, and carefully considered policy in Asia, wisely conceived and boldly executed.

The announcement of the Amir's autobiography was received with some incredulity. The East is the land of mystery, and those who have most to say and who could speak with the highest authority are often the most silent. It is true that the Emperor Bâbar left some delightful memoirs, and that Akbar, greatest of the Mogul Emperors, caused to be written the achievements of his reign; but both these works were addressed to a comparatively small body of educated men, as uncritical as the subjects of autocratic monarchs, even to-day, are compelled to be. They were not, like this autobiography, the outspoken declaration of policy and ambition. There was thus, in prescription and tradition, no precedent for such a work; and those who were disposed to doubt its authenticity had some reason on their side. But further enquiry should remove all suspicion. The manuscript has come from authentic sources, brought by the accomplished lady who has so long and ably acted as medical adviser to the Amir at Kabul, and who on her return to Europe was entrusted with the earlier portion of the work, that written by the hand of Abdur Rahman himself and forming the first volume. The second, which is of greater importance and political interest, was dictated by the Amir to his foreign secretary, who has translated the whole with a vigour and correctness of style which are truly admirable. No one who has any personal or intimate knowledge of Afghanistan and the Amir can doubt that both portions of the work are the true and accurate message of the prince; and those who are accustomed themselves to dictate to shorthand writers will at once recognise the change of style from the crisp concise record written by the Amir's own hand to the dictated speech, more diffuse, ornate, and illustrated with proverb and story, with repetitions of ideas and even phrases which the editor and translator did not venture to compress or modify.

The work may be accepted, then, as not only genuine but as giving, so far as any translation may, the very words of the Amir; and it may further be asserted that

there is no other man living who could have written the book, who could be animated by the sentiments expressed in it, or who would have dared to make so frank a confession of his political aims and intentions. The reason for dwelling with so much emphasis on the authority of the autobiography is that, if it sincerely expresses the views of the ruler of Afghanistan, a more important document has seldom if ever been presented to the consideration of the statesmen and people of this country. It is a bold appeal to the conscience and common sense of the British nation; an attempt to prove by illustration, by argument and by the too often neglected lessons of experience, that there is no ally whom Great Britain can discover in Europe or Asia more likely to be useful to her than Afghanistan, or whose interests are so absolutely and inevitably bound up with her own. With Afghanistan strong and in friendly alliance, the defence of India against attack would be an easy matter, and the difficulties of our frontier administration would disappear; while, should we allow Afghanistan to be hostile, or drive her, by ungenerous treatment, into the arms of Russia, the security of our military position would be endangered, and the finances of India would be grievously burdened by a vast increase in our military expenditure.

The policy which the Amir thus advocates is that which has inspired his action ever since he ascended the throne. The writer of this article has been thrown into intimate relations with the Amir, and has discussed with him, at some length, the great questions at issue; and he can testify, not only to the Amir's sincerity and strength of character, but to the fact that he commenced his rule with the firm determination to be a friend of England, perceiving, from the very fact of the offer to him of the throne, that she had no design against the independence of Afghanistan. On the other hand, the Amir knew, from his long residence in Russia and a careful study of its policy in Asia, that alliance with Russia signified first the control and then the absorption of Afghanistan. The events of the last twenty years have strengthened the confidence of the Amir in the wisdom of the policy which he adopted. He has seen Russia advance from one vantage ground to another, until her progress has been stayed only by the delimitation of the frontier—a measure which was un-

fortunately too long delayed. From time to time he has been accused of frontier intrigue against the British Government; but it must be remembered that, until the Indian frontier was definitely laid down, the Amir and the Indian Government were in constant dispute as to their respective territories; and it is a matter of congratulation that this cause of quarrel is now removed. Even so recently as the last Afridi war, the Amir was accused of allowing his soldiers, and even officers, to assist the enemy; but in times of excitement such accusations are lightly made, and his stern refusal to aid or countenance the Afridi deputations who visited his capital showed a spirit thoroughly friendly to Great Britain. When his position, as the ruler of a democratic and fanatical people in strong sympathy with their Afridi kinsmen, is considered, it will be understood that the maintenance of so friendly a neutrality was extremely difficult.

Sir Alfred Lyall, an authority second to none, whose graceful and sympathetic verses are more than once quoted by the Amir, is reported to have said in a lecture delivered on the 31st November last, that he saw no solution but by a friendly understanding with Russia for the complex problems which lie in front of that Power and England in Asia. If he had then read the Amir's autobiography he would have admitted that, at any rate, a reasonable solution for the most urgent of these problems has been offered by a ruler whose expression of opinion deserves the fullest consideration. No statesman can deny that a friendly understanding with Russia is eminently desirable; and this the Amir fully admits. Neither he nor England have any quarrel with Russia, and their sincere desire is to remain on the best of terms with their Northern neighbour. This, since the delimitation of the Afghan boundary, is possible, if England is determined to observe the promises which she has formally given to the Amir. But it would be to ignore the obvious lessons of experience to suggest that a friendly understanding with Russia can rest on any other basis than that of a boundary authoritatively fixed, the infringement of which would be at once resented, while the deliberate occupation of any important territory situated beyond it would be treated as an act of war. If Russia thoroughly realises that the occupation of Herat would be treated by both parties in England in the

same spirit as an invasion of the Isle of Wight, there is no reason to fear that the peace of this portion of Asia will be lightly disturbed. The Amir would be left to develop his country in the full assurance that his enlightened efforts are viewed by all instructed Englishmen with sympathy and admiration; and that the foolish dream of a divided Afghanistan, which threatened at one time to prove a serious danger to India and the Empire, has been relegated to the limbo where abortive political measures are forgotten. There cannot be said to be anything novel in the policy which the Amir presses so earnestly upon the attention of British statesmen. It is no more than the crown and complement of the policy adopted in 1880, when he was placed on the throne, and pursued with more or less zeal or success by successive Viceroy and Secretaries of State. This is no occasion for discussing the question of frontier management, which was discussed at length in this Review only nine months ago. Suffice it to say that Lord Salisbury, in his Parliamentary declarations, and the present Viceroy, in his speeches and actions, have definitely abandoned any extreme course of frontier policy. The settlement of the Indian boundary has removed occasion for dispute, and cordial relations with Afghanistan should now be held to be a fundamental axiom of the oriental policy of Great Britain.

It is necessary to read the autobiography of Amir Abdur Rahman to understand his versatile and masterful character, and the conditions under which he has been able to acquire so wide an acquaintance with European and Asiatic affairs, so confident a judgment on questions of international policy, and so varied a knowledge of the scientific requirements of modern civilisation. The governor of a province at an age when English boys are at school; commanding an army, winning battles, and putting down rebellion with ruthless severity before he was twenty; placing on the throne his incapable and indolent father, and, on his death, his drunken and tyrannical uncle, who brought to swift destruction his own fortunes and those of his nephew; an exile at Bokhara and in Russia—he had in his early years drunk deep both of good and evil fortune. After the final triumph of Sher Ali Khan in January 1869 over the army of Amir Azim Khan, a long course of adventurous wandering, amidst a thousand

dangers and privations, at length brought Abdur Rahman to Samarkand, where, under Russian protection, he remained for nearly eleven years. He was treated by the Russians with consideration, and a sufficient allowance was granted him ; but he was still a state prisoner rather than a guest—a hunting leopard held in a leash till such time as his master should see fit to slip him on the predestined prey. This time arrived when Sher Ali, incited by the Russians to quarrel with England and then abandoned by them, had been driven from his kingdom to die, a broken-hearted fugitive, in Balkh ; and when his son and successor Yakub, equally treacherous and far less competent, had been deposed and deported to India after the murder of the British envoy, Sir Louis Cavagnari, with his staff and escort, in the Kabul palace.

The Russian authorities then decided that their opportunity had come, and that Abdur Rahman, with his ability and great military reputation, would be able to establish himself in Turkestan, if not at Kabul, as a Russian nominee, trained, through long years of exile, to hear through Russian ears and see through Russian eyes, and to carry out a policy in Afghanistan which would make it a Russian province like Khiva or Bokhara. The Russians took good care to remain in the background during Abdur Rahman's expedition. They had no desire to quarrel with England by openly backing a pretender to the throne of a country in which they had solemnly renounced the right to interfere. So they gave him little money and no officers or men. He was despatched, with full instructions as to his conduct, to try his fortune, Russia, as usual, reserving to herself the right to claim the stakes without risking anything on the game. But Russian policy, which is much over-rated in England, and which is often as shortsighted as it is unscrupulous, had entirely miscalculated the character of Abdur Rahman. The Russians had treated him at Samarkand with a frankness which had dispelled many illusions. Their policy in Asia was familiar to him ; and he had personally witnessed their treachery towards those chiefs who had trusted them. In the long seclusion of his quiet garden-house at Samarkand he had come to the decision that whenever his chance should come, he would never, voluntarily and with his eyes open, become the servant and the victim of Russia. Between England and

Russia he knew that his poor country was, as he says himself, like a goat between the lion and the bear; but, although England had been in frequent conflict with Afghanistan, he realised that if the friendship of England were granted it would be constant and sincere. Whatever the Continental press may assert of English policy, in Asia at any rate, England is known as the Power which adheres to her engagements.

Abdur Rahman crossed the Oxus determined to act a part which he carried through with brilliancy and success, to the admiration and embarrassment of his English supporters, down to the very day when he was proclaimed Amir. It was imperative that Russia should not suspect that he was not her dupe; and the fanatical population of Afghanistan would not have tolerated him if he had proclaimed himself on the side of the infidels who were in possession of the country. So he moved into Turkestan, the God-appointed leader of a holy war against the English, with whom he had resolved, if possible, to come to a friendly arrangement. His progress was slow and hazardous, but, gaining success after success, he attracted a great body of adherents, disloyal, turbulent, and ready, in Afghan fashion, to desert him on the first reverse. After winning a commanding position in Turkestan, he was met at Khânabad by two members of the personal staff of the chief political officer in Kabul; and the negotiations commenced which ended in his being accepted as Amir. But during all this period his public attitude never varied; the comedy was strictly played to the final act. It was only after the interviews with Sir Lepel Griffin at Zimma, when he had received both verbal and written assurances of the support of the British Government in money and material, and in protection against foreign aggression, that his attitude changed to that of the cordial friend and well-wisher. He at once undertook the task of facilitating the march of the British armies to Kabul and Kandahar, by arrangements with all the tribal chiefs on the line of march; and it was largely due to him, as he justly claims in his book, that these important military operations were conducted without a single hostile shot being fired.

The selection of Abdur Rahman as candidate for the throne was a master-stroke, for which Lord Lytton is en-

titled to every credit, although the rest of his Afghan policy was a mere playing into the hands of Russia. The disintegration of Afghanistan was the thing which it was our paramount interest to prevent; the suggestion to make over Herat to Persia was suicidal; and the erection of Kandahar into a separate protected State, under a puppet ruler, was impracticable. But the selection of Abdur Rahman, hated as he was by nine tenths of the dominant chiefs in Kabul and Kandahar, a Russian pensioner for many years and obviously launched by Russia on Afghanistan, at the critical moment, for purposes hostile to English interests, required both courage and foresight. The character and reputation of Abdur Rahman, as a bold and skilful general, were well known in India; and it was calculated correctly, as the Amir's book shows, that his intimate knowledge of the Russians and their policy towards the Mohammedan States of Asia would be likely to determine him to have as little to do with them as possible. Their betrayal of Sher Ali was but one of many similar examples. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* was a device written fair and plain for all to read who were minded to enter the Asiatic Bureau of the Czar. England, on the other hand, was to be trusted so far as this, that, having twice conquered Afghanistan, she showed no desire to occupy or annex it; and her first interest was to find and place on the throne a ruler who would be content to maintain cordial relations with her Government. Such relations the Amir has observed for twenty years, in spite of occasional differences and friction, the blame for which may perhaps be equally divided.

Established at Kabul, with a desolated capital, a bankrupt treasury, a doubtful army, and surrounded by powerful and hereditary enemies, the Amir set himself the task of creating a powerful and a civilised kingdom, and of leading, or rather dragging, his savage and treacherous subjects out of the slough of barbarism in which for so long they had sunk. Time alone will show whether the work of Abdur Rahman will last, even supposing his eldest son, who appears to be a man of great promise, should follow dutifully the line of conduct laid down for his future guidance. Is it possible that in one generation the democratic and turbulent Afghan chiefs and people will outgrow the hereditary characteristics of their race?

We can only hope for the best, and trust that the son and successor may inherit—which is rare in the history of ruling houses—the strength and ability of the father.

Before commencing to scatter broadcast in his country the seed of civilisation, the Amir prepared the ground by the destruction, imprisonment, or banishment of all his irreconcilable enemies. These comprised many of the members of the ruling family, some of them claimants to the throne, with their most active adherents, officials, and tribal chiefs. Many of these had perceived that no favour would be shown them, and left for India with the British army, where some are still living on not illiberal pensions. Others, like Mustaufi Habibullah Khan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, perhaps the ablest Afghan, had already been deported for persistent intrigues against the English, which became more determined when it was known that the hated Abdur Rahman was the British nominee. Then followed the subjection of robber tribes, like the Shinwaris, whose profession was murder and plunder, and the Ghilzais, who had thought themselves too strong for any Amir to subdue. The turn of the Hazaras soon came. These were a practically independent people of the Shia persuasion, and of Mongol descent, hereditary foes of the Afghans, inhabiting the difficult, roadless wilderness of mountains that lie between Kabul and Herat. It was imperative that this important country should be subdued and brought under settled government, if the Amir's scheme of a strong and united Afghanistan was to be carried out. This was accomplished after more than one arduous campaign, and at the cost of much bloodshed and human misery. The methods of Abdur Rahman, in dealing both with individuals and with tribes, were not such as would find favour at Exeter Hall; but he had to deal with a fierce and stubborn people, and his great work could be effected by no other means. The methods of Peter the Great were similar, and the precedents he set have often been followed by Russian Generals like Skobelev in their dealings with Central Asian peoples, with far less excuse and for a less exalted purpose than that which moved both the Russian and Afghan monarchs.

When war had ended, and enemies had been killed or banished, the Amir was able to relax the severity of his rule: those members of the ruling family and leading

chiefs who had not been hopelessly compromised were conciliated and allowed to return to Kabul, and they were further bound to the Amir's interests by matrimonial alliances with his family. The reorganisation of the civil and military administration was undertaken; English engineers and artisans were engaged, and workshops and factories were started for the supply and manufacture in Afghanistan of everything which could be required, not only for the simple needs of the people, but for the scientific and industrial development of the country.

First in importance was the manufacture of guns, rifles, and war-material; and the success in this direction has been such that Afghanistan is now able to produce arms of precision and every kind of military stores of a high standard of excellence. A well-appointed mint has been established; electric lighting and telephones have been introduced, and machinery has been imported for printing and many other industries. Considerable progress has been made in the more important branches of civil administration. The law courts have been systematised and made more numerous and accessible; schools are being opened, and examinations are prescribed before appointment to any public office. Even female education is receiving the Amir's attention and support; hospitals have been opened, and the native doctors, or *hakims*, are instructed in the practice of vaccination, which has been explained and recommended to the people in a paper widely distributed. A regular post-office system has been introduced, connecting all the principal towns and districts; and steps have been taken for the purpose of ascertaining and utilising the great and varied mineral wealth of the country. There can be no question that a large part of what has been attempted in the way of industrial development is, at present, in a rudimentary and empirical stage; and it will require continued effort through many years to overcome the native apathy and disinclination for sustained labour of a people whose life has been passed in the open air, whose profession has been that of arms, and whose only means of support are primitive agriculture and the rearing of cattle and sheep. But when allowance is made for exaggeration in the record of achievement, there still remains a residuum of progress in the methods and arts of civilisation, which is

perhaps unprecedented in history, when we remember that it has been accomplished in twenty years by the iron will and restless energy of one man, who succeeded to a country in a state of anarchy and chaos, and that it has been effected in opposition to the traditions, the sentiments, and often the religious prejudices of the people.

While the autobiography of the Amir is generally trustworthy, so far as events within his personal knowledge are concerned, and abounds with shrewd observation and wise reflections on local administration and general policy, there are some inaccuracies, and judgments both hasty and superficial. Two or three of these may be noted by way of illustration. General Sir Peter Lumsden, who was British Commissioner for the demarcation of the North-Western boundary of Afghanistan in the cold season of 1884-85, wrote a letter which appeared in the 'Times' of the 8th December, 1900, justly complaining of the inaccurate account of the conduct of the officers and men under his orders, on the occasion of the Russian attack on Afghan troops at Panjdeh on the 30th March, 1885. But it must in fairness be remembered that on the date of this insolent and unprovoked outrage, the Amir was in Lord Dufferin's camp at Ambala; and the Russian attack was obviously intended to remind both host and guest, at that auspicious moment, that Russia was not to be left out of account. The only details of the circumstances which the Amir received were from his own officers, who, not unnaturally, to save themselves, laid the blame of the disaster on the British, whose presence they imagined was sufficient to save them from attack; while the feeling of exasperation excited in the mind of the Amir was extreme, and even the pacific Mr Gladstone denounced the outrage in Parliament as intolerable. There is no doubt that the hasty retirement of the British from Panjdeh, necessary or not, was most unfortunate, and seriously damaged our prestige in Afghanistan. If the Amir had not thoroughly understood the motives of the jealous outrage and of English forbearance, the result might have been disastrous. It is satisfactory to understand from independent authority that Russia gained nothing except Afghan hatred from her procedure; and that the frontier nomads and the Afghan cultivators are alike well satisfied with the results of the British Boundary

Commission, and consider the loss of Panjdeh far more than compensated for by the acquisition of large tracts of pasture, including the famous slopes of Badghis, which had been closed to them for many years.

While the Amir has a wonderfully clear view of the fundamental sources of British power in her world-wide Empire, and the high spirit of her people, he does not seem to understand how great a force she possesses in the loyalty and martial qualities of the princes and peoples of India. He regarded the rajahs whom he saw in Lord Dufferin's *darbar* as effeminate creatures, dressed like women in diamonds and finery, and sunk in laziness, ignorance, and indulgence. His criticism (vol. ii, pp. 132, 133) is superficial and incorrect. Dress has little to do with bravery; and an Amir of Afghanistan should not require to be reminded that the Sikh rajahs whom he met in *darbar* are the representatives of the men who, dressed as gaily, beat the Afghans, under their best leaders, in many a stubborn fight, and annexed the Afghan provinces of Kashmir and Peshawar to the Punjab. Neither the Sikh chiefs nor their people have deteriorated since those stormy days; and, led by British officers, are inferior to no fighting race in Europe or Asia.

Another mistake, which the Amir's knowledge of Russia should have prevented, is to be found at p. 294, vol. ii, where he commends the Russian policy of allowing natives of Turkestan to rise to high military positions as generals and colonels; while intermarriage and social intercourse between Russians and the natives are much more frequent in Turkestan than with the English and natives of India. The social question we cannot now discuss, and need only observe that the Hindu system of caste, which has even affected Indian Mohammedan custom, absolutely prohibits intimate social relations between the races. The policy of the Government or the inclination of individual Englishmen can influence it in no appreciable degree. But the statement that natives of Turkestan rise to high military rank is incorrect, and the number of those who have even obtained commissions might be counted on the fingers of one hand. The mistake has arisen from the fact that numerous Circassian officers from the Caucasus, who in manners and complexion are more European than the Russians themselves, have risen to responsible positions

in the army. Although Mohammedans by creed, they are of Western origin, and gallant and dashing leaders; and no Russian objects to serve under their command. The natives of Transcaspia are not employed in the regular army either as officers or men; while the whole civil administrative machine, from the Governor-General to the office clerk, is purely Russian. In British India, on the other hand, the administration is mainly carried on by native employees; and the highest offices, up to those of Judges of the Supreme Courts, are open to any Indian whose competence is fairly proved. If India were under Russian Government, every branch of the civil administration would be closed to the natives of the country.

The Amir is a man of strong religious convictions, as is evident from numerous passages of his book, in which he asserts his reliance on divine protection and guidance, and relates instances of supernatural portents and interposition on his behalf. There is no occasion to attach the stigma of superstition to his belief. Every religion based on revelation admits the possibility of divine interference in mundane affairs; and although the agnostic tendency of Western thought relegates such action to the region of the mythical, the faith of Islam is still a robust and living force. It is an undoubted advantage for a despotic ruler to be sustained by a conviction of the divine sanction of his authority, and it is still more profitable if he can persuade his subjects to the same effect. It is not easy to ascertain how far the Amir has succeeded in obtaining the support of the *mullahs*, the priestly class and the most influential. The most fanatical and irreconcilable have been removed in the ordinary Afghan fashion, but the remainder exercise great authority over the ignorant population; and the claim of the Amir to be the real and active head of the Church cannot be other than distasteful to them. His religious activity is quite as extraordinary as his administrative, and he has issued several learned tracts on doctrinal subjects. That on *Jihād*, or religious war against the infidels, written in a very difficult style, is somewhat disconcerting to English students, who do not understand the character or the motives of the author. The secret meaning of this somewhat inflammatory treatise is that the Amir realises the impossibility of retaining his hold on the fanatical Afghans without persuading them

that he is a *Ghâzi* or champion of Islam, more devoted to the faith than the religious leaders themselves, and a greater master of dogmatic theology. There are none of the ignorant *mullahs* of Afghanistan who could have compiled this abstruse and argumentative work, and very few who can understand it. The British Government may be assured that it is not directed against them. Fortified by this public profession of militant orthodoxy, the Amir has been able to reorganise the whole ecclesiastical system of the country as a Department of the State, very much after the manner of Henry VIII of England also a Defender of the Faith, and for very similar reasons. He has confiscated all the lands, property, and religious endowments of the *mullahs*, and has made them all—*Kâzis*, *Imâms*, and *Muftis*—servants of the State, drawing fixed salaries and appointed only after passing a prescribed examination. To those who know Afghanistan and the character of the *mullahs*, this reform is perhaps the most remarkable of all that the Amir has effected.

The religious fervour of the Amir is by no means satisfied by the organisation of Islam in his own country. He looks forward with hope to a time when the Mohammedan Powers—Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan—may unite in defensive alliance against the unceasing encroachments of Russia ; and his observations on the policy of Russia and Great Britain towards Islamic Powers in Asia are well worthy of consideration by English statesmen. It is probable that the time has past for any such Mohammedan revival, but if it is to be accomplished it must be with the active sympathy of England. The Queen-Empress of India rules over a far larger Mohammedan population than the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, or the Amir of Afghanistan. Under her beneficent sway, they possess the fullest and most complete religious and political freedom ; and this is so sincerely acknowledged by all their leaders that any argument as to the legality of *Jihâd* directed against the British Government has been unanimously rejected. But nothing would more strengthen the position of England in the East than the exhibition of a more practical sympathy with Mohammedan States beyond the borders of India.

The maintenance of Turkey against foreign aggression was the traditional, fixed, and settled policy of England,

for which much English blood was shed and many millions spent. In obedience to a political weariness of vain expostulation and an unworthy deference to a popular sentiment which had its birth in the Crusades, and still has periods of mischievous revival, that wholesome policy, essential to the security of England in Asia, was abandoned; and the fruits of our exertions are being reaped, in Turkey as in China, by Germany, which, in diplomacy as in commerce, is pushing aside our sleepy and complacent representatives. And yet it is difficult to understand why the English people, whose Mohammedan fellow-subjects number fifty millions, should seem, outside India, to entertain such unfriendly sentiments towards the creed of Islam. The recent outbreaks of fanatical fury against the Armenians have justly exposed the Government of the Sultan to the severest censure; but it is puerile to assert that they should have influenced a policy with which the most vital interests of England are concerned. Such mistaken religious fanaticism is not confined to Islam. The cold savagery of the Russian persecution of the Jews is a far greater outrage on civilisation than the massacre of Armenians by the barbarous levies of Kurdistan; and the recent conduct of the allied troops in China makes it difficult for Europe to accuse any Oriental power of barbarism. It is not too much to hope that England may yet take her appointed place at the head of the Mohammedan world, and direct its new-born activity and fervour into the path of reform, prosperity, and peace.

The question of the appointment of a representative of the Amir at the Court of St James's is one to which he attaches great importance, not only as affecting his personal dignity, but as giving him an assurance that the relations between Great Britain and Afghanistan will be considered from the standpoint of imperial and international policy, and not from the local Indian point of view, which cannot fail to be sometimes distorted by local prejudice. The application was refused when it was put forward by Prince Nasrullah Khan; but this young man was not a very competent advocate; and it is possible that, if Abdur Rahman had been able to visit England, as he desired and intended, a different reply would have been given. There are many strong arguments in favour of such an appointment. The first and most obvious,

though not the most weighty one, is the procedure adopted in Persia, the diplomatic arrangements with which country were under the Government of India until the time arrived when Persian politics became less of Asiatic than of European interest, and the Teheran Legation was taken under the direct control of the British Foreign Office. It may be contended that Afghanistan is of more direct importance to England than is Persia, and its sovereign is both more powerful and more independent; while the Afghan people are soldiers to a man, accustomed to arms and most formidable enemies in a mountainous country. There are, it is true, in Persia, several bold and warlike tribes who would make splendid soldiers under favourable conditions; but they are unfriendly to the Government of the Shah, and are not, like the fighting tribes of Afghanistan, incorporated with the military system of the State.

The questions regarding Afghanistan demanding the decision of the Government of India have become far less numerous and important since the treaty negotiated by Sir Mortimer Durand has, once for all, determined the boundary between Afghanistan and India. There naturally remain many minor questions of frontier administration which will require local treatment and decision, either by the Supreme or the Punjab Government; but the situation has been so materially altered and improved by the delimitation of the frontier that the objection to the residence of a representative of the Amir in London has, from the standpoint of the India Office, almost disappeared. His envoy would remain as before at Calcutta and Simla, and the official at the Court of St James's would only represent directly to the Indian or Foreign Secretary, as might be determined, those matters of international concern which a prince of the ability and importance of the Amir might desire to lay before Her Majesty's Government. Reciprocity would of course be insisted on, and the residence of an English officer as British representative at Kabul would follow, whenever both Governments should consider it desirable and safe. Other objections have been stated and refuted by the Amir. No demand could possibly be made by Russia for an Afghan representative at St Petersburg, seeing that England might as reasonably claim a representative of the Amir of Bokhara in London.

Abdur Rahman fully and freely admits his obligation to have no relations with any foreign Power but Great Britain, and expresses himself anxious to maintain this seclusion, while we have pledged ourselves to defend his territories against foreign aggression.

The installation of the Afghan Legation in London would notify to Europe the conclusion of a lasting alliance between the two countries, founded on mutual confidence. It is not likely that an Afghan Legation would add materially to the work of the Foreign Office; but no one who has much experience of the working of this great department can doubt that some of the reforming zeal which we hope to see directed to the improvement of the War Office might profitably be expended on the problem of reorganising the Foreign Office, so as to enable it adequately to face and solve the problems which the twentieth century will assuredly offer. As has been before remarked, the dominating factor of the coming age is Asia. In a few years Africa, which has filled so much space in recent history, will probably retire to the second place. But in Asia the destiny of the British Empire will be at stake; and it is there that we shall have to prove whether our foresight, energy, and manhood are equal to those of our forefathers who built up our Eastern Empire. The growing power of Japan; the resurrection or the final decomposition of China; the independence or the subjection of Persia; the entry of Afghanistan into the community of civilised and powerful States—these are the questions of the future; and the Sphinx who propounds them will devour those who are unable to answer. Does any instructed Englishman, whatever his political faith may be, consider that the Foreign Office is competent, as at present constituted, for the task? Let the diplomatic history of China or Persia give the reply.

The truth is that the Foreign Office remains unchanged, while the world has been moving onwards and the political centre of gravity has shifted. Under the wise control of Lord Salisbury, who justly holds the first place among the statesmen of Europe, the Foreign Office has conducted the relations of Great Britain with European Powers with discretion and success; but its machinery is not adjusted to perform the new and strange duties which belong to Oriental diplomacy. The ministers and secretaries who

are competent officials in Vienna or Rome are lost among the tortuous political pathways of Bangkok, Teheran, and Peking. Never shall we hold our own in Asia until an Asiatic Department is formed, under the charge of an experienced minister of Cabinet rank, with an independent diplomatic staff, trained in the methods, and speaking fluently the languages, of the East. Then an Afghan Legation would be not only welcomed in London but considered as an imperial necessity; the apathy, ignorance, and vacillation born of ignorance, which now overshadow our whole Eastern policy, would disappear; Japan and Afghanistan would be acknowledged as allies to be bound to us with links of steel; and the independence of Persia might still be secured.

Before closing this article a few words may be said on some other works specially connected with the Amir, his character, and his administration. Neither the public nor the critics are willing to accept, without some independent corroboration, the naturally favourable account of his own achievements given by any person, however distinguished. Of the industrial and administrative improvement at Kabul we have sufficient testimony; but very few Englishmen have had the opportunity of visiting the more distant parts of the country. The book of Colonel Charles Yate on Khurasan and Sistan is consequently welcome, for although it is principally concerned with Persia, where for some time Colonel Yate was Consul-General at Meshed, yet he travelled to his post from India by Kandahar and Herat, and was astonished at the improvement effected in the eight years which had elapsed since he had passed over the same route with the Boundary Commission in 1884. Kandahar had been improved in many ways; roads had been laid out and avenues planted; while the change in Herat was more noticeable still.

'In 1885,' he writes, 'the greater part of the houses in the city were uninhabited and mostly in ruins; while, as to citizens, scarcely a soul was to be seen, and had it not been for the garrison the place would have been like a city of the dead. In 1893 I found it much more flourishing and vastly improved in every way. The houses formerly in ruins had been rebuilt, and there was said to be a civil population of some three thousand families, in addition to the troops resi-

dent in the town, while the cultivation and population in the valley outside appeared to have also considerably increased.'

This account is proof of good government; and, in the eight years which have since passed, the improvement is likely to have been considerable. Colonel Yate, who had ample opportunities of talking with Afghan officers and men, is of opinion that the Afghan army is imbued with a feeling friendly to the British, and that this feeling is gaining ground more and more every year, not only in the army, but amongst the people of the country generally. The soldiers were anxious to avenge their defeat at Panjdeh on the Russians. They expressed their reliance on British aid in what they considered to be the coming struggle, and said they were confident of victory. The Amir in his autobiography expresses the same confidence; and it is not likely that in his lifetime, at all events, there will be either a Russian railway station or a Russian garrison in the city of Herat.

Mr Bruce's book on 'The Forward Policy' is mainly autobiographical. It is a detailed and interesting account of his 'thirty-five years' work amongst the tribes on our North-Western frontier of India,' from 1862 to 1898; but it must be confessed that it adds little of importance to what has already been told in the memoir of Sir R. Sandeman and elsewhere. Mr Bruce has little to say about the Amir, except in relation to certain disturbances among the Waziris and other tribes in 1892, supposed to have been caused by agents from Kabul. But Mr Bruce does not attempt to prove that these envoys acted under a commission from the Amir; and, after all, if their action is in any way to be laid at his door, it is not surprising that he should have tried to score a point in view of the approaching delimitation of his frontier, a delimitation in which he naturally wished to lose as little power as possible over tribes which had once owned allegiance to his ancestors.

The only other book requiring mention is a tale of the Hazâra War by Miss Lillias Hamilton, who was for some years court physician to the Amir, and who had unusual opportunities of studying the life and characteristics of the people. Her novel, 'A Vizier's Daughter,' is written with both force and charm, and gives an excellent account

of domestic life both in the wild Hazâra hills and in Kabul, where, in spite of material progress, life seems anything but happy, in an atmosphere of anxiety and suspicion. The machinery of civilisation cannot be started without a good deal of dust and heat and noise.

In conclusion, we would recommend the fascinating autobiography of the Amir to the attention of the Shah of Persia and his astute and accomplished Prime Minister, the Sadr Azam, Ali Asghar Khan. It is well that both sovereign and minister should know what the Amir of Afghanistan thinks of Russian ambition, policy, and methods, and compare his experience with their own. They would perhaps remark that it gives them no pleasure to figure as the example for all Moslem princes of the danger of not resisting Russian advances; and that if England had only assisted them, as she could have done without risk, by setting their finances in order and granting them a loan on undoubted security, the Russians would not now be increasing the number of their officers at Teheran and taking the revenues under foreign control. And they would speak the truth. The only compensation for the apathy and timidity of the Foreign Office in Persia is found in the fact that every fresh Russian encroachment on Persia strengthens the resolve of the Amir of Afghanistan to resist to the death their entry, under any pretext, into his dominions, relying, in the first place, on the courage and trained strength of his people, and secondly, on the solemnly recorded promise of the British Government to protect him against foreign aggression, a promise which cannot be cancelled or evaded by England without disaster and dishonour.

Art. VIII.—ARMY REFORM.

1. *The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa.* Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low, 1900.
2. *The South African War.* By Major S. L. Norris. London: John Murray, 1900.
3. *The War Office, the Army, and the Empire.* By H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. London: Cassell, 1900.
4. *An Absent-Minded War.* By a British Officer. London: John Milne, 1900.
5. *Fifteen Years of 'Army Reform.'* By an Officer. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1884 (new ed. 1898).
6. *Army Reorganisation.* Reprinted from 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1900.

(1.) *Military Defects.*

THE South African War has given cause for grave reflections. On the one hand, the amazing lack of political and military foresight displayed is calculated to arouse gloomy forebodings as to the future of an Empire whose statesmen proved thus deficient at a critical time; on the other hand, a military system, built up in thirty years of constant change and unceasing controversy, has plainly shown itself to be organically unsuited to the requirements of war.

The campaign in South Africa succeeded a period during which contests with semi-civilised or savage peoples were frequent. The Algerian and Mexican experiences of the French army prior to 1870 found a parallel in our many small wars, and the results were similar. Military reputations were too easily won; the higher study of war was neglected; generalship was not severely tested; nor was organisation, in the modern sense, demanded. War of this description came to be regarded by the British officer as a specially exciting form of sport, which entailed no intellectual preparation, and which was eagerly sought after because it held out the sure promise of decorations and rapid promotion. Minor failures were not closely regarded, or were quickly obscured by ultimate success; and the nation, accustomed to offensive warfare, came to believe that our army was organised on this basis. Meanwhile estimates grew, and the numerical statements of armed strength with which they were accompanied appeared unreasonably large in the eyes of some economists.

Many circumstances thus combined to promote illusions which the South African War has rudely dispelled. In one respect the situation in 1899 strikingly resembled that of 1854. The nature and extent of the military requirements were in both cases lamentably underestimated.

'The fact must not be concealed,' wrote Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle (August 3rd, 1854), 'that neither the English nor the French Admirals have been able to obtain any intelligence on which they can rely with respect to the army which the Russians may destine for operations in the field, or to the number of men allotted for the defence of Sebastopol; and Marshal St Arnaud and myself are equally deficient in information upon these all-important questions.'

Since that time, Intelligence Departments have been invented; and accurate estimates of the fighting strength and the armaments of the Boers were obtained. The War Office, however, unlike the institutions which administer all effective armies, maintains no branch charged with the duty of studying the requirements of probable wars; and officials immersed in details cannot be expected to advise the Cabinet in matters of vital importance. If the growing armaments of the Boers conveyed no warning, it was at least necessary to contemplate war from the moment when the petition of the Uitlanders was received. Months later the War Office had not even discovered that mounted troops would be a most essential requirement. At a critical period, therefore, the Cabinet was without competent military advice; and for this grave defect, entailing the most serious consequences, the faulty constitution of the War Office is directly responsible. Matters having drifted into a dangerous position, and Natal being evidently menaced with invasion, it was tardily decided to send about 10,000 troops to South Africa. This reinforcement was clearly insufficient; but out of a nominal total of about 109,000 troops in the United Kingdom, only a weak infantry battalion, and three field batteries, made up to strength by a wholesale drafting of men and horses, could be provided. The military system thus proved incapable of fulfilling the requirement most certain to arise in such a crisis; and it became evident that our organisation was not designed for offensive war.

Two days before the issue of the Boer ultimatum, the

mobilisation of an army corps, a cavalry division, and some additional infantry battalions for the lines of communication—in all about 48,000 men—was authorised. On July 15th, 1870, four days before the delivery of the declaration of war at Berlin, the French mobilisation began; that of Germany was decreed on the night of July 16th; and on August 4th, the third German army and the first French corps were in conflict at Weissenburg. To such a case the modern system of military organisation, which we have parodied, was eminently adapted. Neither combatant could steal any material advantage in time from the other; assuming equal efficiency in the prearrangements, they would meet on equal terms. The small British force which began to prepare for war on October 7th, 1899, had to traverse 6000 miles of sea and long stretches of railway before it could be in presence of the enemy. That enemy was already concentrated on the frontier of Natal; but the first ship carrying troops of the British army corps did not reach Table Bay till November 9th. For a month and a half after the outbreak of war, therefore, a most dangerous situation existed. Natal was barely saved by the Indian contingent from being overrun; but there was nothing to prevent 10,000 Boers from sweeping down into Cape Colony, raising a great part of the Dutch population, and breaking the important lines of railway. A more enterprising and better-prepared enemy would have taken this course, by which our position would have been compromised, perhaps irretrievably. No more striking proof of the unsuitability of our military system to the needs of this nation can well be conceived. It had been assumed that an organisation which corresponded to the requirements of Continental Powers would satisfy the widely different conditions of the British Empire. The result was that South Africa was nearly lost.

The foreign term 'mobilisation,' naturalised in this country since 1870, implies the filling-up of the peace cadres of a modern army by recalling to the colours the men on furlough, the completion of the war equipment and of the transport of the various units from the depots, and the grouping of units into large bodies. Where, as in Germany, a real territorial system exists, the machinery in each military district supplies an army corps complete

in every detail and provided with a trained staff. The grouping of army-corps into armies depends upon the nature of the contemplated campaign. The one operation is practically automatic; the other varies with the circumstances.

'The means of mobilising the North-German army,' writes von Moltke, 'had been reviewed year by year, in view of any changes in the military or political situation, by the Staff, in conjunction with the Ministry of War. Every branch of the administration throughout the country had been kept informed of all it ought to know of these matters.'

Every detail connected with the movement of the German army to the frontier had also been carefully worked out by the great general staff; and, in fifteen days, 370,000 men, ready for offensive war, were concentrated in the Palatinate. This triumph of organising power, which astonished Europe, was no work of transcendent genius, but simply the result of infinite care and forethought spread over many years and never relaxed. Business methods, earnestly applied to the initial requirements of war by an eminently business-like people, achieved a great success, which would undoubtedly be surpassed and overshadowed if the German army were mobilised to-day. In this country, where the territorial arrangements apply to little more than recruiting, mobilisation is less simple; but, on the other hand, the scale is very small, and the work of drawing up the necessary tables detailing the units and apportioning their equipments is within the powers of officers of moderate capacity.

Some special preparations for the mobilisation of the expeditionary force had been made before the actual order was issued; and this small force was duly equipped according to regulation; but except at Aldershot there was no considerable grouping. The various items were delivered at the assigned places of embarkation, whence they passed into the charge of the transport department of the Admiralty, by which all the shipping arrangements were made. It is impossible to regard this as a great feat on the part of the War Office; and the self-congratulation of which there have been many symptoms is inexplicable. The task was accomplished in favourable conditions, and failure would have been most discreditable. Mobilisation

proper was afterwards extended to an additional cavalry brigade and four infantry divisions, of which the last was ordered to prepare to take the field on January 22nd. Thus the entire process was spread over more than three and a half months—a performance so leisurely as to eliminate all difficulties.

The composition of the units thus constituted left much to be desired. Mr. Arnold-Forster has pointed out* that ten battalions despatched from Aldershot could produce only 4915 men fit for active service, and required 5850 men from the so-called Reserve to make up their war strength. In the case of one battalion, only 375 men, including the whole of the non-commissioned officers, pioneers, and drums, proved to be available, and 705 men were brought up from furlough to supply the deficiency. The cavalry and artillery were in the same condition, and one battery required 101 reservists to supply its needs. Of the nominal effectives with the colours, not one half were fit to take the field, although the situation in October 1899 was exceptionally favourable, since 5000 reservists had been called up the previous year under special arrangement. Many of the men who were sent to the front were only on the verge of physical fitness, and some of the reservists had received no training for several years. Thus, as critics had foretold, the composition of the military units was far from satisfactory; and the so-called reserve was largely diverted from its proper rôle and expended in replacing ineffective boys maintained at great expense and figuring as soldiers in army estimates.

Even so, another force was required to make good deficiencies. By the simple device of paying a retaining fee to about 30,000 militiamen in return for liability to service in the regular army, a body falsely entitled the 'militia reserve' had been created. By calling up these men the difficulties of the War Office were mitigated, with the result of disorganising the Militia. As the Militia had been neglected by the authorities for years, heavily handicapped by the growing attractions of the more and more subsidised Volunteers, and depleted by the efforts made to draw its recruits into the army, this old constitutional force was in a state of partial decay. It never approxi-

* 'National Review,' March 1900.

mated to establishment strength in men or in officers*; its training was indifferent; and now, when an exacting war had broken out, it was called upon to give a large number of men *en masse* to the army. In spite of its many drawbacks, the Militia alone, of the 360,000 men composing the auxiliary forces, could offer organised units for service in the field.

Nor was this all. Existing forces proving insufficient for the purposes of an 'inevitable' war for which 30,000 men had been considered ample in the spring of 1899, improvisation on a large scale had to be brought into play. Imperial Yeomanry to the numbers of about 10,000 were raised, mainly by the efforts of individuals, formed into companies, hurriedly drilled, and sent to South Africa. The Lord Mayor of London gave his influence to the formation of a body of 'City Imperial Volunteers,' obtained by skimming a number of corps, and other volunteers were hastily collected and formed into companies to reinforce their territorial regiments in the field. In the words of the excellent '"Times" History,' the war 'brought out many of the nation's best qualities, its patriotism, its fortitude, its steadfastness.' Men in considerable numbers were willing and eager to undergo the hardships of an arduous campaign; but almost everything that is implied in organisation and preparation for war had to be improvised after hostilities had begun 7000 miles away. Most fortunately the Boers possessed only the rudiments of an organisation, little cohesion, and no power of executing strategic movements on a large scale, while after the first two months they were in great numerical inferiority. Time was on our side; and, as Colonel Mackinnon, commanding the City Imperial Volunteers, has pointed out,† 'The majority of us had no less than two months on the lines of communication to learn those special duties which pertain to service at the front.' This time for quiet work was not permitted to Gambetta's levies by the Germans in 1870-71.

Another great advantage proved to be on the side of the War Office. As soon as it was realised that the

* 'The Militia,' said the Secretary of State for War on February 20th, 'is below its establishment, and nobody regrets it more than I do; but it has been more or less below its establishment for many years past.'

† Mansion House, November 9th, 1900.

requirements of the campaign had been most dangerously underestimated, the deep-rooted patriotism of the Colonies took practical form. Equipped bodies of troops were spontaneously offered, and about 14,000 men from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have been despatched to South Africa under local arrangements. Admirable fighting material was thus placed at the disposal of the commanders in Africa; and for the special conditions of the campaign some of these colonial troops were better suited than regulars more rigidly trained and less accustomed to the life of the field. India and some Crown colonies contributed volunteers. The native princes of our great dependency pressed the employment of Imperial Service troops; but, probably out of regard to the susceptibilities of the European Powers, it was decided not to accept their co-operation. This decision is open to dispute. It is not desirable that the native armies of India should be led to think that they are not an integral part of the Imperial military system, and that their employment in the field is to be limited to special circumstances. When Lord Beaconsfield brought native regiments to the Mediterranean in 1878, a plain intimation was conveyed to the world that Her Majesty's troops were held available for any national emergency irrespective of colour; and this principle must be upheld. The Cossacks, whom Russia has employed in European conflicts and would employ again, are a less disciplined body than our Sikhs and Ghoorkas; and the possession of a dark skin does not imply disregard of the usages of civilised war. A nation is entitled in self-defence to make use of all its military resources, undertaking full responsibility that the laws of war are not violated. The Algerian troops of France had, however, incurred opprobrium in 1870; and European Powers not maintaining regular native forces might be expected to resent their employment. This consideration may have weighed with the British Government, and at an early stage Mr Balfour announced in the House of Commons that the native army of India would not take part in a campaign of which the magnitude had not then been officially recognised. That army, therefore, could only supply horses, and bearers who, during the heavy fighting in Natal, showed their accustomed devotion. In addition, India supplied clothing, boots, saddlery, and large stores of many kinds.

The local military organisation of Cape Colony was behind that of the other great self-governing colonies; but large numbers of able-bodied men were available for the formation of improvised bodies, and the colonial forces raised in South Africa have amounted in all to about 34,000 men. Habits of discipline cannot, however, be instantly implanted; and the time required for the process varies with the characteristics of different communities. While, therefore, the South African irregulars and especially the local forces of Natal have rendered valuable services, there have been among the Cape Colony volunteers occasional symptoms of a want of the most essential quality of military bodies. Improvisation, in military as in other matters, has necessarily its weak side; and one of the great lessons of the Franco-German War has been powerfully reaffirmed by our experience in South Africa.

Having failed to provide an army organised and trained for war, having neglected to make timely preparations, and having entirely mistaken the requirements of an 'inevitable' campaign, the War Office nevertheless reaped the benefit of two inestimable advantages—time, and the inherent fighting instinct of the British people.

The strength of the Boers was at first much underrated. 'We have found,' said Lord Wolseley, 'that the enemy . . . are much more powerful and numerous than we anticipated.' Subsequently there has been a tendency to over-estimate the military capacity of the Boers, who are but loosely organised peasants, well armed, indeed, though not specially proficient in the use of the rifle and signally deficient as artillerymen, extremely mobile in a limited sense, and possessing an intimate knowledge of the marked peculiarities of their country. Their forces, states a personal observer in strong sympathy with them, 'had no discipline, no drills, no standards, and not even a roll-call. It was an enlarged edition of the hunting parties which a quarter of a century ago went into the Zoutpansberg in search of game.'* The Boer, once in the field, 'became his own master. . . . There were hundreds of men in the Natal laagers who never fired a shot in the first months of the war.'† The Boers have doubtless learned much in the rough school of war, but

* 'With the Boer Forces.' H. C. Hillegas.

† *Ibid.*

even at the period of our greatest reverses their many disabilities were apparent, and of generalship of a high order they have shown no signs. If to their advantages of mobility and knowledge of the country the Boers had united a discipline and training equal to that of the Swiss National Militia, if they had been able to make effective use of their considerable modern artillery, and if they had been efficiently commanded, our difficulties would have been enormously increased. As it was, they gave us time to repair our initial errors; and, in the circumstances, 'our very blunders may have been fortunate.'*

In the second place, to supplement deficiency in trained soldiers, the patriotism and the natural military capacity of the British people came to the aid of the tardily awakened authorities. The so-called Militia Reserve was bound to obey a call to the colours; but the Militia as a whole could be utilised in a campaign over-sea only if it volunteered. To its honour, the Militia proved willing and eager for service; and thirty battalions (about 20,000 men) were despatched to South Africa, while six battalions (about 4000 men) were sent elsewhere to relieve regular troops urgently required. The Colonies provided about 48,000 men in all, partly organised in varying degrees and partly raw material. The Yeomanry, Volunteers, and the civil population at home supplied about 20,000 men, generally speaking of excellent stamp, but requiring to be hastily formed into military units and in some cases destitute of all previous training. Thus no less than 92,000 men were forthcoming who were not included in any scheme for meeting the requirements of an offensive war, in addition to more than 9000 regular troops from India and from colonial garrisons, who would not have been available in less favourable circumstances. Out of the total force thus provided, more than 70,000—Militia and irregular bodies improvised at home and in South Africa—had no regular field equipment or transport.

Down to May 31st, 1900, no less than 204,000 men had been landed in South Africa; and no other Power could have accomplished this great task with its own resources. The transport department of the Admiralty discharged its difficult duties with conspicuous success, and the vast

* 'The "Times" History.'

reserve of maritime strength at the disposal of the Empire was quickly brought to bear upon the needs of war. The floodgates of expenditure being flung wide open, and red-tape routine having for the time been abandoned in favour of direct methods, the War Office, with unlimited purchasing power and immense manufacturing resources at its disposal, was able to supply the large force in the field, to make good deficiencies of equipment, and even to replenish the dangerously inadequate stores of ammunition. This achievement was due to the energy of individuals, not to the system, which was thrown overboard. There was necessarily wholesale waste, and the urgency of the demand caused an inflation of prices. Mules for which the owner received £6 cost the country £21, and the contracts for the hire of shipping were in some cases exorbitant. A more striking contrast than that presented by the German mobilisation in July 1870 and our frantic and costly efforts cannot be imagined. In the one case, every requirement had been foreseen, and a smooth and orderly transition from peace to war conditions resulted; in the other case, extraordinary measures superseded system, and vital preparations remained to be made in hot haste after war had commenced. We may esteem ourselves extremely fortunate that our opponents were Boers.

As soon as the last regular and irregular unit had embarked, and the supply of drafts to make good the heavy casualties in South Africa became the main demand upon our *personnel*, it was discovered that no organised field force remained in the country; and symptoms of panic were manifested. The wave of popular enthusiasm had swept in a large number of young recruits who might—in time—develop into trained and effective soldiers.* Barracks were thus full.

‘It is asked,’ said the Secretary of State for War,† ‘why is it, if you have so many Regulars at home, that you are obliged to fall back on the Militia, and send out Militia battalions to South Africa? I think the answer is obvious. These men—they number 92,000—are, of course, in no sense a field army; they include a large number of young soldiers, men who have not yet reached the age of twenty, and who are therefore not fit to send out of the country on foreign service.’

* In 1899 the Army obtained 42,700, and the Militia 40,600 recruits,

† House of Lords, May 25th, 1900.

This frank statement of fact was not calculated to allay anxiety. The 92,000 men were not organised in any sense; but were for the most part youths undergoing elementary training. From them drafts for South Africa were made up, and it has proved necessary to send out lads under twenty who had never fired a rifle. In addition, there remained at home sixty-eight battalions of Militia under strength, indifferently trained, without transport, and unprovided with field artillery. Finally, there was an unorganised mass of about 230,000 Volunteers and Yeomanry, totally unfitted to undertake field operations. In all, there remained in the United Kingdom 409,000 nominal effectives of various designations;* but there was no field force, and for months none could be created. It had been popularly supposed that the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers were specially maintained for what has been called 'home defence,' in the absence of regular troops. This condition had now presented itself, and it was tardily recognised that an aggregate of battalions provided with rifles and uniforms does not necessarily make an army.

Spurred by public opinion, the Government at length took measures which were severely criticised. Having sixty-eight Militia battalions available as a nucleus, it was evidently desirable to fill them up to full strength of officers and men, to group them in brigades, and to put them through a course of field training. Instead, it was decided to improvise a new force by forming cavalry regiments and infantry battalions of soldiers who had completed their period of army engagement, and were to be induced by a bounty of £21 to serve for one year only in this country. Officers were to be provided from the reserve and retired lists. A more costly and more ineffective measure could not have been devised. The emergency units could barely be made effective, as units only, before they were doomed to disappear; and they could not supply the field force which was required. At the same time, a portion of the Volunteer force was bribed to undergo a short period of training with a view to qualify them-

* In addition there must have been at least 400,000 men in the country who had served in one or other of our numerous military forces, and were physically fit for service.

selves for the duties which for thirty years they have been supposed to be ready to perform.

'The amount of extra money expended this year on the training of the Volunteers,' says the able author of 'Army Reorganisation,' 'may be estimated at from two to three millions, while the increase in numbers on the establishment [due to the increase of doles] which has been permitted is so great that the cost in future to the country will far exceed the value of their services as a purely Volunteer force.'

The emergency measures of the Government added little to the fighting strength of the nation, and it is not even clear that they were seriously intended. On February 12th, Mr Wyndham stated that these measures had been devised 'for placing home defence on a satisfactory basis.' On the very next day, however, he made the following remarkable concession to his critics :—

'I am ready to whittle down with the best whittlers. I will put it as low as this. I do not look upon this as a defence against attack. I regard it as an assurance against the fear which might spring from a threat. That is putting it low enough.'

Lord Wolseley has remarked that 'we are fond of shams in this country'; but the truth of this saying has never found a more cynical exponent than Mr Wyndham. In addition to the emergency 'expedients' announced in the House of Commons on February 12th, a large permanent increase to the regular army, including twelve battalions and forty-three batteries, was promised. The principles on which this increase was based were not made clear, and several years must elapse before a material addition of real fighting strength can be attained. Lastly, it was decided to increase the pay of, and to provide regimental transport for the Militia, both these steps being in the right direction.

A broad review of the war and its lessons leads inevitably to the following conclusions. The Cabinet, being without reasoned advice in matters of military policy, had to fall back upon the hurried surmises of individuals who had never studied the requirements of a war with the South African Republics. For this fatal defect the constitution of the War Office, which does not provide for the

study of such questions, is directly responsible. We had an Intelligence Department which carefully noted the great military preparations of the Boers subsequent to the Raid; but it was no one's business to study the requirements of 'inevitable' wars or to tender reasoned military advice to the Cabinet. The system provided no force ready for embarkation, and the want was inadequately met by a demand upon India and the colonial garrisons, and by a misuse of the Royal Navy. The mobilisation proceeded without difficulty, as was to be expected; but the inherent defects in our military system became at once apparent, and large numbers of nominally effective soldiers proved unfit for a campaign. This entailed the depletion of the so-called reserves, and the disorganisation of the Militia. As soon as the effective portion of the regular army had been embarked, it became apparent that the forces popularly supposed to be maintained for home defence were not equipped or organised for the purpose; and further improvisation, costly and ineffective, was hastily adopted. Lastly, the course of the campaign quickly proved that the Army had not been trained for war; that some of the commands had been unwisely bestowed; and that the huge extemporised staff was in some cases ill-qualified for the discharge of its duties. Here were many of the elements which in less favourable conditions would have caused national disaster. The disabilities of the enemy and the inherent fighting qualities and natural adaptability of the British race enabled the situation to be saved.

(2.) *The Causes.*

The causes which have produced a military system permeated by gross defects, now nakedly exposed to the gaze of the world, admit of easy discrimination. In the first place, as the late Commander-in-Chief and the late Adjutant-General have publicly intimated, no real attempt has ever been made to define the military requirements of the nation, and to build up an organisation fulfilling those requirements. For thirty years the Army has been subjected to a process of tinkering which has destroyed all confidence in its central administration. 'The House of Commons,' writes Mr Arnold-Forster, 'has never refused to grant any sum of money for the services of the Army

which has been asked for by a responsible Minister and declared to be for the good of the service.' This is strictly true; but as there has never been any basis of principle in our organisation to which successive changes could be referred, those changes have been capricious and sometimes reactionary. Upon advice the source of which could not be avowed in the House of Commons, but which was warmly repudiated by the then Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the late Mr Stanhope reduced the artillery. Within a few years it became evident that we were dangerously deficient in this essential arm of modern war; and in February last an addition of forty-three batteries was proposed, and is now being carried out. Similarly, the House of Commons has at various times acquiesced in increases of which the reasons were never explained. If this loose procedure is compared with the luminous and logical statements by which the recent additions to the German navy were supported, the difference between muddling and statesmanship becomes painfully apparent. We have, as a first step in real army reform, to get back to the bed-rock of great principles.

The small band of reformers who advised Mr Cardwell was too completely dazzled by the successes of Prussia in 1866 and 1870 to be capable of discriminating between British and Continental conditions. The German system was thus unintelligently planted in a soil lacking the ingredient—universal service—which was vitally necessary to its healthy growth. Two fundamental differences divided British from German military conditions. In the first place, the needs of our Empire demanded that one half of the regular Army should be always abroad and on a war footing. In the second place, the exigencies of voluntary recruiting brought into the ranks boys of seventeen or less with a low standard of physique, while universal service gave over to the drill-master, at the age of twenty, and at a fixed date every year, the best manhood of the nation. These all-important considerations appear to have escaped the notice of Mr Cardwell's advisers; and, in the violent controversy as to the respective merits of long and short service which raged after 1870, they were not always brought into sufficient prominence. The period of colour-service adopted

was long, measured by Continental standards, and it was not even a novelty. Enlistments for seven years had been tried in 1806, for ten years in 1847, and for two years in 1854; but when three years might have to be deducted from the period of effective service in order to allow the boy to grow into a soldier, it is evident that the essential conditions of an army, of which one half was required to serve abroad, could not be satisfactorily fulfilled. It would be unjust not to admit that some of the minor changes inaugurated by Mr Cardwell were beneficial, or that a portion of the outcry against those changes may be traced to the prejudices which exist in armies as in other corporate bodies. The fact remains, that the so-called Cardwell system was radically defective in principle, and that its framers, blinded by the fascinations of German methods, had neglected to study British requirements.

Mr Kinglake, the most scathing critic of the Departments which mal-administered the Army in 1854, freely admitted that 'they had yet upheld in full vigour our famous time-honoured "regiments," with the glory of the great days yet clinging to their names, their traditions, their colours.' The regiments that fought at Alma and at Inkerman were composed of grown men, and were, as regiments, superb. The new school, which began to acquire power in 1870, was not in touch with the regimental system of the Army, and, as soon as it had gained sufficient strength, it proceeded to undermine that system. Its schemes having at length given rise to wide-spread and well-founded dissatisfaction, a strong committee on Army organisation, presided over by Lord Airey, was appointed in 1879, which recorded evidence of the utmost importance. The dangerous deterioration of the physique of the Army was clearly proved. Some regiments sent to the Zulu War were shown to be quite unfit to undergo the stress of a campaign, even after discarding hundreds of their young recruits. The opinion of the Indian military authorities, supported by statistics, strongly condemned the organisation; and a Minute of Council of May 27th, 1879, recorded the fact that—

'The state of the 2nd battalion 6th Regiment, which has just landed in India almost bare of qualified non-commissioned

officers—a state which arises entirely from the present system of engagements, and is inseparable from it—is in itself sufficient to condemn that system as applied to India.’

The monstrous wastage entailed by the system was shown in a return of January 13th, 1880, by the Adjutant-General, which proved that 26,857 men disappeared before completing their third year of service, after costing the country more than a million and a half. This wastage has since increased. Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons* has stated that thirty per cent. of recruits never complete their fourth year of service, and he adds: ‘There can be little doubt’ that within a period of ten years ‘nearly 150,000 men have gone back to civil life, exclusive of those who have gone to the reserve.’ In other words this great number of men never completed their engagement, and a large portion of them never became efficient soldiers. If 8000 men with an average service of two and a half years quit the army every year, the country will have thrown away nearly one million and a quarter sterling, which would provide an additional sixpence a day for nearly 137,000 men. This will serve to give some idea of the immense waste which the present system entails. A grown man of good physique can be put into the ranks after ten months’ drill. We are now maintaining large numbers of boys who leave the service without ever giving a day’s real soldier service to the State. ‘We have sacrificed the Army to the Reserve,’ said H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. ‘Short service,’ testified General Sir Thomas Steele, ‘combined with the great waste of men, has destroyed the regiments.’ The experience of the Afghan war led Sir F. Roberts to comment in forcible terms upon the condition to which the Army had been reduced.

The evidence taken by Lord Airey’s Committee fully bore out these strong opinions. That committee reported ‘complete unanimity’ as to the grave defects in the working of the military machine, and it made wise and practical recommendations which were ignored. The reformers were by this time all-powerful at the War Office, where some of the permanent civil officials had espoused their views and had evidently borne a part

* ‘Army Organisation,’ 1897.

in framing their schemes.* Thus a clique had come into existence which succeeded in securing continuity of office for its members, in excluding all who did not subscribe to its views, and—for some years—in making effective use of the press. The vicissitudes of the Army from 1870 to 1884 are traced with great ability by the author of 'Fifteen Years of "Army Reform,"' which is a mine of useful information for all who desire to understand the causes of our present military difficulties. This little book is a striking record of ill-considered changes which have convulsed the Army without producing an organisation capable of meeting national requirements. The apparent intentions of the reformers could not be carried out, because they either violated principles or failed to conform to national conditions. Thus the Localisation Scheme of 1873 was, in the words of the War Office Committee which framed it, based upon a 'calculation'

'that 100,000 male population should furnish a Militia battalion of 1000; and as, when the organisation is perfected, each district would comprise two such Militia battalions, the districts have been divided as nearly as possible so as to contain each about 200,000 males.'

Since, in a country where compulsory service does not exist, there cannot be any fixed relation between the population of a district and the Militia it furnishes, the 'organisation' could not be 'perfected,' and has naturally failed to produce the expected results. Again, to provide drafts for units abroad, it was decided first to link battalions together, and secondly to couple them permanently into double battalion regiments, abolishing the time-honoured numbers and introducing a variety of new and cumbrous titles which destroyed the continuity of the military history of the Army. There was much to be said for cementing the county associations of the regiments, and this object could have been attained without outraging the deep-rooted sentiment of the Army; but the whole scheme was based upon a fallacy. Its working depended absolutely upon the maintenance of equality between the units at home and abroad. 'The very moment,' said Lord

* One of the most curious features of the endless enquiries into the state of the Army is the mass of evidence given with evident conviction by civil officials ignorant of every principle of military organisation.

Wolseley, 'that basis broke down, the whole system is thrown out of gear, and it becomes impossible to maintain the system of organisation which was created and based upon that principle.' As the demands of such an empire as ours must necessarily fluctuate in accordance with circumstances, it was futile to attempt to base an organisation upon a condition which could not be fulfilled. The natural result has been chaos, which the War Office has endeavoured to screen by such disingenuous measures as quartering battalions of Guards at Gibraltar and counting them as if on home service; or by asking for increases to the Army, not on grounds of national policy, but simply in order to enable a false system to maintain the semblance of efficiency. Further, the abolition of the depot battalions and the handing over of the training of the recruits to the linked unit at home destroyed the military efficiency of the latter. It could not properly perform the duties of an elementary training establishment; it was reduced, as Lord Wolseley admitted, to the state of a 'squeezed lemon'; it could be made into a fighting body only by being swamped by so-called reservists who might not have received any training for several years and who could not be expected to settle down quickly under the rule of young and often inexperienced non-commissioned officers.

The period of organic changes ended in 1881 with the establishment, in defiance of the views of Lord Airey's Committee, of the pseudo-territorial scheme drawn up by a War Office Committee* in 1876. This scheme 'was accepted by the public with the equanimity which is begotten of utter ignorance and indifference.'† There was, however, one point which the people of Scotland understood; and when the War Office announced its intention of adopting a universal pattern of tartan for all kilted regiments, a loud outcry arose, entailing the prompt withdrawal of a proposal which supplies a measure of the knowledge of national characteristics possessed by the dominant military and civil clique. The territorial scheme did not remedy any of the evils of which Lord Airey's

* This was officially styled the 'Militia Committee,' and it is characteristic of our methods that a body thus entitled should have been allowed to revolutionise the regular Army.

† 'Fifteen Years of "Army Reform."'

Committee established the existence; and the combination of Militia with line battalions to form territorial regiments proved disastrous to the Militia. Meanwhile, the whole system of organisation was so hopelessly defective that its working came to depend upon expedients of a disintegrating character. To enable 18,800 men to be sent to Egypt in 1882 for the purpose of quelling Arabi's rebellion, 11,600 reserve men were recalled to the colours, and more than 10,500 actually joined. This use of the reserve for a purpose for which it was not intended could only tend to render military service unpopular with the classes that supply recruits. At the same time the practice of drafting men from one unit to another became most undesirably frequent. Thus, in order to send three field batteries to South Africa in 1897, no less than 189 men and 272 horses had to be obtained by denuding other units; and in many other cases drafting was freely employed on a large scale. The inevitable result was to destroy *esprit de corps*. Again, units have frequently been sent abroad considerably under strength and containing lads supposed to be twenty, but not nineteen. Lastly, a most objectionable habit of creating special forces by collecting men from many regiments to form improvised bodies came into vogue. Thus the 'desert column,' upon which all the severe fighting fell in 1885, was skimmed from twenty-eight regiments and battalions, and cavalymen found themselves acting in an infantry square. Every principle of military organisation was thus violated, and at Abu Klea disaster was barely averted. This plan of constantly taking officers and men away from their proper duties and temporarily associating them for special objects has done infinite harm to the Army.

By such means as these it was sought to cover the inherent defects in our military system. These defects were, however, well known to the Army outside of the War Office; and each successive enquiry furnished critics with powerful weapons of attack. It has inevitably followed that for years our organisation has been the subject of heated controversy, injurious to the *moral* of the Army and practically futile, till 1897, when Lord Lansdowne made some considerable concessions to the critics. During these years of wordy strife much has been done to improve the position of the soldier, as of the artisan. There has

been military advance in certain directions; but the organisation, based upon confusion and violating principles, has brought about a diminution of *esprit de corps*, and a marked deterioration in the composition of the fighting units. In 1860-61 the strength of the Army was 235,800, including 92,490 on the Indian establishment, and 79,070 actually in India. The gross estimate was 14,800,000*l.* Thirty-eight years later the strength with the colours was no greater, and the gross estimate had increased to 21,000,000*l.* On the other hand, a reserve of about eighty thousand men had been built up which, in the words of the late Commander-in-Chief, is 'something of a sham,' and which has now proved to be required to replace nominally effective soldiers unfit for service in South Africa.

A comparison between our present army and that of forty years ago presents another serious subject of contemplation. The average age of the troops under arms has been deplorably reduced. The following figures * give some idea of the change:—

BATTALIONS AT HOME PER 1000 MEN.

Age.	1846.	1866.	1870.	1897.
Under 20	176·6	132·4	193·9	358·5
20-25	342·6	275·2	227·9	462·6
25-30	277·0	356·2	241·5	114·6
30-35	98·0	150·8	238·8	43·1
35-40	84·3	74·4	85·8	16·2
Over 40	21·5	11·0	11·9	4·0

As no attempt is made to ascertain the real age of the recruit, all such figures must be received with caution; but this table may serve for purposes of comparison. The report of the Royal Commission of 1866, which should be studied in connexion with that of Lord Airey's Committee, states that about one half of the rank and file voluntarily extended their service, and that only 4½ per cent. of the non-commissioned officers annually left the service. The difference of conditions between 1866 and the present time is thus organic, and the growth of the

* Taken from the 'Times,' January 22nd, 1898.

number of ineffective soldiers in the ranks is explained. It is not necessary or desirable to revert to the pre-Cardwellian system of engagements; it is vital to reduce the number of nominal soldiers with the colours and to increase the efficiency of the fighting units.

(3.) *Requisite Reforms.*

The school which has long swayed military policy at the War Office has shown little capacity for organisation. At times it has assured us that the state of the Army approached perfection; whenever great defects became plainly visible, it has given us to understand that its powers were inadequate or that the Treasury was to blame. As an organising and an administering head the War Office has failed. It has lost the confidence of the Army and of the nation; it needs, as Mr Hanbury has pointedly remarked, 'to be sifted out from top to bottom.' A War Office constructed upon business principles can alone provide an army organised and trained for war.

In common with the military forces, the War Office has been subjected to incessant changes, apparently made to suit the tastes or the ambitions of individuals rather than to comply with the principles of administration. There is neither system nor due definition of responsibility; mediocrity is effectually screened, and genius can have no play; a morbid craze for the assertion of power over the most trivial details dominates all other considerations. Here at least we might with advantage have borrowed from the Germans, who are past-masters in the art of decentralisation. The first necessary reform is to transfer from the War Office to the officers commanding districts and garrisons all the powers which these officers can wield. Efficiency should be ensured by inspection and audit, in place of allowing inefficiency to flourish under cover of volumes of minute regulations and reams of futile correspondence. 'Trust much and expect much' should be the motto of a reformed War Office, as it is that of all well-administered business undertakings, in which, as in the German army, incompetence receives short shrift.

The work of a War Department groups itself naturally under five heads, three military and two civil. The former include: (1) *Personnel*, including training, inspection, discipline, and recruiting; (2) *Matériel*, including military

works, transport, and supply; and (3) *Military Policy*, including intelligence, mobilisation, and the study of questions of Imperial defence and of the general and special requirements of war. Each of these branches contains, in our case, as much as the greatest military genius could pretend to supervise effectively. The civil branches are: (4) a branch under the Financial Secretary, administering the non-effective vote and the finance department, which should be made partially into a military body serving abroad as well as at home; and (5) a second civil branch under the Permanent Under-Secretary, forming the bureau of the Secretary of State. The head of each branch should be personally responsible for his branch, (1) and (2) being provided with financial advisers, to assist in framing their estimates and in administering their votes. The heads would advise the Secretary of State individually as regards their own proper business, and collectively in all matters of joint concern. One result of this division of duties would be to end the standing feud between what are known as the military and civil sides of the War Office. That office cannot afford to dispense altogether with a trained civil element; but it should gradually be made to assume a distinctly more military character than at present, and the inferior clerical work should all be carried out by military clerks, of whom the Army can provide an excellent type. The sub-grouping of work should be carefully arranged under officials with defined responsibilities to the head of the branch.

The interference of the War Office in trivial details has been demoralising to itself and to the Army. Important questions of policy have been either neglected altogether or badly handled, because the central authorities, immersed in executive routine, have had no time for their administrative duties. On the other hand, petty regulations, and the demand that everything should be referred to headquarters, have gone far to destroy the mental vigour and initiative of the Army. Officers taught in peace to sit down and write instead of acting cannot be expected to rise suddenly to the full height of their inevitable responsibilities in war. The effect of this blighting system has been painfully evident in South Africa; and the Boers, with only the rudiments of organisation and of discipline, have profited by the possession of that in-

dividuality which our system has tended to extinguish. The *moral* of an army depends largely upon its central administration, which, dispensing all honours and regulating all promotion, can directly encourage or repress the qualities which confer success in modern war. The havoc among the War Office selections for commands, great and small, which the present campaign has necessitated, will not easily be forgotten.

An army can neither organise nor train itself; and the more power is centralised in a single headquarter office absorbed in paper transactions, the less are the chances of progress. Constructive suggestions from subordinate officers are snubbed by the War Office; consequently a great portion of the intellectual vigour of our Army is expended upon destructive criticism. Yet at the present moment it is constructive proposals that are urgently needed. The first step is to define clearly the military requirements of the country; the second is to ascertain how these requirements can be effectively and economically fulfilled. The one is a question of policy, the other is a matter of organisation on business principles. 'Before the military authorities are called upon to provide an army,' said the late Commander-in-Chief, 'they ought to be informed clearly and distinctly what kind of an army the country wants.' The country has, however, no ideas upon the subject, except that it desires adequate security at a reasonable cost, and that it is conscious of inadequate preparations and large expenditure. Now the primary object of our organisation must be to secure the means of carrying on a vigorously offensive war. The function of the Navy in regard to the Empire is defensive—the guardianship of sea-communications. The fact that this function must be discharged by an energetic offensive does not affect the general proposition. The Army is the national weapon of offence, by the action of which alone decisive results can be attained. The Peninsular war, the Crimean campaign, and the Spanish-American war are instances in point. In none of these cases could an effective blow have been struck without offensive military action; but that action would have been impossible without naval guardianship. This axiom of national policy, frequently stated, has been practically ignored as a basis of military organisa-

tion. It is effectively presented in the following sentence taken from 'Army Reorganisation':—

'Unless we make preparation for such an offensive as will enable us to guard and support every portion of our Empire, and organise the Army with a view to its working in conjunction with the forces maintained by the Colonies, any effort at army reform will fall short of what the nation requires.'

To defend such an Empire as ours it is necessary to be prepared to strike. The recognition of this essential need does not in any sense imply the adoption of a policy of aggression, which is foreign to our instincts as a commercial people. It is simply and purely a principle forced upon us by national conditions and by the whole teaching of history. The defensive ideal upheld during the past forty years has entailed immense waste of money, has directly led to a neglect of the Navy, and has dangerously enfeebled our field Army. The military requirements indispensable for our national security are as follows:—

I. To maintain in full efficiency and in complete readiness for war the normal garrisons of India, of the colonial stations serving as secondary bases for the Navy, and of Egypt.

II. To provide at home a considerable field force fully organised, staffed, and equipped, and ready for immediate embarkation to reinforce India, or any portion of the Empire, or to serve for the purpose of a small war.

III. To provide a large field force at home completely organised and equipped and capable of being mobilised in a week for service abroad in the event of a great war.

IV. To maintain the machinery for supplying the wastage of war in the forces included under (I), (II), and (III).

V. To create a territorial army organised and equipped for home defence, capable of maintaining public confidence if the mass of the regular forces are serving abroad, and able in part to reinforce the army abroad if the circumstances are such that what is called 'home defence' becomes a minor consideration.

The first necessary step towards military reform is that the Cabinet, which is responsible for national defence, should formally adopt the foregoing definition of requirements. The next step is to evaluate those require-

ments. The normal garrisons of India and the colonial stations and Egypt number about 114,000 regular British troops, and, except in India, cannot be organised in higher units than the brigade. This total, which includes sedentary forces (garrison artillery, fortress engineers, and submarine miners) standing apart from the field army, should be regarded as a *minimum*, as some of the garrisons are not adequate, and would need reinforcement for war. To supply their wastage in peace, in present conditions of service, about 16,000 men are annually required.

The Army Corps organisation, borrowed from Germany, and existing only on paper, should be abolished. It was designed solely to facilitate the handling in the field of massed armies of 100,000 to 200,000 men. It is totally unsuited to our requirements, and it has never been and can never be a reality; it is in fact one of those delusive shams which must be eradicated from our military system. The Division is, in point of scale, the equivalent, in the British Army, of the Army Corps in the vast forces resulting from universal service. As such, it requires to be specially constituted, regard being had solely to British requirements. The strength of the Division may be taken at about 10,500 men.

The field force (II) held in readiness for embarkation should not be less than three divisions (31,500), with two cavalry brigades, each having a horse-artillery battery—in all about 5000 men. The field force (III) should consist of not less than nine divisions and three cavalry brigades—in all about 102,000 men. The total organised field force comprised in (II) and (III) would thus number about 138,500 men, and would absorb 15 cavalry regiments, 96 infantry battalions, and 414 horse and field guns.* Before the outbreak of war there were in this country 19 cavalry regiments, 79 infantry battalions, 67 horse and field batteries (402 guns)—in all 98,280 nominally effective field troops of the three arms, with about 78,800 reservists.† There was thus a margin of 4 cavalry regiments above the requirements of the proposed divisional organisation, and a deficiency of 2 batteries and 17 infantry battalions. A

* Assuming thirty-two field guns to the division, and six horse-artillery guns to each cavalry brigade.

† Army Estimates, 1899-1900.

large increase of infantry and field artillery has, however, been sanctioned; and, when it has been carried out, it should be possible to provide the twelve divisions postulated.

The foregoing remarks indicate the kind of organisation on which Parliament should insist. In place of promiscuously voting more and more men of any arm, at the bidding of the War Office, and without any principle, it is necessary to demand a clear answer to the following questions. 'How many organised field troops prepared for war will be obtained? What margin will remain behind when the field army is mobilised? What reserve to supply the wastage of war is provided?' It is further necessary to stipulate that the units included in the divisions and brigades of the field army (III) shall not require more than forty per cent. of their war strength from the reserve on mobilisation. To fulfil all these conditions means must be found for reducing the number of nominal soldiers, and for creating a real and an ample reserve. The present miserable system, whose gross defects have been veiled from the public by demoralising expedients, has tended to impair the character of our historic regiments. Cool observers have not failed to note premonitory symptoms of physical decadence in Afghanistan, in the Tirah campaign, and on other occasions. The war in South Africa has produced shining examples of personal heroism in all ranks; fighting power of the highest quality has been exhibited; but there have been incidents which it is dangerous to ignore.

Compulsory service being impossible as a means of recruiting an army of which a great part must always be abroad, it is necessary to raise the standard of pay and to enhance the attractions of a soldier's life, in order to draw grown men of good stamp to the colours. The period of service should count only from the date at which the soldier is certified fit for the field; present rates should be confined to those under age; the grown man of good physique should be offered, on joining, a wage which, with other advantages, will enable the Army to compete in the unskilled labour market. Re-engagement on increased pay carrying pension, or Government employment prior to pension, should be guaranteed to at least twenty-five per cent. of the rank and file, as proposed by Lord Airey's Committee; and special inducements should be offered to

good non-commissioned officers, who form the backbone of every army. The abolition of irritating small stoppages, the boon of some measure of privacy in barracks, freedom of civil domicile to re-engaged soldiers of good character, and a more enlightened system of training, entailing the cessation of much needless drudgery, would go far to fill the ranks with the class of men that the Army needs. Cost cannot be regarded where the security of the Empire is involved; and a considerable reduction in existing establishments, combined with complete efficiency, would be far safer than an increase with present conditions unchanged. Thus, adhering to the present total period of twelve years, the soldier who did not re-engage would quit the service at about thirty-two; and by offering a retaining fee for a further period of five years, with a liability to recall in the event of national emergency only, and to two periods of two weeks' training, with the rate of pay last received, a real reserve to provide for the wastage of war would be obtained. There must be now in this country not less than 170,000 men who have passed through the ranks, and this great source of reserve strength remains untapped.

The territorial army (V), composed of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, should be independently organised. If the old principle of the ballot for the Militia were revived, there would be no difficulty in maintaining a powerful second-line army. The Swiss system, applied to this country, would provide 3,000,000 of trained and organised men; but 200,000 men would be an ample force. 'The Swiss army in 1898,' writes Mr G. G. Coulton,* 'cost barely 1,000,000*l.* . . . Our own Volunteers alone, with this year's emergency vote, will cost the nation a million and a quarter,† together with considerable private expense.' Between our Volunteers and the Swiss national force there is no possible comparison. The former is a loose unorganised aggregate of men, almost untrained, unequipped, and containing a large proportion of boys 'too young to engage any foreign army invading this country.'‡ It has been allowed to increase without any regard to principles,

* 'A Strong Army in a Free State.' (Simpkin and Marshall, 1900.)

† In reality the sum is much larger.

‡ 'Army Reorganisation.' ('Blackwood's Magazine,' November 1900.)

and it has become wholly dependent upon State aid, which its growing political influence tends more and more to augment. The latter is a most formidable, well-trained, and admirably organised citizen army. The Swiss infantryman gives, in all, 174 days' service, which is a small concession to the first duty of citizenship. This service is regarded 'not only as a duty, but to most as a real pleasure also. . . . The army (says Mr. Coulton) is extraordinarily popular, as a similar army would be in England.' In spite of some recent utterances, there is no evidence that a measure so essentially democratic as the application, without respect of persons, of the ballot to the Militia would be unpopular. Universal service, an infinitely stronger measure, rigidly applied, has not prevented Germany from rapidly developing into a great industrial nation capable of competing successfully with us in the markets of the world. There is good reason to believe that the German people owe much to the discipline, the orderly habits; and the heightened self-respect inculcated by their enforced military training. It is a great moral advantage to bring home a sense of the responsibilities of citizenship to the masses; and there are many present signs that such a tonic is needed in this country. Personal service is a truer proof of patriotism than money payment. To apply the ballot to the recruiting of the Militia, with exemptions only to a limited number of Volunteers and Yeomanry, and to theological students, would imply no social revolution. The liability to a total military training of about six months in five years would be no hardship; the effect would be far-reaching and universally beneficial. If, however, leading statesmen, in place of explaining national needs to the British people, prefer to frighten them by wholly fallacious pictures of the effects of compulsion in this mild form; then the tax must be levied in money and not in service, and the moral gain will be lost.

To make the Militia into an effective force it is necessary to discard the fatal notion that it is only a feeder to the Army. The effect of rewarding Militia colonels in proportion to the number of men they annually pass to the colours has naturally proved disastrous to the old constitutional force. At the same time, the more and more subsidised Volunteers have drawn away men who, in the absence of superior attractions, would have joined

the Militia. The second-line army should consist of not less than 200,000 men, who, failing the application of the ballot, must be obtained by adequate payment. The organisation should provide (a) a field force of not less than ten divisions complete in themselves as regards infantry, field artillery, and field engineers, and (b) a sedentary force, infantry, garrison artillery, and engineers told off to the fortified harbours on our coast-line. The basis of the organisation should be strictly territorial; and, as proposed by the author of 'Army Reorganisation,' the blighting influence of centralisation should be removed, so as to 'allow the Militia to resume its legitimate place in the county, and to ensure the civil administration of this country taking an interest in its welfare.' By means of a retaining fee, coupled with the condition of occasional drills, a real Militia Reserve can be created, not to fill the ranks on mobilisation, but to supply wastage in war or to enable additional units to be formed in case of great national emergency. While the Militia field army is maintained for purposes of home defence in the absence of the regular forces, it should be able, if circumstances permit, to supplement the Army in any part of the world, thus fulfilling the rôle which has given it a distinguished place in our military history.

The function of the Yeomanry should be to provide the mounted force required for the home field-army. This country affords little scope for the work of cavalry, but is admirably adapted to the employment of mounted infantry. As such, therefore, the Yeomanry should be exclusively trained, intelligent scouting and proficiency in rifle shooting being the main requirements. The establishment should be based upon that of the territorial army, each division of which should have its *quota* of Yeomanry, leaving a balance of the latter capable of being independently employed. The Yeomanry should, during their period of training, be paid at a rate sufficient to enable the necessary establishment to be maintained; and a small reserve should be formed.

The Volunteers must be recognised as a paid force, on condition of a greatly improved standard of efficiency. The present establishment should be reduced by one half, the object being to allow selection in recruiting, so as to obtain grown men of good physique. A force which cannot be

trained on a definite system, because its attendance as a whole at specific periods is not enforced, must fall far short of the attainments possible to a Militia. Men of education and superior intelligence can, however, be sufficiently trained on a volunteer basis to be valuable in war. The reformed volunteer force should provide only infantry, position artillery, and engineers. Its special duty should be to take up and defend field positions previously studied, thus forming a second line to the Militia field army for home defence. Its organisation in peace time need not be higher than the brigade, and it should be provided with regimental transport. Affiliated cadet corps or rifle clubs should be encouraged as feeders to the Volunteers, but must not be regarded as direct sources of national strength. In order to reorganise the so-called 'auxiliary forces,' it is necessary to lay down clear and definite conditions on the above lines, and to appoint small committees, on which these forces should be capably represented, to work out the details of the new scheme. Of the total population of the United Kingdom, more than one person in forty-three belongs to the naval or the military forces. A higher proportion than this is not required. It is the nature of the personal service rendered and the age of those who render it that need modification.

To deal adequately with the training of the military forces would require a separate article. The South African campaign has revealed with painful distinctness the unreality of our whole system of military education. Alder-shot tactics have become a by-word, and their many critics in years past have been abundantly justified. It has been necessary for all ranks to unlearn, in face of the enemy, and at a heavy cost of life and prestige, the lessons inculcated in time of peace. Our relatively long period of army service confers advantages which we have utterly failed to reap. Elementary training has been impaired by throwing it upon the field units. Higher training has been degraded by a farcical system of inspection, by the absence of any serious purpose, and by incompetence in many places. The biting criticism of the author of 'An Absent-minded War' is not wholly undeserved. It is not unjust to say that 'mediocrity, if assisted by influential friends so much the better, has been pushed to the front.' As regards the preliminary training of the

recruit, what is most effectively accomplished by the depot of the Royal Marines at Walmer can be done in the case of the Army. This part of the soldier's education can best be carried out in large schools of instruction, where special appliances and specially qualified instructors can be provided. Higher training depends upon an intelligent progressive curriculum, and upon the personal capabilities of superior officers. The war has served to weed out much incompetence and to bring to the front comparatively young officers, who will be well able to reform the training of the Army. It rests with the War Office to ensure that military merit shall be the sole avenue to military preferment and that exercises and manoeuvres shall be seriously regarded by all ranks.

Short of suffering great disaster, no nation has ever received so grave a warning as that conveyed to us by the experiences of the past fourteen months. We have seen that we possess, alike in Great and in Greater Britain, the most excellent material, and that our resources of all kinds are unrivalled. We have also seen that our military system is grossly defective in essential respects. Most fortunately that system has been tested only by conflict with a small and unorganised people, whose fighting men we could overpower by sheer weight of numbers, time being happily available. We have, therefore, escaped the crushing national disaster which befell Prussia in 1806 and France in 1870-71; but the warning is not less grave in the eyes of all thoughtful students of affairs. Mismanagement in military matters cannot be regarded as an isolated evil; it is but part of a general laxity in the conduct of public business to which Lord Rosebery has pointedly referred; and the patent inefficiency of our Army organisation cannot be ascribed entirely to the shortcomings of a single public office. The secrets of the twentieth century lie hid; but it needs no foresight to perceive that, straight in front of us, are many dangers. If the writing which now flames upon the wall is correctly read, if the plain lessons of the South African war are sternly applied, and if preparation for war is made a national object, we can await the unknown future with confidence; but if we neglect the warning, disaster is inevitable.

Art. IX.—THE LATER YEARS OF NAPOLEON.

1. *Napoléon Intime*. Par Arthur Lévy. Paris: Plon, 1893.
2. *La Captivité de Sainte-Hélène, d'après les rapports inédits du Marquis de Montchenu*. Par G. Firmin-Didot. Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1894.
3. *Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault, d'après le manuscrit original*. Par F. Calmettes. Five vols. Paris: Plon, 1893-1895.
4. *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. By W. M. Sloane. Four vols. New York: Century Company, 1894-1896.
5. *Sainte-Hélène. Journal Inédit de 1815 à 1818*. Par le Général Baron Gourgaud. Two vols. Paris: Flammarion, 1899.
6. *A Diary of St Helena. The Journal of Lady Malcolm*. Edited by Sir A. Wilson. London: Innes, 1899.
7. *The Campaign of 1815*. By W. O'C. Morris. London: Grant Richards, 1900.
8. *Napoleon. The last Phase*. By Lord Rosebery. London: A. L. Humphreys, 1900.

'WILL there ever be an adequate Life of Napoleon?' asks Lord Rosebery at the outset of his, the very latest, contribution to Napoleonic history. As yet the 'adequate Life' cannot be said to exist. For certain periods of Napoleon's life Houssaye and Vandal have worked marvels; and there is much force in Lord Rosebery's suggestion that they should combine to give the world, not monographs, but a complete biography. There is no age, no personality in history, of greater interest, either to France or to the world, than the Napoleonic era and Napoleon. Never before or since has war been waged upon so incessant and gigantic a scale. Never before or since have capacity and energy been so powerfully combined in one individual. As he said himself, 'centuries may pass before circumstances combine to produce another such as I was.' His genius was such that the master of almost any profession may study it with profit. The soldier, as Moltke has said, who understands Napoleonic strategy has nothing more to learn. The statesman will be penetrated with admiration for the clearness and boldness of Napoleon's conceptions. The author will be impressed by the force and fire of his spoken and written words. The lover will

be moved by the grace and passionate ardour of his early letters to Josephine. The philosopher will watch the influence of a meteoric rise to power, and as meteoric a fall, upon a character which is not the less fascinating because it is and will always remain something of an enigma.

The material for a final verdict upon that character is fast accumulating. During the past twenty years a flood of Napoleonic literature has broken upon the world. The grave has given up many of its secrets. We have had the memoirs of Chaptal, Metternich, Pasquier, Marbot, Lejeune, Méneval, Thiébault, Gourgaud, Foy, and Madame de Rémusat, with a host of others of less note; the monographs of Welschinger, Vandal, Houssaye, Chuquet, Masson, Rambaud, George, Ropes, Lord Rosebery, and Judge O'Connor Morris; collections of unpublished documents such as the 'Lettres Inédites'; and general studies of Napoleon's character and life such as those by Lévy, Sloane, and Seeley. Some of these works are of quite exceptional interest and value. Gourgaud's diary of the events at St Helena from 1815 to 1818, for instance, is a priceless document, worth all the volumes of Las Cases, O'Meara, and Montholon. It was written day by day, but not with any idea of publication, differing sharply in this from Las Cases' famous 'Mémorial' and O'Meara's equally famous 'Voice from St Helena,' which are rather political pamphlets upon a gigantic scale, composed with the object of furthering Napoleon's cause in France, than records of the truth. Gourgaud, moreover, has this great advantage, from the historian's point of view, that he is not above contradicting his master when he considers Napoleon in the wrong; and he is by no means a blind admirer. He is essentially truthful; if he were not he would never have left to posterity so much that reflects unfavourably upon his own temper and disposition. It is in his pages that we see the real Napoleon, *Napoléon intime*—to use M. Lévy's phrase—and this Napoleon is essentially the same as M. Lévy's, differing greatly from the figure created by the feminine bitterness of Madame de Rémusat, who, if we may hazard a guess, liked Napoleon none too well because he had rejected her advances. In fact, where he is in question, she is as untrustworthy in her memoirs as Madame de Staël.

No memoirs contain so many characteristic sayings of Napoleon as do Gourgaud's two volumes; here alone we have the great man, posing no longer before the intelligent interviewer, but speaking something which approximated to the real beliefs of his heart. Thiébault, whose five volumes appeared between 1893 and 1895, is of scarcely less value, though his evidence bears upon Napoleon's character as reflected in his acts rather than in his words. He covers the whole period from the outbreak of the Revolution to the final fall of the great Emperor, but he has this disadvantage, that he wrote in 1837-38, many years after the events which he describes. He tells us that at times he used notes taken from day to day; and his account of the wonderful interview with Napoleon at Valladolid, which at every turn reproduces the Emperor's words, proves that he did so. But there are other occasions when it is difficult not to feel almost as suspicious of his veracity as of Marbot's. An able and distinguished officer, he rose from the grade of grenadier to general of division, served on the staff of such brilliant leaders as Masséna and Junot, and was entrusted by Napoleon with responsible commands. But he was corrupt,* and he had an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and even fancied that Napoleon had stolen from him the plan of the Marengo campaign. For his spirit, epigrams, and good stories, as well as for the information which he gives on the inner history of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic armies, he will, however, be pardoned by any reader. His mordant sketches of the generals he hates, such as Davoût and Soult; his tales of the fantastic extravagances of Junot, which culminated in that general's appearing at a public reception without a shred of clothing other than pumps, orders, sword-belt, and cocked hat; his anecdotes of the Emperor and the imperial entourage, among which is the unforgettable picture of Napoleon tearing across the lonely guerilla-haunted mountains of Spain *au grandissime galop*, attended only by Savary, and covering in twenty-three hours seventy miles; his wonderful chapters—a masterpiece of irony, invective, and pathos—describing

* Napoleon, speaking of him to Junot, calls him 'a man of no delicacy, who has taken a great deal of money at Fulda' ('Correspondance,' 13,351). Yet, reading Thiébault, one would suppose him the most upright and virtuous of men.

the incidents of the *Cent Jours*—these must place him among the immortals, and not even his attitude of 'Oh, what a good boy am I!' can deprive him of that place.

Of recent studies in English, Lord Rosebery's monograph is in some respects far the most striking, though it is impossible to say that it contains much that is new. Its interest is mainly subjective—a statesman's study of a statesman and soldier. It is written with judgment, brilliance, insight, and epigram. It paints Napoleon less vividly than his surroundings; the great man himself is somewhat of a shadow among a series of miniatures. But the artistic effect is admirable. The impression of Napoleon's solitude, and of the immensity of his fall, is heightened by the pettiness of the persons by whom he was surrounded and the meanness of the squabbles in which he was involved. Of the conduct of the British Government towards their prisoner we shall have something more to say presently. Professor Sloane is an impartial—and, we fear we must add, a somewhat indigestible—summariser of facts, and does not always understand Napoleon's character. For instance, he does not believe that the Emperor really intended to invade England in 1803. Yet no one who recalls Napoleon's extraordinary audacity, his gambling spirit and his belief in his destiny, can feel serious doubts on this head. Though generally accurate and trustworthy, Professor Sloane's work is disfigured by some curious mistakes; for instance, he often talks of shrapnel in the French battles, though shrapnel was first used in Wellington's army and was never adopted by Napoleon. Judge O'Connor Morris, in his book on the campaign of 1815, has given us an English work little inferior to Mr Ropes's learned and admirable study; he is, perhaps, the first British writer to do full justice to the Emperor. Apparently he had not read Gourgaud's '*Sainte Hélène*,' which would have helped him on one or two disputed points. Lady Malcolm's *St Helena* diary gives information on the relations between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe; while the Marquis de Montchenu's reports tell us much about Gourgaud and his doings.

To what extent do these works throw new light upon the character of Napoleon? It should be remembered, especially when dealing with the voluminous *St Helena* literature, that the character of a profoundly impression-

able man,* such as Napoleon clearly was, does not remain fixed, and that it by no means follows that he was at St Helena what he had been in 1805 or 1795. Nor of such a man can we reel off strings of epithets, each with an appropriate anecdote, after the manner of the brilliant Taine. 'His Majesty's character,' says Gourgaud, 'is a combination of contrasts.' Each quality attributed needs qualification. When, for example, Taine tells us that 'any sign of independence annoyed him; that, towards the end, he tolerated around him only captive and submissive minds,' we ask, Is this really true? and, for answer, recall Napoleon's infinite patience with the querulous contradictory Gourgaud at St Helena, or with his officers in the Saxon Campaign of 1813.

'An officer,' says Odeleben, a by no means friendly witness on the Emperor's staff, 'whom Napoleon had perhaps reproached with the failure of some enterprise, might be seen defending himself from his horse on parade, in presence of a hundred persons, composed of generals and other officers, with a vivacity and gestures which occasioned some alarm on his account. But Napoleon took no notice of these acts of presumption, and remained silent.'

'Nothing is easier,' said Foy, fresh from an interview in which he had to tell Napoleon the most bitter truths about the war in Spain, 'than to talk to the Emperor, when one has anything to tell him, but woe to the man who has only phrases to inflict upon him!'[†]

Thiébauld, in the painful Valladolid *tête-à-tête*, where he had to explain to the Emperor the causes of Junot's defeat in Portugal, and at times to contradict the great master of war, bears evidence to Napoleon's forbearance. 'Gentlemen,' Rapp represents him as saying to his officers, 'I have summoned you here not to echo my views, but to hear your opinion. Tell me what you think.' But instances could be multiplied to almost any extent, though no doubt there were times when Napoleon, after mature and careful reflection and decision, impatiently refused to listen to advice. It will generally be found that in

* 'Ma nature est tout impressionable,' Montholon (ed. Brussels, 1846), 'Histoire de la Captivité,' II, 32.

† 'Vie Militaire du Général Foy,' 114.

such cases he had knowledge not possessed by those who tendered the advice.

So, too, in studying a great and exceptional character, it is well to analyse traits which at first sight may appear reprehensible. Thus Madame de Caulaincourt, speaking to Foy in 1814 of the Emperor's possible return and its results, said: 'Oh, you will see that he will pardon all the world. He has so low an opinion of men that he will regard the blackest treason and the vilest cowardice as simple and natural actions.'* Damning evidence of brutal cynicism this, it will be said, coming from one so near to and so familiar with Napoleon. Yet there are certain words in the diary of another great man, which may, perhaps, shed a light upon Napoleon's inmost thoughts, and prove that the cynicism was not so brutal after all.

'I am inclined,' wrote General Gordon in Khartum, '(satani-
cally I own) to distrust everyone, *i.e.* I trust everyone. I believe that circumstances may arise when self-interest will almost compel your nearest relative to betray you to some extent. Man is an essentially treacherous animal.'

The general result of recent Napoleonic literature is to negative the darkest conception of Napoleon's character, that conception embodied by Lanfrey in a work reeking with hatred of a dynasty which he personally detested. No sane person can now believe that Napoleon delighted in crime or in wrong-doing. Italian he was in temperament; condottiere, perhaps, in the famous phrase appropriated by Taine from Stendhal's arsenal, yet he does not reproduce the darker features of Italian mediævalism; with a Corsican passionateness, betraying him at times into such acts of violence as executing the Duc d'Enghien, and kicking Volney in the stomach for one of those phrases which he detested, he is yet, in Lord Rosebery's words, 'not so black as he has been painted.' Seeley and Ropes have pointed out that the condition of France rendered Cæsarism inevitable, and that he cannot justly be accused of the offence of usurpation. France has always gravitated towards a more or less despotic form of monarchy; and the permanence of the present Republic has been due rather to the absence of any eligible pretender than to any deep affection for Republican institutions.

* 'Vie Militaire du Général Foy,' 258.

But the breakdown of system and tradition in France, though it favoured Napoleon's rise, contributed in no small degree to his fall. In it lurked the germ of defeat, the demoralisation of an army in which strict discipline was impossible and in which the gravest irregularities were condoned. The destruction of all institutions, while it cleared the way for the new structure of his Empire, left men unsettled and prepared for continual change. No one could be fully trusted. Napoleon himself was painfully conscious of his parvenu birth and his Corsican origin, which rendered him distasteful to the French nobility and an object of perpetual gibes to such officers as Moreau. Probably he sincerely wished for peace, but found that, in the existing temper of France, peace and the maintenance of his dynasty were incompatible. Only thus can the rupture with England and with Europe be explained.

If it was ultimately the fact that he was a parvenu, and uneasy as to his position, that in 1803 and 1805 drove Napoleon to war, the same sense of instability speedily began to react upon the efficiency of his army. In the first place he dared not and could not enforce strict discipline. War to the French soldier was welcome, because it meant loot and plunder. Thiébauld gives numerous examples of the disorders prevalent even in the divisions that marched to Austerlitz, at the time when the Napoleonic army was at its very best. Pillage and straggling were the commonest of incidents; officers were threatened, and a general who made vigorous attempts to preserve discipline was asked how he dared to touch 'a soldier of the Emperor.' Such an army might do very well so long as it was victoriously campaigning in fertile territory, but it fell to pieces in the mud of Poland, the mountains of Spain, and the frozen wastes of Russia.

Another disadvantage arising from the 'irregularity' of France was that Napoleon could keep no second in command—no head to plan and arm to strike when he was absent, standing in the same relation to him as Stonewall Jackson to Lee. 'If,' he said to Gourgaud, 'I had had a man like Turenne to second me in my campaigns, I should have been master of the world; but I had no one. When I was not present myself, my lieutenants were beaten.' It is obvious that any officer occupying so lofty

a position must have been dangerous to Napoleon, or, if not to him personally, to the dynasty which he hoped to found. Stendhal has commented upon the affection for mediocrity which Napoleon displayed late in his reign, but the cause was certainly political, supposing the fact be admitted. It does not seem that his later years produced many eminent men. The wave of Revolutionary exaltation had spent its force, and France was no longer breeding great soldiers and statesmen. The greatest of the Napoleonic generals were dead on the field of battle or worn out by incessant campaigning, so that it was not altogether the Emperor's fault if he had mediocrities about him.

Another cause of danger bequeathed by the Revolution was the financial exhaustion of France. Under ignorant and incompetent administrators the country had been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Napoleon, to maintain his army and to bestow largesses upon his generals, was inexorably driven to continual wars, which necessitated the levying of vast impositions on the conquered territories. He had to make war support war, though this had always been an axiom on the Continent and was in no sense an innovation. Thus he alienated the peoples of the countries through which his armies marched, when they had been at first by no means ill-disposed to him. Had he been able to administer the conquered territory on the east of the Rhine in the same manner as the German provinces on the left bank, which had been annexed to France in the Revolutionary war, it is at least possible that this spirit would not have been called into existence.

'In 1814,' says von Müffling,* 'among the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine we found a kind of stolid indifference prevailing towards Germany, her language and customs. All interests had turned to France. . . . The German language was almost forgotten. Such were the fruits of French possession after hardly twenty years' rule. Ten years more, and the German character would have perished for ever.'

Von der Goltz has told us how effusively and enthusiastically Berlin received the French army after Jena. The anti-French feeling was caused by French excesses; it did not exist in 1807.

* 'Passages from My Life,' 204-205.

Again, it was Napoleon's feeling of insecurity that led to the divorce and to the Austrian marriage, the incident which, according to his own words, was more than any other responsible for his fall. He felt that if he was to stand, if he was ever to have peace, he must enter the sacred circle of royalty, by taking as his wife a princess of royal blood. His own wish was for an alliance with the Russian Imperial house. Seeley, writing before Vandal* had examined the facts with scrupulous care, is on this head unjust to Napoleon. He accuses him of 'some malignant vice of nature,' because he broke off the negotiations with Russia, and of offering a direct affront to Alexander. But Vandal shows most conclusively that Alexander, and not Napoleon, was at fault. The Russians actually extracted from Napoleon the promise that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established, as a condition of granting the hand of their princess; but then they would not fulfil their part of the bargain, and attempted to put Napoleon off with evasive talk. Only after this rebuff did he break with the Czar and marry Marie Louise. It would seem that from that time Alexander determined upon war with France, and that Napoleon, divining his intention, made ready to strike.

On the other hand, it is impossible to justify his seizure of Spain. That act could in no way conduce to the stability of his empire, as Spain was not to be feared, and was not likely to rebel against the Continental system. From the military standpoint it was equally inexpedient, as he still had his hands full of the war with England, and trouble was already threatening him from Austria. His error of judgment proved disastrous beyond all expectation, and he himself afterwards acknowledged at St Helena the enormity of his mistake. It is known that here again, as in the fatal affair of the Duc d'Enghien, he was egged on by Talleyrand†—Talleyrand, whom Lanfrey pretends to think the genius of moderation—and by

* 'Napoléon et Alexandre I,' ii, 167-197.

† Talleyrand's 'Memoirs' on this head, as on every other, are quite worthless. We have Pasquier's much more trustworthy evidence as to the part which the treacherous diplomatist played. (Pasquier, 'Memoirs,' English translation, i, 350-351.) Pasquier even goes so far as to hint that the original impulse came from Talleyrand. Lord Rosebery suggests that Talleyrand approved of the end, but not of the means; yet Pasquier expressly states that 'Napoleon's policy met with his [Talleyrand's] fullest approval.'

Fouché, the most sinister personality of the Napoleonic epoch. It is probable, too, that family influence was brought to bear upon him. His brothers, from motives of ambition, hoping each to rule the new acquisition, were eager to see the Bourbons deposed and Spain brought under the influence of Napoleon. Joseph, for all his disclaimers later in life, was worrying the Emperor to give him preferment. But it is a perfectly true criticism that these subtle influences cannot condone Napoleon's offence, though they may extenuate it. There are times when the statesman, if he be true to himself and his country, must resist the impulsion of events and environment.

Before returning the final verdict upon this, as upon every other of Napoleon's crimes, recent precedents and the nature of the times must be taken into consideration. In dwelling upon the lawlessness of Napoleon's proceedings, contemporary and even later writers have been too ready to forget that this peculiar lawlessness did not originate with him. Louis XIV's seizures of Luxemburg, Strassburg, and other places, afford an eminent example of violence and perfidy. Frederick the Great's invasion of Silesia in profound peace was a piece of brigandage as bad as the treacherous attack on Spain; the partition of Poland was as indefensible as the worst of Napoleon's aggressions. Prussia, Austria, and Russia at various times made themselves accomplices in Napoleon's lawless acts. True, no one of them was lawless upon so gigantic a scale; but that, if we may guess from their subsequent history, was simply because their rulers lacked Napoleon's energy and capacity. Nor in the Napoleonic diplomacy was there anything worse than Bismarck's 're-insurance' treaty, which German opinion of our own day condones and justifies, or than the attack upon Denmark in 1864 and the subsequent manœuvres by which Prussia appropriated the spoil.

In the same way the outrage upon the Duc d'Enghien may at least be paralleled. It was really no worse than the murder of the French envoys at Rastatt; not much worse than the seizure of Lafayette—that windbag of whom American sentiment has made a hero—upon neutral soil, and his internment in an Austrian fortress. Even the hands of England are not perfectly clean. If our authorities did not directly assist the Royalist plotters against Napoleon's life, they at least winked at their machina-

tions. Whatever his faults, Napoleon was not at the bottom bloodthirsty or cruel; he was, however, prone to outbursts of passion, when he was capable of crimes of which he repented bitterly in his calmer moments. All that we can say of Napoleon is that in this respect he was not ahead of his times or exempt from the failings of most absolute rulers.

We have now examined some of the causes which contributed to Napoleon's fall; and for the most part they are external causes. To those already enumerated must be added the fact that he was at once the supreme soldier and supreme civil authority in the State. At the outset this was an advantage. He could wage war with the whole energy of the nation. In many governments, especially the British, a grave source of weakness arises from the fact that the politicians do not understand war or realise to what extent the issue of most struggles is determined by preparations and movements made long before war begins, and that they do not give their full confidence to the soldier. It is matter of history that the British Government failed to support Wellington at some most critical moments, and too often turned a deaf ear to his requests. The Austrian Aulic Council confused and embarrassed its generals. Napoleon, from the days of the Consulate onward, had a perfectly free hand. Almost as complete unity of direction is attained in the Germany of our day, where the Emperor as commander-in-chief accompanies the army, while acting as head of the State; though it is true that executive military authority resides with his Chief-of-the-Staff, and that he is not embarrassed with details to the same extent as was Napoleon.

But as the French Empire extended and the times became critical in France, Napoleon's energy was apt to be engrossed by political affairs, when he should rather have been thinking of his army. The best example of this is seen in the Waterloo campaign, when the physical weariness of which he gave clear signs, and which had such disastrous results, was probably due in part to the double burden on his shoulders—a burden all the more oppressive since Soult, his Chief-of-the-Staff, was new to his work, and Napoleon had to attend to everything. Even in the Saxon campaign of 1813 the strain had become apparent. Stendhal has pointed out that the night after the battle

of Leipzig was entirely occupied with political correspondence, and that, in consequence, the orders for the retreat were not issued in time to prevent catastrophe.

Other conditions which had contributed to his success were bound to pass away in the natural course of events. As he aged, he lost something of that readiness to face the most desperate risks on the battlefield, which had marked his generalship at its best, and more than once brought victory in earlier days. At Borodino he failed to gain a decisive victory, because at the crisis he refused to employ his Guard. He wanted it, he said, in the event of disaster. The Napoleon of the Italian campaigns would have argued that, if disaster came, it would not much matter whether the Guard were intact or not, while if it were allowed to complete the Russian defeat, no disaster would be possible. A momentary loss of nerve loses an empire. So at Malojaroslavetz he failed to display his old obstinacy when it might have saved him. Then, too, in his earlier days he had to deal with opponents who did not make remorseless war, who, like the Prussians, did not dare to requisition food and fuel on the eve of Jena, who feared losses because soldiers were expensive, who were old, lethargic, routine-bound, and incapable of daring conceptions, whose blunders at every turn, as Thiébauld says, could be trusted to give the genius of Napoleon the required opening, and who did not employ the whole energy of the State; while the soldiers of the armies with which he had to contend were as listless and wanting in enthusiasm as his own men were '*électrisés au dernier degré*.'

These conditions were reversed in the years of disaster, 1812-15. His opponents have toiled in his school and profited by his teaching. Men of a new stamp, with his iron determination and utter ruthlessness, have come to the front. Blücher and Gneisenau lead the organism which the genius of Scharnhorst has created. Prussians have learned what it means to be conquered by such an enemy; their statesmen have fostered a national enthusiasm which carries the shoeless battalions of Landwehr cheering through the mud into battle, and at Ligny and Plancenoit leads them to offer so desperate a resistance that the French are amazed. Even in Russians and Austrians the same spirit is noticeable, though in a less marked degree;

and the jealousies of the three allies are composed by the clear perception that if they do not destroy Napoleon he will destroy them. Now it is the French army which has lost its spirit and its zeal. Officers and men are weary of war. 'My friend,' says Duroc to a comrade, 'we shall all die on the field of battle.' This lassitude is no strange phenomenon. Von der Goltz has noted it as a feature in the German operations round Paris in the winter of 1870; Colonel Henderson in the American armies in 1863; innumerable correspondents in the British army of South Africa, during the later stages of the Boer war. The staff, the transport system, the commissariat, have broken down. Moreover, Napoleon begins to commit the very fault which he had most blamed in other generals. In 1813 he forgets his own maxim that it is vital to call in all detachments for the pitched battle, the issue of which may always depend upon a few battalions more or less. He scatters in various fortresses one hundred thousand men who might well have turned the scale at Leipzig. And the field of war, the numbers handled, have become so vast that, as Thiébault acutely observes, man is annihilated by space; and there is no longer any chance of those rapid and unexpected blows by which heretofore Napoleon had decided his campaigns. The growing insecurity of his position leads all the weather-cocks in France to dread his fall, and, in order to secure themselves whenever the fall should come, to intrigue with his enemies. Then, too, the French army is weakened by the presence of thousands of foreigners, many secretly hostile. Forty per cent. of Napoleon's force in the campaign of 1809 are non-French; sixty per cent. in 1812; seventy per cent. in 1813.

These causes, even without the much-debated physical deterioration of the Emperor, would account for his fall. Lord Rosebery gives some of the facts concerning the physical decline, though he does not notice the fit of vomiting which, according to Thiébault, Daru, and Ségur,* seized Napoleon in 1813 when he should have been following Schwartzenberg into Bohemia.

'It is noteworthy that throughout 1812, and notably at the battle of Borodino, when he was prostrate, those attached to his person, like Ségur, observed a remarkable change in his

* Ségur, *Œ*, 138.

health and energy. Ségur, indeed, seems to attribute the morbid and feverish activity which drove him into that fatal expedition, to constitutional disease. Some vivid scraps of the notebook of Duroc, his closest attendant and friend, relating to the beginning of this war, have been preserved, which confirm this view: "Aug. 7. The Emperor in great physical pain. He took opium prepared by Méthivier. 'Duroc, one must march or die. An Emperor dies standing, and so does not die. . . . We must bring this fever of doubt to an end.'" On his return the change was more marked. Chaptal, a scientific observer of his master, says that it was remarkable.

It should be said that Ségur is not always trustworthy, and that the Emperor's illness at Borodino has been denied. But Baron Lejeune alludes to his being 'ill and suffering'; and there can be little doubt that the malady which had so fatal an influence on the Waterloo campaign had already made an appearance.

'He was suffering,' says Judge O'Connor Morris, 'from a disease of the lower bowel and of the bladder, which made riding exercise very painful, and also from strangury. The malady, however, which caused most mischief was an occasional suspension of the proper functions of the skin, which stopped perspiration, re-acted on the brain and nervous system, and produced lethargy for the time. When relieved from this affection his energy and the powers of his intellect were quickly restored.'

Possibly the famous and much criticised statement—'the health of his Majesty has never been better'—with which the 29th Bulletin concluded, was intended as an answer to the vague reports of his illness which had reached western Europe from Russia. It is certain that those about him were increasingly alarmed for his health in the years from 1812 to 1815. Chaptal, Charras, and Thiébault were all struck by the physical difference between the Napoleon of Marengo and the Napoleon of the era of defeat. Thiébault describes the profound impression which the Emperor produced on him in April 1815 as follows:—

'The more closely I examined him, the less able I was to discover the man I had known at the height of his physical force and grandeur. The impression which his appearance produced upon me, at the moment when destiny was about to

give its final decision between him and the world—that impression is always with me. His look, of old so terrible by reason of its penetration, had lost its power and intentness; his features, which I had so often seen radiant with grace, as though modelled in bronze, had lost all their expression, all their character of strength. His contracted mouth no longer retained its old magic. His head had no longer that carriage which marked the ruler of the world. His gait was as embarrassed as his countenance, and his gestures were uncertain. Every characteristic in him seemed to have deteriorated and degenerated. The ordinary pallor of his skin was replaced by a strongly pronounced greenish tint, which struck me. . . . My last look upon Napoleon filled me with sorrowful heaviness of heart. A prey to the blackest presentiments, I quitted the chateau where I was never more to see him.'

Yet when we recall the agony, physical and mental, through which he had passed—the sense that his house was tottering to its fall, that his comrades were abandoning him, and that his enemies had determined 'to meet upon his tomb'—his last years of rule and the *Cent Jours* remain one of the most extraordinary epochs of his life. Could any other man have done what he did in 1815—create a great army, which all but proved victorious in Belgium, in the space of three short months? There is no more astounding exhibition of human energy in history; and that the ceaseless mental effort which it required was succeeded by a violent reaction in the Waterloo campaign can be no cause for wonder. The brain cannot stand the prolonged strain of such prodigious and exhausting toil.

In his analysis of that campaign Judge O'Connor Morris has been able to use the admirable study of Housaye, which has finally cleared up many of the disputed points. The additional evidence given by Gourgaud has not, however, been employed by him. Yet we now know from Gourgaud that Ney had talked to Napoleon, in Gourgaud's presence, of the supreme importance of *Quatre Bras**; and this gave good reason to suppose that Ney would lose no time in seizing the position, even apart from any orders. We learn that at least one explanation of the failure to pursue the Prussians vigorously after Ligny was the desperate obstinacy of the Prussian resistance.

* Gourgaud, 'Sainte-Hélène, I, 502.

'Vous savez,' says the Emperor, 'comme la bataille a été chaude jusqu'au dernier moment.' Where this is the case, pursuit has always been difficult. We hear from the Emperor's lips that he felt he ought to have fought Waterloo on June 17th, though elsewhere he speaks of the rain of that day as having ruined him.* Nor can anyone, who recalls the part which the artillery played in all the Emperor's battles, fail to see that the necessity of allowing the ground to dry sufficiently to permit of the movement of the guns was a strong reason for delaying the attack on the morning of June 18th. In a clay quagmire the manœuvring of the artillery would have been quite impossible. Captain Ingilby, of the British Horse Artillery, whose evidence will be found in Siborne's 'Waterloo Letters,' observes that the horses of his guns sank up to the girths in the middle of the battle; and Captain Mercer notes that the state of the ground, as much as the exhaustion of his gunners, prevented the running up of his guns after each round and gradually brought the weapons into a confused heap. All these are facts which would greatly influence an artillery general, such as Napoleon was; and to say with Judge O'Connor Morris that the delay in attacking was his greatest error, is to ascribe to him a power over the elements which even he did not possess.

On the vexed question whether he gave the order to Guyot to charge with the heavy cavalry of the Guard, or not, Gourgaud's memoirs give valuable information. Monthonlon maintains that it is an incontrovertible fact that Napoleon did give the order. The evidence for this assertion, however, is not produced; and, knowing what we do of Gourgaud's character, we may be sure that if the giving of the order had been notorious, he would not have allowed the Emperor's statement to pass unchallenged. Three times does Napoleon recur to the subject.† On the first occasion he says: 'I thought I had the mounted grenadiers in reserve. . . . An officer had given the order to Guyot to advance, as though from me.' On the second

* Cf. Monthonlon, 'Histoire de la Captivité' (ed. 1846, Brussels), I, 160, where Napoleon speaks of 'the pelting rain which so soaked the ground that it was impossible for me to attack at daybreak [of the 18th].' Gourgaud, I, 174; II, 159.

† Gourgaud, I, 196, 347, 503.

occasion he says: 'I lost the battle of Waterloo through the mistake of an orderly, who gave Guillot [Guyot] the order to engage.' On the third he says: 'How could Guyot, who was my last reserve, charge without my order? I had much too young orderlies.' These three statements are made at wide intervals of time; they all agree; and it is difficult to believe that they do not represent the truth. It is certainly surprising to find that Judge O'Connor Morris nowhere refers to them.

Thiébauld gives a mournful picture of the scene upon Napoleon's return to Paris, fresh from disastrous defeat. We can respect the French general who in this hour, when so many were playing the Emperor false, dared to pay him the last respects of a comrade and soldier.

'Entering the palace [of the Elysée] I was struck by the solitude which reigned there. The gallery was deserted: twelve or fifteen people, at the outside, were in the room on which it opened. Just as I arrived, a door close to where I stood swung back. Napoleon appeared. I made two steps forward, and bowing more humbly than usual, "Sire," I said, "permit me to lay at your feet the expression of a devotion as profound as it is respectful." "You must think rather of France at this moment," he replied. "More than ever, sire, you are her last resource." He looked steadily at me, must have seen my emotion, raised his eyes, and passed on. . . . Such were the last words which I exchanged with this extraordinary man. I was overcome with emotion, heart-broken at his noble expression, which had regained all its old calm, all its former beauty.'

Even more moving was that terrible scene at Malmaison, where, as Hortense afterwards told, Napoleon, with a capacity for deep emotion which his detractors have denied him, flung himself in a paroxysm of grief upon the bed in which Josephine had died, calling upon her by name. So vivid is the picture that the white tear-stained faces of the witnesses seem to rise before us, silent before a grief which now only the advent of death could assuage.

Did Napoleon, in that darkest moment of his life, seek to have done with existence? According to Thiébauld, he took poison; but the story seems to be only a muddled version of what occurred at Fontainebleau in 1814; and

neither Fleury de Chaboulon nor Montholon, both of whom were in attendance, allude to the incident. On the other hand, if he had attempted suicide at Fontainebleau, he was even more likely to repeat the attempt when his chances were still more desperate. He had little doubt as to what would have happened to him had he fallen into the hands of the Bourbons or the Prussians. Blücher, we know,* was for shooting him on the grave of the Duc d'Enghien; the British Government openly expressed the hope that Louis XVIII would hang or shoot him; and Louis could not have been expected to show any compunction. Napoleon professed to believe that if he threw himself on the mercy of the British he would be allowed to live in England; but Lord Rosebery has marshalled the obvious and conclusive objections to this, and they must have occurred to Napoleon. Whatever French writers may say, there was nothing treacherous or unjust in sending him to St Helena. Though the Allies and the French Government had been largely responsible for the return from Elba, by withdrawing his allowance, depriving his son of his inheritance in Italy, and keeping his wife from him, that return had shown him to be still possessed of boundless daring and energy. Mr Ropes, whose opinion is the more valuable because his sympathies are usually with Napoleon, considers that 'there was really nothing else to do with him than to consign him to some distant spot from which he would be unable to escape. For this purpose St Helena was no doubt as good as any other island.'

But, St Helena having been selected as a prison, the British Government might have been more merciful to the captive. Lord Rosebery is the first modern writer to examine exhaustively the evidence as to the Emperor's treatment; and his verdict may be accepted as generally just. The gaoler chosen, Sir Hudson Lowe, 'was a narrow, ignorant, irritable man, without a vestige of tact or sympathy. "His manner," says the apologetic Forsyth, "was not prepossessing, even in the judgment of favourable friends." "His eye," said Napoleon, on first seeing him, "is that of a hyena caught in a trap." Lady Granville, who saw him two years after he had left St Helena, said that he had

* Müffling, 'Passages from my Life,' 274.

the countenance of a devil. We are afraid (says Lord Rosebery) that we must add that he was not what we should call in the best sense a gentleman. . . . Lowe was a specially ill choice, for a reason external to himself. He had commanded the Corsican Rangers, a regiment of Napoleon's subjects and fellow-countrymen in arms against France, and therefore, from that sovereign's point of view, a regiment of rebels and deserters.'

Such is Lord Rosebery's characterisation of the man on whom depended the amenity or otherwise of Napoleon's captivity. The instructions given him prove that the British Ministry had no wish to temper the sufferings of the fallen Emperor. Lord Rosebery comments severely upon the withholding of the title of Emperor, and the absurd persistency in re-christening the captive 'General Buonaparte,' pin-pricks which were worthy of the Bathursts and Liverpools who then controlled our administration. Lowe and the British admiral charged with taking out Napoleon pretended indeed not to know who was meant by 'the Emperor'—the Emperor with whose fame Europe had been ringing for the past ten years! One can understand how galling this solemn fooling must have been to Napoleon and his companions. A parvenu, he clung pathetically to his dignity, and no possible harm could have been done by giving him at least the title of Ex-Emperor.

A second point in which the British Government was ungenerous was in the money allowance for the expenses of the Emperor's household. Everything in St Helena was four times as dear as in France or England, and 8000*l.* was a sum on which a household of fifty-one persons, accustomed to great luxury, could not exist with ordinary decency. Napoleon himself, even in his greatest days, had never been extravagant. He had felt the bitterness of extreme poverty in his youth, and he was again to experience it in his decline. It was assumed by the British at the time, as it is concluded by Lord Rosebery, that he had large funds at his own disposal, but this does not really seem to have been the case. There was a deposit of 200,000*l.* with Lafitte, the Paris banker; but the trouble was to get at it without revealing its existence to the Bourbon Government, which would certainly have laid hands upon it. Moreover, on at least one occasion, as we know from his mother's letters, drafts of his were dis-

honoured.* A sum of 32,000*l.* was in the hands of Prince Eugène, but this would not go far. The family of Napoleon were by no means well off, and they were hard pressed to find anything beyond the 6,000*l.* a year which the Lafitte deposit appears to have yielded. We do not, then, agree with Lord Rosebery that Napoleon had 'ample funds.' No wonder his followers found it extremely hard to get money out of him. Gourgaud's efforts to obtain a pension for his mother run through a whole volume.

Ultimately the Government saw that the allowance of 8000*l.* was too small, since Lowe could never actually reduce the expenses below 17,000*l.*, a large part of which was provided by Napoleon himself and his followers. The allowance was therefore raised to 12,000*l.* It is only fair to Sir Hudson to say that he made strong representations on this point, and took a considerable risk in sanctioning an expenditure greater than the Government had fixed.

A third grievance—and a legitimate one—was the manner in which Napoleon was housed. Longwood was a miserable, rambling, one-storied building, over-run by rats, and with little accommodation. It was hot and uncomfortable; its environs were shadeless. At last, after long delay, a new house was built for the Emperor, but it was not ready till January 1821, when he was a dying man and not inclined to move. The mere fact that the house was sent out from England and erected is, however, evidence that the complaints of Longwood were justified.

The fourth grievance of the Emperor and his followers was the extreme stringency of the precautions taken to prevent intercourse with the outer world and escape. Lord Rosebery holds that escape was impossible, and that more freedom might have been allowed. But on this point it is difficult to pronounce with certainty. There were plots to rescue the Emperor, though possibly not of a very dangerous nature.

Far more serious complaints than those enumerated were made by Napoleon's followers at the time. It was alleged that Sir Hudson Lowe had approached O'Meara, Napoleon's Irish surgeon, with the suggestion of using poison. The charge has always been received in England with angry incredulity; and it used to be said by the

* Larrey, 'Mme Mère,' ii, 221.

apologists of Lowe that 'there was no hint or trace of anything that can justify the supposition in O'Meara's letters.' But the original journals of O'Meara, which have only lately been examined, show that the entry, declared by Forsyth to have been fabricated afterwards, was made at the date under which it appears in the 'Voice from St Helena,' and in substantially the same form, at a time when he was on the best of terms with Sir Hudson Lowe. It was probably due to some misunderstanding, since the worst that is known of Sir Hudson gives no countenance to the idea that he would have made himself an accomplice in a most atrocious crime. Nor does Napoleon himself appear to have believed the tale, when at home and not acting before the world, since he tells Gourgaud: 'I can do what I like with the Governor's reputation. Everything that I say about him, about his bad treatment of me, and of his ideas of poisoning me, will be believed.'* This is not the tone of a man who really thinks that his life is endangered by poison.

Lord Rosebery has dwelt upon the general kindness and patience exhibited by the Emperor towards his followers at St Helena. Occasionally he may be brutal, as when he tells Gourgaud that the mother for whom the pension has been so assiduously sought will be dead long before Gourgaud gets back to Paris; or underbred, as when he tells Madame Bertrand, after his old Tuileries fashion, that she is ill-dressed, that she is like a shop-keeper's wife out for Sunday, and that she has no teeth; but he bears contradiction and ceaseless peevish complaints from Gourgaud with something verging upon angelic patience. Yet this is not a new phase of his character. It is simply the Napoleon whom we seem to discover at every turn when we consult his intimates and go behind the evidence of those who, like Chaptal, only knew him in public life, or who, like Madame de Rémusat, had been slighted by him. Behind his brusque speech and his rough manners, there was at times visible something very like a warm and loving heart. 'Vraiment bon' is Thiebault's description of him. 'Si bon, si généreux,' says Rapp. In his prosperity he did not forget his old friends; in his adversity he was followed by a small band of the

* Gourgaud, ii, 414.

faithful—and this when there was no longer any worldly advantage to be gained by faithfulness. 'I have made courtiers, not friends,' he said; but, after all, in what relation stand Montholon and Bertrand to him, if not in that of the truest and bravest of friends? His mask of cynicism is lifted by such facts.

On his public character the course of history has pronounced sentence. He failed and brought ruin upon his country, yet, as we have seen, largely through causes which he could not wholly control—most of all, perhaps, the very greatness of his genius, which, whatever the status of France, must always have rendered him dangerous to the neighbouring Powers. He stimulated the very forces which were to be most fatal to France—the sense of nationality in Italy and Germany, and the growth of the colonial Empire of England. But it was his work to clear the ground for the new edifices of the century. In this sense he was, to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, 'the scavenger of God.' His iron impact made Germany what she has become in our time; and everywhere on the Continent his was eventually a revivifying influence. Nothing, where he had passed, was as it was before.

Was he a good man? asks Lord Rosebery, dubiously: and he answers, though reluctantly, in the affirmative. Morally good, as the saints have understood the phrase, he was not. But he was unmoral rather than immoral, and unmoral because of his unhappy environment. He grew up in an age when religion and morality were making shipwreck in the Revolutionary excesses; and it is small wonder that he was Pagan at heart in his earliest days. Lord Rosebery has traced in his character the development of that spirit which the Greeks called *ὕβρις*, and for which we have no precise English equivalent. But he adds that Napoleon, 'until he chose to make a demigod of himself . . . was kind, generous, and affectionate; at any rate . . . he was certainly not the reverse.' Even so measured a panegyric may surprise his detractors; but the latest evidence on Napoleon's character convinces us that Lord Rosebery errs, if in any direction, upon the safe side.

Art. X.—THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Boer Politics*. By Yves Guyot. Translated from the French. London : John Murray, 1900.
2. *The Settlement after the War in South Africa*. By M. J. Farrelly, LL.D. London : Macmillan, 1900.
3. *The Renascence of South Africa*. By A. R. Colquhoun. London : Hurst and Blackett, 1900.
4. *British Africa*. (British Empire Series, Vol. II.) London : Kegan Paul, 1899.
5. *Farming Industries of Cape Colony*. By Robert Wallace. London : P. S. King and Son, 1896.
6. *Report of the Inspector of Water Drills for 1897*. Cape of Good Hope Department of Agriculture. [G. 30—'98.]
7. *Special Report on Colonial Irrigation and Hydrographic Survey*. Cape of Good Hope Public Works Department. [G. 76—'99.]
8. *Vigilance Papers*. I-X. Cape Town : South African Vigilance Committee, 1900.
9. *Reports of the 'Nederlandsche Zuid-Afrikaansche Spoorweg-Maatschappij'*. Published in the 'Staats-Courant,' Pretoria.
10. *Reports of the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines*. A. Barsdorf and Co., Wool Exchange, London.

(I.) *State Finance and Industrial Enterprise.*

INDUSTRIAL and commercial expansion in South Africa must depend so materially upon the policy of the British Government that no intelligent discussion of the subject is possible without first determining the sum, if any, which that country will be called upon to contribute towards the cost of the war. Can we arrive at any general principles which will aid in the solution of this question? The investigation may be divided into two parts—firstly, considerations of justice or equity; secondly, financial resources and expedients.

Was the war undertaken to defend Imperial or local interests? If the former, it is obviously the duty of Great Britain to meet the outlay out of the Imperial Exchequer; if the latter, then South Africa ought in time to refund the whole cost with interest; if both, then the problem is to

NOTE.—The two sections of this article are by different authors.

determine the proportions chargeable to each. That the position of Great Britain in South Africa was challenged by the two Republics is now acknowledged upon all sides; and that the possession at least of the Cape is vital to the Empire needs no profound study of geography to appreciate. Was the war waged to remedy the Uitlanders' grievances, or to wrest the rich gold-fields from the Transvaal, or to defend our general rights as paramount Power, from which the loss or retention of the Cape is certainly inseparable?

There is no difficulty in answering this question. Mr Kruger's ultimatum was the natural outcome of a succession of events which made a struggle for supremacy inevitable. Upon this ground the bill should be entirely paid by this country. But there are other considerations. We have occupied the territory of the Boer Republics, and we have taken possession of what their Governments have left us as State property. We step, in fact, into their shoes, and we are entitled to make the most we can out of the assets that accrue to us. There is a vast difference between turning these to the most profitable account, and making the inhabitants of the country feel the iron heel of the conqueror. Had we restored the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to the Boers, we should have been justified in exacting an indemnity; but, as we have annexed those States, our position is altered. It may be urged that, since the inhabitants would have had to pay an indemnity had Presidents Kruger and Steyn been reinstated, they may with equal justice be made to pay now. But, in that case, the citizens would have had the State property to draw on for the indemnity, whereas now it has become an Imperial asset.

There are strong grounds, however, which warrant our placing a share of the cost of the war on the taxpayers of the Transvaal. The Uitlanders are to be freed from indignities and oppression; the waste of treasure, amounting approximately to 2,000,000*l.* per annum, in secret service, armaments, &c., will cease; the restrictive policy that obtained under the Kruger *régime*, which crippled industrial and mining operations with a view to limiting the foreign population, will disappear; and the fullest development of the resources of the country will be encouraged. But the contribution to be paid in considera-

tion of these benefits must not be such as to injure prosperity. The aim of the British Government should be to foster trade, not only that the new colonies may prosper, but also to increase the export trade of this country. To hinder this would be commercial and political folly. Any participation in the cost of the war must be so adjusted as to leave the population of the Transvaal under at least as good if not better conditions than those which existed during the Republic, or discontent of a most dangerous order will be the result, involving not only the Dutch but our own kinsmen.

But if, on these grounds, the Transvaal may be expected to contribute, why not also the Orange River Colony and the other colonies? The Imperial army was for many months engaged in repelling the invader from the Cape Colony and Natal, while these districts, together with the Orange River Colony, will profit, like the Transvaal, by the improvement of trade. If the individual in the Transvaal is to bear his share of the burden, why not also the individual in the other parts of South Africa? The question of the relative richness of the different communities may affect the proportion of the respective contributions, but it cannot affect the principle.

In the next place, assuming the cost of the war to be 100,000,000*l.* (an amount which is a mere guess, as operations are still proceeding), what proportion of that amount arises from the unprepared state of this country? Is South Africa to be saddled with any share of the expenditure traceable directly to War Office bungling and lack of foresight? The whole question is so complex, and the issues at stake so vital, that no hasty decision should be arrived at. The gravest consequences might follow any ill-considered legislation, fixing a specific sum as the share of the burden to be borne by the various provinces of South Africa. Either a Royal Commission or a carefully chosen Committee of the House of Commons should be appointed to examine thoroughly and report upon the subject; and its deliberations should be aided by the best expert financial testimony obtainable, by means of which a basis can probably be found at once satisfactory to the Imperial Government and to those who will have to pay. It is not a case for hasty adjustment, or for the arbitrary assessment of any definite sum, small or large, to please

the taxpaying electors at home, but is a problem that should be approached with infinite care.

The agricultural portions of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies are suffering grievously from the war, and the only source from which any considerable amount can be drawn is the Witwatersrand. That good government, the cancellation of monopolies, the better management of railways, &c., will result in placing the mining industry upon a much higher profit-earning basis than it enjoyed under President Kruger is certain; and the Imperial Government, having brought this change about, may fairly claim a proportion of the benefit as a matter of business, but not on political grounds. A considerable sum will be needed, when peace is restored, to assist the Boers themselves. A great number of their farms, probably a majority, are mortgaged; and as they are depleted of stock, and in many cases the homesteads are destroyed, capital will be needed for a fresh start. The value of the Boer homestead in the Transvaal rarely exceeds 100*l.*, so that the destruction due to the war is of far less consequence than would be supposed by those who have in mind the farm-buildings usually met with in this country. Safeguards for the payment of interest and redemption of the loans can and must be devised; but assuming these precautions to have been taken, it is obviously the duty of the State to encourage the Dutch landowners to cultivate their farms and restock them, as well as to settle British farmer emigrants in the country. Such action will tend to obliterate the bitterness which the war must leave behind, and help to educate the Boer to be a loyal citizen of the Empire, which, having vanquished him, ministers to his needs.

For the benefit of South Africa the agricultural, pastoral, and other industries should be restarted as soon as possible. It may be found essential in some instances to grant State aid, as a temporary measure and as a matter of good policy, but it should be given with a sparing hand, and, apart from Englishmen, only to those Boers who declare their readiness to settle down as loyal subjects of the Crown. It is neither just nor politic that Boer refugees and the families of the men who are actually fighting against us should be well fed and cared for at the expense of this country, whilst British refugees are

left to starve or to subsist on charity. This true but anomalous circumstance appears indicative of a strange English characteristic, an exaggerated if not a perverted sense of justice. It may flatter our vanity to succour our foes, and we are entitled to the satisfaction of doing so if we first give succour to our friends; otherwise our superlative generosity becomes gross injustice.

After peace is proclaimed, it will be necessary, in addition to the mounted police force now being raised, to keep a large, if gradually decreasing, garrison in South Africa for two or three years. The additional expense due to keeping the troops in South Africa instead of in England should be borne by South Africa; for otherwise it would be the interest of the inhabitants to keep a large number of soldiers permanently there, since general trade must benefit by their presence. It must be made the business of every resident to get rid of them as soon as possible. It is highly probable that the revenue will not suffice to defray the cost of government and of this charge as well; so for a year or two the cost may be added to the capital sum for which South Africa is rendered liable. The total sum should be fixed as soon as is compatible with full examination, since the trade of the country will suffer and possessors of capital be afraid to embark in new enterprises, so long as the amount of the debt is undecided. It is therefore of great moment that the body chosen to report upon the question of South Africa's contribution to the cost of the war should begin its work as soon as possible. The interest and redemption charge, say $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in all, should be fixed; and if the revenue cannot meet it during the first few years, the deficit can be added to the capital. Probably the revenue, after a couple of years' resumption of work and normal conditions, will be sufficient to meet the outlay upon general administration, including the police force, which will involve an expenditure of about 3,000,000*l*.

The Commission appointed to investigate the proportions of cost that should be borne by this country and South Africa will also be in a position to report upon the respective amounts that can reasonably be demanded, not only from the Transvaal, but, on commercial grounds, from the Orange River Colony, as well as from the Cape and Natal. Great Britain can with justice insist that, owing to

her having annexed the Transvaal, a rapid development of the immense natural resources of that country will follow, which will bring considerable extra revenue to the aforementioned colonies; and their contributions should only become payable when the revenues exceed the amounts accruing in the best years during the existence of the Republics. To tax the revenues at once would cause great discontent: to claim a conditional share of contingent profits cannot be fairly objected to.

The Cape and Natal may with some show of reason contend that they have suffered by the invasion of the Transvaal and Free State burghers, and have therefore a claim against those States for damages sustained, which the Imperial Government, as successor in title, should satisfy. But the Government have already repudiated any pecuniary liability for damages caused by war; and it may be replied that, but for the British army, those countries would have become vassals or portions of the Boer States. Admitting, however, that an indemnity is due, it could at most only be deducted from the amount apportioned to those colonies as their share of the expenses of the war. Both these colonies being in the enjoyment of responsible government, it is not possible, except by friendly negotiation, to insist upon their bearing any share of the war cost. On the other hand, as it can be clearly demonstrated that they will benefit enormously as the result of the British administration of the late Republics, they should voluntarily agree to pay a share of outlay, more particularly as any legislation they may pass to that end can be so framed as not to be oppressive, and should only come into operation as the revenues increase. Should they refuse, the alternative is simple. The control of the trade will be in British hands; and customs regulations, coupled with railway rates, can be so arranged as to exact the contributions which they may refuse to make voluntarily.

Before touching in detail upon the effect which good government may have upon the industries of the Transvaal, let us summarise the preceding observations. First, the war is an Imperial war, necessary to the retention even of Cape Town as a British port; second, the possession of the Cape is vital to the existence of the Empire; consequently, the Imperial treasury should pay for the war.

But, thirdly, good government will ultimately prove of immense commercial benefit to South Africa, and a great saving in the cost of loans may be effected by a judicious use of the Imperial credit; therefore South Africa should contribute a reasonable share of the expense.

Sentimental or moral benefit can hardly be translated into money value, so the share of South Africa's profit that is claimed as a contribution towards expenses can be claimed only on commercial grounds. The gentlemen entrusted with the investigation into the financial outlook in South Africa, with a view to determining the respective shares of expense to be drawn from the different portions of that country, should keep in mind as a guiding principle not only the claims of Great Britain but the progressive future of South Africa. The problem is complex. Upon its solution depend the future relations of South Africa with this country, and the question whether that sub-continent is or is not to absorb a great proportion of our surplus population and of our trade—in fact, whether we are to lay the foundation for the building up of a great nation of South Africans in sympathy with, or in opposition to, the mother country. A share of the burden can no doubt be borne by South Africa without stunting the growth of good feeling towards Great Britain, if its weight be determined with judgment, and the strong arm of our national credit be made available to support the younger land until it has grown strong enough to stand alone.

Irresponsible persons who talk glibly about making the Transvaal mine-owners pay for the war do not realise that the prosperity of South Africa depends almost entirely upon the success of the mining industry, which cannot be crippled without detriment to the whole country; and moreover it should be remembered that any action which hampers the general development hits the bulk of the population, which is poor, much harder than the capitalists at whom it would be aimed, with the disastrous consequence of creating a hostile British as well as a hostile Dutch population. Any such insane policy would be sacrificing the hard-earned fruits of victory—nay, would infallibly produce a repetition of the gruesome spectacle now drawing to a close, or even a secession of the South African colonies from the Empire.

With regard to the finances of the future, no critical analysis of the statistics published by the late Transvaal Government is possible within the limits of this general glance at the subject; but an examination of the figures clearly indicates that, without raising the taxes, the revenue can be increased, and, with due regard to proper civil administration, the expenditure can be diminished. That is a satisfactory position to start from.

Neither the increase of population nor the development of the country during the five years from 1894 to 1898 accounts for the enormous increase of revenue and expenditure during that period. For this increase an explanation must be sought in other directions. Fixed salaries, for instance, rose from 419,775*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* in 1894 to 1,080,382*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* in 1898. It is highly probable that 500,000*l.* may be saved under this head. Outlay upon public works rose from 260,962*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* in 1894 to 1,012,866*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* in 1897, but was reduced to little more than half that amount in 1898. That a large portion of this outlay was devoted to preparations for war is certain, there being no visible public works of magnitude except armaments and forts to account for such expense. 'Sundry Services Account' appears to be a euphemistic title for secret service; it absorbed, on an average, about 140,000*l.* per annum during the period under review. 'Special Expenditure,' which figured at 330,181*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* in 1894, seems to have been an elastic account, the object of which is not declared. Under this heading 682,008*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* was spent in 1896 (the year in which the Reform prisoners were tried), but the sum was reduced to 211,910*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* in 1898. Upon 'War Department' the declared expenditure in 1894 only amounted to 28,158*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*, whilst in 1896, after the Raid, when Mr Kruger thought it unnecessary to cover up so much of the outlay under this head, it stood at 495,618*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, and in 1898 at 357,225*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.* The total saving that can be effected cannot be determined until the new administration has been organised, but it is not improbable that about half the expenditure can be avoided. On the other hand, the mounted police force which will be required for some years will cost a larger sum than the most rigid retrenchment upon Mr Kruger's budget can save; and additional expenditure on justice and education will be necessary.

Turning to the 'Receipts,' it will be seen that, whilst the revenue was 2,247,728*l.* in 1894, it was slightly over 4,000,000*l.* in 1897 and slightly under that figure in 1898. The incidence of taxation might with advantage be changed in some particulars, but the chief taxpayer must in the future, as in the past, and in equity, be the mine-owner. The Boer was no doubt unduly favoured under the old *régime*, and hardly contributed at all; but, though he should in the future be made to share equally with the other white inhabitants, the revenue would scarcely be affected; and until the rural population has had time to get its farms restocked and in working order again, their owners cannot be made to bear any heavier taxation.

The two principal sources from which a larger revenue may be drawn without creating new or raising old tariffs are the Netherlands Railway and dynamite. The Netherlands South African Railway Company has issued elaborate reports, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to elicit the truth from them. The revenue from railways is hopelessly mixed up with the Customs Dues, which, under the concession, were collected by the Company upon merchandise landed at Delagoa Bay and entering the Transvaal from Portuguese territory. The lines have been taken over by the British Government, and no indication has as yet been given as to the compensation which will be paid to the Company. That the Hollander officials have gravely compromised the owners of the railway by their over-zealous and needlessly aggressive activity on behalf of the Boers is incontrovertible; but it would be neither just nor dignified for the British Government to seize upon their delinquencies as an excuse for the confiscation of innocent shareholders' property. There are just grounds, however, for exacting from the Company repayment in full for damage done to Colonial railways and bridges by the 'Destruction Brigade' of the Company; and in no case should the compensation exceed the outlay upon the railway system as represented by the share and debenture capital at par.

The capital of the Company comprised 14,000 shares, of 1000 gulden each, equal to 1,166,666*l.*, and debentures amounting to 7,209,166*l.*, besides which they had contracted a loan of 548,000*l.*, making in all 8,923,832*l.* If this amount were paid by the Imperial Government, the shareholders should consider themselves handsomely

treated, taking all the circumstances into account. If interest and redemption of this sum are reckoned at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., this would involve an annual payment of 290,024*l.* The yearly profits of the Company amounted at the outbreak of the war to about 1,500,000*l.*, out of which debenture holders and shareholders were first paid the guaranteed interest, while 85 per cent. of the balance went to the Transvaal Government, and the remainder was divided between the shareholders and the management. Mr Kruger's Government owned 5,788 of the 14,000 shares issued, and these have become an asset of the Imperial Government. According to official accounts the Government received in 1897 737,366*l.*, and in 1898 668,951*l.*, as its 85 per cent. of surplus profits. The dividends which accrued upon the 5788 shares are probably included in the Interest Account, and amounted roughly to from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* in 1898 (see note on p. 239).

Assuming that, when peace is restored and work fully resumed, the volume of trade and the railway rates will be the same as before the war, and leaving out of account that expansion of commerce which it is hoped that annexation will produce, the annual profit of 1,500,000*l.* would accrue to the British Government, as against a liability of 290,024*l.*,* leaving a net income, beyond what the Transvaal Government derived from this source, of over 500,000*l.*—a valuable aid towards financing the new Crown Colony. That the British Government should acquire the railway and hold it as it were in trust for the benefit of the Transvaal in some form is of great importance, for the railway not only provides a weapon to control the finances of that country, but can be used as a powerful lever in dealing with the neighbouring colonies.

It is evident that the railway has been extravagantly run, and a capable general manager will no doubt succeed in reducing the cost of working the line to less than 50 per cent. of the gross earnings, the proportion at which it stood, roughly speaking, in 1899. The following table gives an interesting comparison between some of the systems working in South Africa.

* Of this sum, 15,700*l.* (roughly) would be refunded on account of the 5,788 shares held by the late Government.

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PROPORTION OF WORKING COSTS TO GROSS REVENUE.*

	1899.	1898.	1897.
	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Netherlands Railway	49·91	51·46	50·46
Cape Government Railways	65·5	68·1	61·8
Natal Government Railway	59·79	55·46

COMPARATIVE REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE PER TRAIN MILE.

	Revenue per Train Mile.			Costs per Train Mile.		
	1899.	1898.	1897.	1899.	1898.	1897.
Netherlands Railway	£ 13 9	£ 13 5	£ 15 0	£ 6 10	£ 6 10	£ 7 5
Cape Government Railways	7 0	6 7	6 11	4 7	4 6	4 3
Natal Government Railway	7 2	8 8	..	4 3	4 10

Most of the trains entering the Transvaal pass over the Cape and Natal systems, and before crossing the border are raised 3,988 feet and 5,433 feet respectively above sea level, the remainder of the journey being over a comparatively flat country. Only in the case of trains coming from Delagoa Bay are the loads raised to the high plateau *after* entering the Transvaal; so the working costs of the Netherlands Company should upon this ground alone have been lower than those of the Cape and Natal, apart from the fact that the situation of the coal mines is all in favour of the Dutch Company. There would appear to have been grave mismanagement when in such circumstances an expenditure of 6s. 10d. out of a revenue of 13s. 9d. per train mile occurred, as against an expenditure of 4s. 7d. out of a revenue of 7s. per train mile on the Cape system.

The dynamite monopoly originally came into existence as a concession granted to certain persons for the manufacture and sale of explosives in the Transvaal. The mining industry was from the first strongly opposed to the concession, on the ground that, while the State's proportion of profit was ridiculously small, the price charged

* These figures are taken from official reports.

for the explosives supplied to the mines was vastly in excess of the price at which they could have been imported from Europe, and a heavy tax was thus imposed on the mines for the benefit of foreign concessionnaires. The provisions of the concession were proved to have been flagrantly contravened, and after some years of agitation it was in consequence cancelled. Only a very short time elapsed, however, before the concession was revived under the title of a State monopoly in explosives, which under another guise placed the trade again in the hands of the old concessionnaires, upon terms which were in some respects even better than those of the original concession. The British Government protested against the so-called State monopoly, as being a breach of the London Convention; and it would seem reasonable therefore that, having become masters of the country, they should now cancel it. It is unnecessary to enter into details as to the form in which this should be accomplished, whether by a formal cancellation of the monopoly or by simply throwing open the trade in explosives under certain conditions. In any case, without prejudicing the mining industry, a sum of about half a million sterling a year might be added to the receipts of the country by imposing a tax of twenty shillings upon every case of explosives used. Assuming the monopoly to have been cancelled, the charge of twenty shillings a case should be levied not only upon all explosives imported into the country, but also on those manufactured within its boundaries. The land and sea carriage of the bulky materials used in the manufacture of dynamite costs three times as much as the carriage of the manufactured article; whence it may clearly be inferred that cheapness was not the object of establishing a factory in the Transvaal.

Some prominence has recently been given to the *bewaarplaatsen*, the right of mining under which is generally regarded as having belonged to the Transvaal Government. A good deal of misconception exists both as to the nature and value of these areas. When the working of the Witwatersrand gold reefs began, a digger could procure either what was known as a digger's licence or a prospector's licence. It is unnecessary to define the distinction between these two licences further than to state that the former was much more costly than the latter, and was

supposed to confer a safer title. Prospecting licences were usually taken out not only on the outcrop of the reefs, but also on the ground lying to the south of them, the object with which the southern areas were pegged out being to secure sites upon which 'tailings' could be deposited. With a view to making the *débris* sites somewhat cheaper than the prospecting claims, the Government introduced legislation which created the *bewaarplaatsen*, and according to which an area, which cost under prospecting licence five shillings, cost under *bewaarplaatsen* licence three shillings and ninepence. In many cases owners of prospecting areas used as depositing sites were compelled to exchange their prospecting for *bewaarplaatsen* licences. As time went on and the reefs became developed in depth, it became evident that the *bewaarplaatsen* were valuable as mining areas. The holders of the licences for these areas very naturally considered that they would have the first right to take out mining licences; and their belief was justified by many provisions in the Transvaal laws, such as, for instance, that by which a brick-maker who held a licence simply to take clay from the surface had the first right, if the presence of valuable minerals was either discovered or suspected on the area held by him, to take out a mining licence. Adventurers and concession-hunters endeavoured to secure from the Government the right to all the minerals under the *bewaarplaatsen*; and for some years a struggle was carried on for the acquisition of these rights, the areas in question becoming all the time more and more valuable. Finally the Government signified its intention of selling these areas for the benefit of the State, and called for tenders. Shortly afterwards the war broke out, and nothing further was done.

Looked at from the standpoint of equity, there is no more justification for the selling of these rights than there would be for the selling of every piece of ground in the Transvaal upon which a licence is sought for mining purposes; and it appears probable that, at least in many cases, it may be proved from a legal point of view that no such right of sale exists, but that the holders of the *bewaarplaatsen* licences have the first right to take out mining licences. Apart from the question of rights, there is an entirely erroneous impression as to the value of

these areas. It may be definitely stated that, with very few exceptions, the *bewaarplaatsen* cannot be worked at a profit except by the companies whose ground is adjoining, for the simple reason that the quantity of ore contained within the areas is insufficient to pay for separate working; and it may further be definitely stated that the whole of the *bewaarplaatsen* are not worth more than a million sterling. To those familiar with the subject, the visionary value recently placed upon the *bewaarplaatsen* is ludicrous. Should the British Government decide to sell these areas, they will no doubt employ competent engineers to report upon their value; and it will then be found that the estimate given here is not unreasonable.

Finally, amongst the assets to which the British Government succeeds must be reckoned the unallotted lands in the Transvaal. No estimate can yet be formed of the value of these unoccupied areas, which, from an agricultural or pastoral standpoint, cannot be of great importance, or they would not have remained in the hands of the State. But in such a highly mineralised and so imperfectly prospected a country, discoveries may at any time be made, in consequence of which a large and prosperous population may be able to settle upon these untenanted wastes.

A few years ago the greater part of South Africa was in this desolate condition. Although we have had a foothold in the country for the best part of a century, no development of any importance took place until the diamond mines attracted a young and enterprising class of fortune-hunters. Twenty-five years ago the railways, which now cover a distance of five thousand miles, were hardly in existence; and the terminus of the trunk line, now being pushed vigorously on towards the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River, was at a little village called Wellington, forty-five miles from Cape Town.

The gigantic industrial and commercial advance of the last few years is almost entirely due to the mines, and this advance has largely affected agricultural and pastoral conditions, through the enhanced demand for produce and the consequent rise of prices. If such an increase has taken place under the unpropitious conditions hitherto existing, it may be confidently expected that it will continue under British government, for many years to come, at a still more rapid rate. The consequences to agri-

cultural enterprise must be far-reaching. Lands which could not be profitably worked, undertakings which had no chance of success, in former days, may now promise a secure return to investment. A generation ago, there was neither capital in the colonial treasuries to undertake public works on a large scale—irrigation works, for instance—nor a demand for agricultural produce which would have justified such expenditure. This is the case no longer; and prognostications of failure, based on agricultural difficulties which were mainly due to bygone conditions, must therefore be largely discounted. Agricultural prosperity, in South Africa, depends on industrial and commercial progress; and, if we would encourage the former, we must be careful to foster, at all events not to hinder by excessive demands and restrictions, the latter.

The potentialities of South Africa are appreciated by few in this country. A gold output of twenty millions sterling, capable of great increase under favourable conditions, a diamond output of over four millions sterling, an unlimited supply of coal well distributed over the various divisions of the country, the known existence of a quantity of iron, of lead, of copper, some silver, and some tin—the magnitude of which has yet to be demonstrated—and possible new discoveries in many as yet unprospected regions, constitute an inducement which no other sparsely populated portion of the globe can offer to those in search of fortune. The crying needs of the land, which has practically been allowed to sleep through the ages, are an energetic population and a good government willing to lend a helping hand financially. So long as the mines absorb all the available private capital, the State must assist agriculture. Advances made judiciously, under the advice and control of a body of experts appointed for the purpose, could be adequately secured. The cheapening of commodities and the widening of the field of labour will be one of the chief duties of Government in South Africa, and one by which, politically and commercially, the position of the Empire may be indefinitely strengthened.

Note.—NETHERLANDS RAILWAY.

CALCULATION OF COST OF EXPROPRIATION DURING 1901.

		£	s.	d.
1897.	Dividend—'A' 13 per cent.	119,166	13	4
"	" 'B' 11½ "	28,750	0	0
1898.	" 'A' 11½ "	107,708	6	8
"	" 'B' 10½ "	25,625	0	0
1899.	" 'A' 12½ "	114,583	6	8
"	" 'B' 11 "	27,500	0	0
Total, three years		£423,333	6	8
Average per annum		£141,111	2	2·6
141,111l. 2s. 2·6d. × 20		2,822,222	4	6
Add 14 times 1 per cent. of 1,166,666l. 13s. 4d.		163,333	6	8
		£2,985,555	11	2
Obligations per Balance Sheet, 31/12/99		7,209,166	13	4
Klerksdorp Line Loan		548,000	0	0
		£10,742,722	4	6

To the above sum must be added the cost of liquidation of the Company, payments to liquidators, legal expenses, &c., involving a small outlay only. On the other hand, large deductions will have to be made on account of damage deliberately done to railway and other property by the officials or agents of the Netherlands Railway Company.

(II.) *Immigration, Agriculture, and Irrigation.*

M. YVES GUYOT, the able editor of the 'Siccle,' in his book on 'Boer Politics,' attempts to bring his countrymen into line with us on the South African controversy, by pointing out that the conflict is essentially one between lower and higher types of civilisation. By following the history of our relations with the Boer Republics, he is able to make an effective reply to an article by Dr Kuyper in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and to show that our action is defensive in character and deserves the support of all lovers of liberty. Amidst the storm of invective and abuse directed against us from the Continent, it is a pleasure to become aware that so influential a voice as that of M. Guyot has made and is still making itself heard in support of our action; and if the outcome is to establish an industrial civilisation of a higher type as the basis of Africa's regeneration, even those amongst us who oppose the war may take comfort.

M. Guyot's definition of the issue does not lighten but increases the burden of our responsibility, if we are to deal wisely with the tangle of interests thrust into our hands by President Kruger and his advisers. Fortunately the materials for a correct judgment are not wanting: there are many writers on the South African theme who are more or less trustworthy contributors. One who claims consideration by reason of his intimate knowledge of the subject, and his temperate handling of it, is Dr M. J. Farrelly, who has endeavoured in his book, 'The Settlement after the War in South Africa,' to impress upon us the necessity of finality in that settlement. He writes:—

'The one conclusion which is borne in upon the mind is the necessity of a final settlement, once for all, of the question, Into whose hands is political power to be committed? On the answer to this question depends the whole future of the race in South Africa. . . . The object with which I write, therefore, is to show that above and beyond the rights and wrongs of the particular issue to which Boer and Briton in South Africa are committed, finality in the settlement should be the dominating thought in the minds of the statesmen who will have to decide when the cannon is silent—finality imperatively required to further the mission in the world of the European race, . . . to promote the fusion of the European race in South Africa, . . . to ensure the elevation ultimately, and in the present the just treatment, of the subordinate races. . . . That nothing must be left to the settlement of time alone in this struggle between Imperial British and Republican Dutch supremacy is the one great political fact which I purpose to make clear.'

This is excellent good sense, but Dr Farrelly's political remedies do not strike one as the only or even the best means for solving the practical difficulties of the situation. His demonstration of the Separatist tendencies of Afrikanerism is worthy of all attention, especially on account of his former connexion with the Transvaal Government, though he hardly gives due weight and prominence to Boer hostility and European intrigue as contributory causes of the war; but his proposals dealing with the future settlement will not carry the support of many South Africans, since he turns to the old and discredited safeguards—constitutions, systems of government, Governors—

General, Imperial Councils, and other political machinery, which has broken down so completely in the past. The object being to obtain a higher type of civilisation or a final settlement, how can these be secured by multiplying British institutions, British Governors and British colonies, if the people themselves are not British? Finality, recognised on all sides as absolutely necessary, will be obtained only when South Africa is mainly British and not Dutch; and by British we mean British by blood and not by legal fiction. Dr Farrelly is wholly right when he distinguishes so carefully, in the paragraph we have quoted, between the Imperial British and the Republican Dutch. After the war, the British will remain supporters of the British Empire; the Dutch will remain supporters of their suppressed Republics. A fairly intimate knowledge of our incomparable British constitution and British ideas of liberty did not convert the Smuts, Esselens, and other university graduates, who began life as subjects of the Queen, into enthusiastic supporters of the British flag in South Africa. The closer their acquaintance with our 'higher type,' the greater their hostility; and what has happened in the past will happen in the future, clemency and self-government notwithstanding. The steady trend towards secession will continue, and will be heartily, if secretly, assisted by the Sauers, Moltenos, Hofmeyrs, and other half-foreign politicians elected to rule over our colonies.

In a published address to the women of South Africa their interpreter and mouthpiece, Olive Schreiner, wrote lately :—

'I know not how it is with any of you, but for myself personally, as long as I live, whenever I look into the recesses of my own heart, I shall always see there waving free the gallant flags of those two little Republics, said to have been furled for ever, enshrined there in my sympathies and affections. And if there be in South Africa another two hundred thousand hearts in which those flags are enshrined, then I know the day will come when hands will rise which will in actuality unfurl them, and they will float free across South Africa. We may not live to see it; many of us may go down amid tears and blood and sorrow to our graves, but the future is with the Republicans. . . . The future is ours. Let us, the women of South Africa, keep our eyes steadily fixed on it, and labour for it.'

This is language clear and emphatic enough. 'But,' say some, 'we will catch these Dutch Republicans young, we will make them British Imperialists when they are at school.' Those who believe in this remedy must be child-like indeed—or shall we say ignorant? Stellenbosch, the Dutch educational centre, a few miles from Cape Town, where we have established a camp ostensibly for training horses, but really to keep a military eye on the most active Republican centre in the British Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, issues a students' 'Quarterly Magazine,' from the last number of which the following is taken:—

'The theory that the reduction of the Republics to the condition of British provinces, and the suppression of the power of the Afrikaner element in the Cape Colony will for ever extinguish the dream of an Afrikaner nation, is a phantom. . . . The war, even if it should annihilate the two Republics, will raise upon the ruins of the conquered but not humiliated Republics an Afrikaner nation from the Limpopo to Cape Agulhas.'

Emphatic declarations of this sort, combined with a knowledge of the Cape Dutch, and supported by a consideration of the sentiments usually cherished by the conquered, render us extremely distrustful of the efficacy of all constitutional expedients designed to convert Republicans into Imperialists. Our safety lies not in paper constitutions nor in magnanimity, but in wise and energetic action.

The word which should be graven on the heart of every supporter of the British flag in South Africa is Immigration. It is the Alpha and the Omega of the problem that faces us in the settlement. Whether the efforts to win our Dutch fellow-colonists by concessions will succeed or fail we do not know; the evidence is so far unfavourable; but we can make their success or failure a matter of indifference and merely sentimental regret, if the political power is transferred from the secessionists to the British by making the latter the majority instead of leaving them as now the minority.

Next year a general census will be taken in South Africa as elsewhere. It will be found, we estimate, that the white population numbers approximately 780,000; and of this total 415,000 will be of Dutch origin, 340,000 will be British,

and the remainder will be foreigners. Natural increase will double these numbers in twenty-five years and give the elements antagonistic to us a gradually increasing numerical majority. Thus we shall lose South Africa unless we can by immigration increase the number of our own people and ensure a continuance of that liberal and progressive legislation which alone can promote an influx of men and money into the country. We cannot afford to lose the control of the ballot-box, which will be the chief agency by which the silent struggle soon to be entered upon will be decided. Whether the Cape Treason Bill, by which a number of Dutch voters will be disfranchised for a period of five years, will suffice to retain the Liberal party in power is a matter of doubt. It may be that even so early as next year the largest and most important member of the proposed South African Federation—the Cape Colony—will fall again under Dutch dominance, and thereby add greatly to the difficulties of the situation. Indirect legislation will be the weapon employed, in the future as in the past, to check the too rapid increase of the Uitlander in the Cape Colony. The scab insect in sheep, phylloxera in the vines, locusts everywhere—these are strange weapons to employ against Anglo-Saxon expansion. But President Kruger, whose direct action was hampered by the Conventions, has given South African politicians some useful lessons in indirect obstructive tactics; and even the insect plagues of South Africa are useful auxiliaries when the advent of white farmers threatens to disturb the political balance. Afrikanerism can exist only by preserving its isolation. This truth was thoroughly understood by politicians like President Kruger and Mr Hofmeyr. When the census results are published even the politicians of the Karoo will comprehend it, and will, while voting money for Imperial battleships, oppose obstacles to immigration—such for example as heavy taxes on joint-stock companies, which, by promoting the development of the country, are stronger supporters of British power than even the navy. Against ‘slimness’ of this kind, awakened by the instinct of self-preservation, mere political safeguards will prove worse than valueless, for they will serve only to conceal the truth and will lull to a false security just when vigilance is most needed. Those who believe otherwise do not know the slow-thinking conservative Boer peasant.

Granting, then, the need for strengthening our position by increasing the numbers of our friends, a study of the factors influencing immigration into South Africa should be our first task. Some light is thrown on the economical conditions which must be studied in connexion with this problem, by the second volume of the 'British Empire Series,' entitled 'British Africa.' The series of papers it contains has been contributed by competent writers, though it must be confessed some of them have not taken much pains with their work.

Professor Wallace, in his book on 'Farming Industries of Cape Colony,' gives a profusion of useful facts relating to agriculture in the Cape Colony and the condition of its farming industries at the time of his visit in 1895. The tour was undertaken at the instance of the Cape Government; and the book has consequently an official character, though its form and its many excellent illustrations remove it from the blue-book category. Its chief defect, apart from minor errors which should not appear in a work of this high class, is a want of suggestiveness; the author contenting himself in many cases with recording the data collected by him without pointing out so fully as could be wished the lines of future development and improvement, or, indeed, estimating the relative value of the various industries noticed.

Considering the rapid expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, the substitution of a British for a Dutch majority in South Africa may seem easy; but the growth of other white races increases our difficulties. South Africa will for many reasons attract the surplus populations of Europe and America; and if we cannot regulate and control the alien inflow, the dangers arising from the Republican drift already mentioned will become greater. The Republicans begin with a majority, and they count upon securing all that foreign flotsam which we so generously allow to drift into every outlying section of the Empire. After the war the foreign element will grow rapidly: the signs are not to be mistaken. When South Africa calls for immigrants the call will be answered from every slum and bourse throughout the civilised world. Five out of six of those who have crossed the Atlantic since the American War of Independence have been non-British; and a far smaller proportion—one in two—may suffice to make

the Dutch dream of a South African Republic a reality. The alien element in the Transvaal has given us not a little trouble already; and, assuredly, in the absence of those restrictive measures which British statesmen can hardly adopt, our troubles with the foreign vote in the ballot-box will not diminish. This danger cannot be ignored, but it should not be exaggerated. The unrestricted influx of foreigners into the new colonies may give rise to anxiety, both from their probable numbers and their character. But it should be remembered, in the first place, that they are not likely to come unless there is work for them to do; and that hands are as important as capital for the development of the country. Secondly, if even under the disadvantageous conditions hitherto prevailing, the British element on the Rand largely outnumbered the foreign, it is not likely that the proportions will be reversed under the new *régime*. But, whether this turn out to be the case or not, it is against our principles to restrict immigration; and if we wished to desert those principles in this case, the difficulties, practical and political, would prove insuperable. We can only hope that prosperity and good government will turn these foreigners into good citizens.

The danger, however, makes it all the more incumbent on us to adopt a wise and liberal policy, designed to attract British immigrants to the new and the old colonies. Several suggestions have already been made. The establishment of agricultural colonies, composed of reservists from the police forces, is one proposal, which the Government is believed to favour; though all experience and all the probabilities are against the successful and permanent conversion of the adventurous and roving type, found in these irregular forces, into steady and successful small peasant proprietors. Land schemes, such as find favour in other quarters, are as a rule open to the objection that the attraction of the mining and urban centres is too strong to be resisted, and that in a short time the immigrants become dissatisfied and adopt other occupations or leave the country. Against these and similar proposals the general objection holds good that artificial immigration of this character never yet peopled a colony. Owing to the expense, only hundreds can be thus introduced when thousands are needed. Here and there a scheme may be

successful, but its success is only as a drop in the bucket; the majority fail. In his book, 'The Renaissance of South Africa,' Mr A. R. Colquhoun makes some sensible remarks on this subject:—

'South Africa,' he says, 'must not be pushed into abnormal growth if she is to be healthy. Her development may be speedy, but cannot be accomplished in one *coup*, nor by such crude measures as those suggested, of simply bribing men to stay in the country and buying them spades. Once the country is made liveable the farmers will come fast enough of their own accord, and the artificers and mechanics will find plenty of work. Thus communities properly organised will grow up, striking root in the soil.'

Schemes being of little use, our only real resource is to encourage what may be described as a natural immigration into South Africa. It is true that the vote of 50,000, passed in 1819 for the promotion of emigration to South Africa was followed by a great success—a success so great that it is hardly too much to say that the vote saved the country for the Empire. But the conditions that made it successful no longer exist. Once planted on the soil the emigrants of 1820 were compelled to make the best of their position: they could not escape, for the voyage from the country was a tedious and costly undertaking, quite beyond their means. Between 1820 and 1870 the number of European emigrants to South Africa was very small, and the country remained poor and unknown. It was the discovery of diamonds that advertised South Africa and attracted emigrants, and the development of the gold mines quickened the tide. Diamonds and gold did more in a few years to increase the British population than the outlay of millions on schemes of emigration could have done. Such lessons should not be lost on us. It is in the development of the country's natural resources that the true solvent of the country's political antagonisms will be found. Like most new countries, South Africa possesses certain natural assets which, in the language of the older economists, are necessary, useful, and agreeable to man; and it is by removing obstacles and promoting the development of this natural wealth that most can be done towards inducing British settlers to locate themselves there permanently. Soil, sunshine, water, minerals—these

are the alchemists that will resolve South Africa's troubles. Least in value, but first in power to attract, are its minerals. All measures likely to induce capital to seek its profits in exploiting the country's gold, silver, tin, lead, iron, copper, and coal, its diamonds and sapphires, should be taken. In this field the danger to be guarded against is that prejudice which regards capital as a maleficent agency. Capital is a new country's greatest need. Money attracts men; and minerals, if legislation is not unwise, attract money. Fortunately for the chances of an Anglo-Saxon civilisation in Africa, the development of her minerals has been delayed until now, when the political control has passed to us—if we do not wilfully throw it away.

The subject of South Africa's mineral resources calls for separate discussion. All that need be said here is that a generous policy is essential, not so much for the sake of South Africa as for that of the Empire. When large accessions to the civilian garrison are required to protect the strategic centre of the Empire it is not wise to scrutinise too closely the exact measure of the burdens which the country can support without collapsing. Yet it is possible, if we may judge from the utterances of responsible leaders, that, to save a surplus, the millions we have spent on the war will be lost as effectually as the money we spent to coerce America. A republican South Africa—and, unless we can make the country a contented British State, a republic it will be—will compel the historian of the future to regard the war tax, like the tea tax, amongst the measures that have decided the fate of nations.

We repeat that the fate of South Africa as a British possession will be decided mainly by the steps taken or omitted to further the development of her natural wealth—minerals being in this connexion the most important. After the gold, the immense coal and iron deposits ought to be actively worked, and with the exploitation of these should proceed the development of the country's illimitable agricultural resources. We use the word 'illimitable' advisedly, though doubtless there are many who, gauging the future by the past, condemn South Africa to perpetual barrenness, and believe that, because she has for a generation past imported her food, she must always do so. As the impression is widely spread that there is little to

attract agriculturists, early steps should be taken to disseminate truer conceptions of the advantages attaching to agricultural pursuits in South Africa. It may surprise some to learn that for the prosecution of some of the most profitable branches of the ancient art the country offers unsurpassed facilities. In the past, agriculture has been carried on mainly by Boers and natives, neither of whom had or have the energy, knowledge, and capital needed for the successful pursuit of agriculture. When these three needs are forthcoming, the capabilities of the country will begin to be realised. We propose to give here a few facts bearing on its suitability as a field for agricultural emigrants.

South of the Zambesi river, Africa is a great gaunt tableland, an almost treeless plateau which averages from three thousand to four thousand feet above sea-level, and breaks down in terraces of varying width to the rock-bound coast. About a million and a quarter square miles of the whole sub-continent are under the British flag. Black and white together, the population under that flag is less than five millions, though the distance from north to south, from Cape Town to the Zambesi, is not less than the space between London and Algiers, while the distance from east to west is even greater. Some conception of the magnitude of our possessions may be gained from the statement that if peopled as densely as England it would contain more than six hundred million British subjects. The tropic of Capricorn cuts through the centre.

This land is fitted by position and natural advantages to be the home of a great European civilisation. Like Australia and India, the country has its wet and dry seasons, its tracts of aridity and fertility, great mountain chains with rivers of corresponding magnitude, a splendid climate, and, as a drawback, recurrent cycles of deficient rainfall. The range of latitude and the altitude of the great main plateau enable all temperate and sub-tropical food-plants to be raised. Viticulture is established in the south-west; there are sugar and tea plantations in Natal, and productive wheat-areas in the Orange Colony. Cereals and European fruits can be raised everywhere if water is available.

With a larger population, having some education and knowledge of scientific agriculture, South Africa would at

once cease to be a food-importing country. The effort of an insufficient population to spread itself over and occupy the land is largely responsible for the neglect of agriculture, since the owner of three or four thousand acres finds it easier and more profitable to raise sheep and cattle than to attempt to earn a living by raising crops. The defective means of communication and the immense distances are also to be reckoned among the chief causes why agriculture can scarcely be said to exist in South Africa.

Yet enough has been done to prove that much more can be done. There are very few countries so favoured by nature as the western Cape Colony for the production of great quantities of wine. The rainfall is sufficient, the seasons are favourable, and the soil is fertile; but the efforts of the Dutch cultivators have resulted, after centuries of mistaken methods, in the production mainly of an inferior brandy, which has an unenviable reputation, even in South Africa, as 'Cape Smoke.' It has been demonstrated that the quality of the wine and spirit when scientifically treated is very high; and only capital is needed to develop an industry that will provide lucrative employment for thousands of cultivators. The world, however, is quite ignorant of the dormant wealth of the Cape Colony as a wine-producing country. For example, what European vine-grower is aware that the average annual yield of wine from the coast vineyards is 190 gallons per thousand vines; that in other districts the yield is 400 gallons per thousand vines; and that in some cases as much as 600 gallons are obtained—that is to say, that the yield is five or six times greater than the yield from French vines, and six or seven times greater than it is in Australia or California? A wine expert who was called in to report in 1894 stated that, except in the Constantia district, the farmers did not understand how to make wine; and he predicted, amongst other things, fortunes for the manufacturers of fine cognac. More attention is now being paid to scientific methods of treatment, but the work so far accomplished is almost infinitesimal.

The real cause of the backward condition of viticulture at the Cape is the ignorance and conservatism of the Dutch cultivators. Not until capital and energy are introduced will the neglected wealth of the country as one of the most favoured wine-growing areas in the world be

utilised. All the leading men are of course aware of this, and know what should be done to improve and rapidly develop the wine-making industry. But every step has to be taken in opposition to the deep-seated prejudices of the wine farmers, who are often legislators; and, owing to the racial divisions which have been either openly or secretly the governing factors in the case, it has resulted that the Cape Colony has the cheapest and worst brandy and the dearest bread in the civilised world.

We have outlined the position of viticulture at the Cape because it is typical of the backward condition of South African agriculture generally. Every circumstance save one is in favour of the vine-grower; but, because the people and the government are unprogressive and lethargic, the product of the country's vines is, after nearly two hundred and fifty years, unknown beyond South Africa; and even there the consumption, except of inferior brandy, is not great. So it is with fruit-growing. Nothing save capital and enterprise are required to make South Africa a fruit-growing country of absolutely first rank. It has great advantages over Australia and California. All the fruits of the temperate zone can be produced in perfection; the seasons fall conversely, enabling the Cape grower to place summer fruits on all European markets during the northern winter; and there is in addition a large local demand in the mining centres, such as Kimberley and Johannesburg. A British fruit-grower of thirty years' experience, quoted by Professor Wallace, after enumerating the advantages of the country, writes:—

'It would seem, therefore, that the only element required is an increase in the number of intelligent and practised growers. We want them from England, from the States, from California, in fact from anywhere where the skill and experience required has run for years into everyday practice. This is the immigration wanted just now at the Cape to catch at the opportunity of the moment, and to turn skilled fruit-growing into gold. No question but that success awaits the man who knows how to deal with fruit-trees, to break his ground up properly, to drain, to prune, to gather, to pack for market up country or for market in Covent Garden, and who has a well-founded contempt for the slovenly style of letting things grow themselves, and taking as a crop what chance seeds and insect plagues leave.

'Then you will say, Are there no growers at the Cape? Truly very few; here one, there one, but by no means sufficient to give a character to this magnificent country as a home of fruit-growing—not sufficient, even, to lead by example the prevailing carelessness into better ways. The growth of fruit here has been almost always a by-thing, or what we might call a toy-pursuit of the landowner.'

Every word of this opinion is true; and true not of the Cape Colony only, but of all the British States in South Africa—excepting of course the arid areas in the west, from the Karoo northwards through Bechuanaland as far as the Zambesi. Natal, especially the higher districts about Ladysmith, and Swaziland, farther north, are agriculturally rich, and should in the course of a few years be in a position to supply Europe with choice summer fruits and vegetables in December and January. An article on the 'Highlands of Natal,' published in the book already mentioned, 'British Africa,' says:

'The extraordinary facility with which avenues of all sorts can be produced is always one of the pleasantest features of High Natal. The oak grows almost three times, the weeping willow quite four times as fast as in England; the wholesome-smelling tribe of eucalyptus grows from ten to twenty feet a year. . . . The Natal orange has been exported, but as yet on a slight scale; but a quotation from the London agent seems worth giving. Messrs Gillespie and Sons of London wrote: ". . . the mandarins were, without exception, the very finest lot ever seen in our market, the boxes containing only a hundred realising 1½*d.* each wholesale. This is, we believe, the highest price that has ever been obtained.'"

It would be easy to multiply the evidence bearing on the value of South Africa for fruit-growing—an industry which has been completely neglected, but is nevertheless capable of filling the land with British immigrants. Money, energy, technical knowledge, railways, men, and progressive legislation are needed before anything great can be done; but it should be possible to secure these things after the war—not only for fruit-culture and wine-making, but for the many other promising fields open to agriculturists. In adjunctive agriculture, for instance, such as sheep-, cattle-, and horse-farming, ostrich- and antelope-rearing, there is great scope for experienced men who are prepared

to learn what the South African farmers can teach them, and will supplement local knowledge by experience gained elsewhere. There are many drawbacks, of course; but few are of such a character that energy and skill will not remove them.

Perhaps the most encouraging evidence of this is to be found in the attempts made to discover the cause and cure of the deadly disease known as horse-sickness, which has hitherto prevented profitable horse-farming over the greater part of South Africa. The Cape Government, with a praiseworthy enterprise which has been all too rare, established a Bacteriological Institute and secured the services of a competent expert whose first duty was to discover, if possible, a cure for horse-sickness. Dr Edington has carried on his researches for seven or eight years, and quite lately he has been able to announce the success of his efforts—the discovery of a serum which secures the immunity of the animals inoculated. By-and-by it may be possible to obtain a breed of horses which, like the zebra, will not be affected by the disease, but will thrive even in the deadly districts along the Zambesi. Zebra hybrids would probably be proof against attack, and cultivations of the organism in zebra blood may yet give even better results than those obtained by the use of the serum discovered. But whatever future discoveries there may be, enough has been done to ensure a great future for South Africa as a horse-breeding country.

The facts stated in the preceding paragraphs are sufficient to show that the agricultural resources of South Africa are quite undeveloped, inasmuch as even those industries which we might reasonably expect to see flourishing are in a very backward state. The climatic and other natural conditions affecting the industries we have named—viticulture and fruit-growing—are all that could be desired; but the country exports neither wine nor fruit. It is apparent then that, since nature is not to blame, we must look elsewhere for the causes that have checked agricultural immigration and the profitable prosecution of those pursuits. These causes will be found on the one hand in the nearer attractions offered by such rich countries as North America, and on the other in the repellent influence exercised by the country's racial divisions and their accompanying political struggles, not to speak of native

wars. But the road is now open for remedial measures that will tend to bring agriculture to its natural position as the main source of South Africa's wealth.

In this direction so much has yet to be done that it is not easy to specify the reforms most urgently called for. Whatever is done, the extent of the country is such that co-operation between the various States and the Imperial Government is very desirable. There is room for the energies of several Royal Commissions, for not only must data be collected in the new States, but also in such comparatively settled districts as Natal, the Cape, and Rhodesia. The recognised duty of a State Executive, to conserve and develop the natural wealth of its country, has been neglected to a scandalous extent by all the South African Governments, who have left this duty to the people, with the result that, except in the older districts of the Cape, nothing is known of the capabilities of the various soils or the methods best suited for their development. It is obvious that the work of educating the people, and creating those co-operative organisations without which modern agriculture cannot be carried on, is great enough to occupy the time and energies of the Liberal party in South Africa for a great number of years. That party has not yet succeeded, in the Cape Colony, in passing so elementary a measure as a Scab Act for the eradication of that disease in the sheep flocks of the Colony, while such minor reforms as the scientific study of the animal and plant diseases peculiar to the country have hardly been mooted.

As illustrative of the vast extent of the task facing intelligent administrations in South Africa, let us look for a moment at the subject of irrigation and its bearing on the future. Few trustworthy data respecting the rainfall have been collected, but it may be said generally that each section of South Africa has its wet and its dry seasons. In the south and west the rains fall in winter; towards the east and in the new colonies the rains occur in the summer. The highest parts of the country lie not far from the eastern seaboard; and this distribution of the watersheds on the east and south has produced the great basin of the Orange river, some four or five hundred thousand square miles in extent, extending from the boundaries of Natal on the east over half the Cape Colony, the whole of the Orange

Colony, the Southern districts of the Transvaal, Bechuana-land, and the Kalihari desert. In the western half of this immense hydrographical basin the average annual rainfall is not more than six inches a year; but east of a line passing through Kimberley, about the twenty-fourth east meridian, and in the coast districts, the annual rainfall ranges from eighteen to forty-two inches. As the annual rainfall in the Thames valley is twenty-five inches, it may be said with truth that more than one half of South Africa has a rainfall not less than that of London. It is in the distribution of this rainfall over the year that the difference lies.

In his report for the year 1898, the Chief Inspector of Public Works in the Cape Colony, Mr J. Newey, says:—

‘The rainfall of the country taken altogether, though not great, is not small in comparison with that of the countries from which we have grown accustomed to purchase those necessaries and luxuries of life which we ought to produce ourselves; and it is without doubt the most valuable and enduring asset we have. Yet it is the least appreciated and most neglected.’

This remark is made of the Cape of Good Hope, which is the driest colony in South Africa, except the German territory in the west. In Natal, the Orange Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, there is no deficiency in the rainfall when spread over a series of years. But, being seasonal in character, and falling as a rule during only four or five months of the year, a small rainfall in any year is followed by a period of drought; and as wet and dry years appear to follow in cycles, there are occasionally great losses among agriculturists. These recurring droughts are no doubt largely responsible for the evil reputation of the country, though South Africa seems better off in this respect than Australia.

Another drawback resulting from the sub-tropical character of the rainfall in many parts is the loss of the bulk of it in the flood waters which run rapidly to the sea. In a ‘Special Report on Colonial (Cape) Irrigation and Hydrographic Survey,’ it is estimated by Mr F. R. Johnson that if five per cent. of the mean annual rainfall were caught for irrigation purposes, sufficient water would be

obtained to cultivate successfully five million acres; 'and if the value of this area could be increased by even 20% an acre, it follows that the Cape Colony would be permanently enriched by over one hundred millions sterling.'

Obviously, then, the work of conserving the rainfall and utilising the rivers must be taken in hand by the Government. Indian and Californian experience will be of incalculable service in this matter, as those countries have bought the knowledge necessary to command success; and that knowledge is at the service of the Governments of South Africa. The officials of the Cape Colony have made some praiseworthy attempts to awaken their legislature to the value of water, but so far their success has been small, though public opinion is now making itself heard. Mr Newey in the Hydrographic Report mentioned complains that—

'Hitherto the efforts of the Department [Public Works] to meet the felt and stated wants of the people, and to educate them up to the acceptance of better things, have been hidden away between the covers of the blue-books, prepared at very great expense and probably never read by one person in a thousand outside the Houses of Parliament; and I should think that even members of Parliament, for whose information they were primarily prepared and published, might not be cognisant of the representations already put forth.'

With the new *régime* a resolute attempt should be made to demonstrate to the people the value of their rainfall, and not of their rainfall alone. The rains, being of sub-tropical violence, carry vast quantities of soil into the rivers, to be wasted in the sea. There is hardly a farm in South Africa where a little judicious work directed towards dispersing the surface waters and preventing their disappearance in dongas and water-courses would not do much to prevent that denudation which has hitherto gone on unchecked, to the great detriment of the country. Such work would soon have an appreciable effect on the quantity of subterranean waters available, though South Africa can already be described as a country with subterranean rivers. The dolomitic limestones in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland favour the accumulation of great subterranean reservoirs, which may yet prove to be the means of rescuing the Kalihari Desert for the service of humanity. Work done

during the Langeberg expedition, on the borders of that desert, by well-sinkers, proves that even there the level of these underground waters is not one hundred feet below the surface. In the Cape Report of the Inspector of Water Drills for 1897, it is estimated—

‘that for the total sum of some 2500*l.* expended in four years the value of the farms in the Railway Grant land [Bechuana-land], where water has been found, has increased fifty per cent.’

Mr H. Saunders, the Inspector, says further that—

‘the time is not far distant when the Karoo will be studded with windmills’ [for pumping]; and that ‘the cry throughout the country is for water, and it seems a national crime that advantage is not taken of the practically inexhaustible supplies which undoubtedly exist within reasonable distance of the surface.’

If it is a national crime that the underground waters have not been tapped, how shall we describe the neglect of the great rivers? The Orange river, one thousand miles long, with a basin eight times as large as England, is an asset far more valuable than the Rand gold-fields. Hitherto it has done more harm than good, for it yearly carries to the sea in its flood-waters immense quantities of valuable alluvium. In the fact that it rises in rich well-watered districts, and runs, in the lower part of its course, through country that is almost or wholly desert, the Orange river resembles the Nile. At some distant day, perhaps, the river will serve to irrigate portions of the desert; but it will first be utilised for the improvement of the plains through which it runs before it enters the arid wastes to the west of Kimberley.

The desirability of utilising the waters of the Orange for irrigation led in 1899 to a conference on the subject between delegates of the Cape Colony and Orange Free State Governments, but no definite result was reached. Seeing that the rights on rivers of this class are extremely valuable, it will be well if an agreement between the Orange Colony and the Cape Colony can be concluded at an early date. Sir Charles Dilke, in his ‘Problems of Greater Britain,’ relates that feeling as to the disposal of the waters of the river Murray ran so high in 1889 between Victoria and New South Wales as to threaten civil war.

If South Africa develops as rapidly as we expect, the question of the ownership of the waters of the Orange river will soon come into prominence; and the matter should be the subject of an early arrangement between the Cape and Imperial Governments.

We have merely touched the fringe of this question of South African irrigation, with the object of indicating the enormous range and importance of agricultural development in South Africa. An Imperial blue-book recently issued states that the expenditure in India on irrigation works down to 1899 was 26,830,247*l.*, that a profit of 6·28 per cent. was returned, and that the value of the crops raised in 1898-99 from 12,026,185 acres irrigated was 21,385,609*l.* As much and more can be done in South Africa; only money and patience are needed.

The great value of water conservation and distribution in such countries as India and South Africa is strikingly shown in the recently published *Life of Sir Arthur Cotton*.^{*} This account of the career of a notable Indian expert on irrigation opportunely reminds us that modern engineering science and skill are capable of mitigating, if not entirely preventing, the disastrous consequences which so often follow a temporary failure of the rainfall. Sir Arthur Cotton was a remarkable man, gifted with that far-seeing faculty which is not always appreciated by contemporaries. Whatever differences of opinion his views may excite among those who have only a limited personal acquaintance with the problems surrounding the proper utilisation of such periodic rainfalls as occur in Australia, India, and South Africa, there are not a few thinkers who now endorse his emphatic dictum that droughts and famines are remediable evils, and that their remedy is irrigation, coupled with improvements in means of communication. Lady Hope, his biographer, has carried out her filial task with loving care, and has given an account of the great Indian engineer and his life-work, such as no practical politician who is confronted by the problem of peopling South Africa should omit to study.

Other sections of this article, on Mines, Railways, and the Native Question, will be published in April next.

^{*} 'General Sir Arthur Cotton; his Life and Work.' By his daughter Lady Hope. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1899.

Art. XI.—PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

1. *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By his son, Leonard Huxley. Two Vols. London: Macmillan, 1900.
2. *Leaders in Science: Thomas Henry Huxley—A Sketch of his Life and Work.* By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.
3. *The Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley.* Edited by Prof. Sir Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester. Vols. I, II. London: Macmillan, 1898–1899.

THE appearance of the long-expected 'Life and Letters' of Thomas Henry Huxley provides a wealth of material bearing upon the history of English science during the past three quarters of a century, and the part taken by one of the chief workers and probably the most striking and picturesque personality. The thought will doubtless occur to many readers that the thousand closely-printed pages might have been reduced by omitting and condensing many of the letters. On the other hand, the serious student of these stirring times will value the opportunity of studying and comparing all the available thoughts and opinions of one who played so important a part; and the very repetition of certain ideas, which proves their persistence and dominance in Huxley's mind, is a matter of considerable importance. However it may be to the general reader, the student would deprecate the omission or condensation of any of the writings of Darwin or Huxley. The special interest and value in the letters of such men lie in the fact that their inmost opinions on matters of the deepest scientific importance are to be found, perhaps, in the compass of a brief sentence. There we find, as we cannot find in any other way, the real core of the matter, with all accessory and surrounding considerations stripped away from it. In some cases we look in vain for their opinion in any other part of their writings.

These volumes have been prepared with patient and loving care by one who is not a scientific student. Allowing for the inevitable loss which the record of a scientific man must suffer from this limitation, the work has been well and faithfully done. Those readers who desire to obtain a general and yet accurate survey of Huxley's life

and work, will find an excellent account of it, in a brief compass, in Mr Chalmers Mitchell's pages.

Huxley's own estimate of his position in the scientific world is given in a letter to the Bishop of Ripon (1887):—

'As for me, in part from force of circumstance and in part from a conviction I could be of most use in that way, I have played the part of something between maid-of-all-work and gladiator-general for Science' (ii, 162).

He thus placed his public duties and, above all, his struggle to uphold 'the dignity and the freedom of science,' before his scientific discoveries; and, significant as these were, it is impossible to feel that he was mistaken.

Almost at the outset of his career, Huxley was deeply impressed by the utter carelessness of scientific requirements, and the frequent contempt for scientific work, which prevailed in the British Government Services. The *Rattlesnake*, the surveying ship on which he was surgeon, sailed 'without a volume on science,' in spite of the captain's application. On the voyage itself, Huxley says:

'The singular disrespect, with which the majority of naval officers regard everything that lies beyond the sphere of routine, tends to produce a tone of feeling very unfavourable to scientific exertions. How can it be otherwise, in fact, with men who, from the age of thirteen, meet with no influence but that which teaches them that the "Queen's regulations and instructions" are the law and the prophets, and something more?' (i, 49).

When Huxley returned home and was working out his material, he found it impossible to get a small grant for publication. In returning thanks as a medallist at the Royal Society dinner, on November 30th, 1852, he said:

'The Government of this country, of this *great* country, has been two years debating whether it should grant the three hundred pounds necessary for the publication of these researches' (i, 104).

Twenty-one years later he wrote to Professor Anton Dohrn, who was then founding the Zoological Station at Naples:

'I only wish I could see England represented among the applicants for tables. But you see England is so poor' (i, 399).

Again, nearly ten years later, Dohrn wrote to ask 'whether England would follow the example of Germany and Italy in sending naval officers to the Zoological Station at Naples to be instructed in catching and preserving marine animals for the purposes of scientific research.' To this he replied:

'So far as the British Admiralty is represented by the ordinary British admiral, the only reply to such a proposition as you make that I should expect would be that he (the British admiral, to wit) would see you d——d first' (ii, 42).

Huxley's early experience of this general depreciation of science was doubtless the chief cause of the splendid and, so far as it went, successful stand which he made for the principle expressed in the words he uttered in 1866:—

'The important question for England was not the duration of her coal, but the due comprehension of the truths of science, and the labours of her scientific men' (i, 277).

Those who consider that it would be an extravagance for a Government to spend money in objects such as those indicated in the previous paragraphs, and in costly experiments under the direction of the most eminent scientific men, may be reminded that the extravagance of the antagonistic attitude is revealed at a later stage, when we are compelled to make war in a British colony of which no trustworthy maps exist, when our wounded are jolted in ambulances devised by men clearly ignorant of the principles of their trade, and when our neglect of scientific training, of chemical and other laboratories, and of technical and commercial schools, is threatening to deprive us of our industrial and commercial supremacy.

It is only possible to speak of Huxley's success in this matter in qualified terms, because so much remains to be done. Writing in 1892, he speaks of the Trustees of the British Museum, of whom he was one, as

'hampered by the Treasury and the Civil Service regulations. If a Bates turned up now, I doubt if one could appoint him, however much one wished it, unless he would submit to some idiotic examination' (ii, 342, 343).

This is still the recognised method of appointment; and the recognised method of advancement is that of

which he wrote to the then Director, Sir W. H. Flower, in 1891:

'My "next worst thing" was promoting a weak man to a place of responsibility in lieu of a strong one, on the mere ground of seniority. *Cæteris paribus*, or even with approximate equality of qualifications, no doubt seniority ought to count; but it is mere ruin to any service to let it interfere with the promotion of men of marked superiority, especially in the case of offices which involve much responsibility' (ii, 295).

So far as the Trustees are able to make occasional exceptions in appointment or advancement they of course create a grievance in the minds of the most deserving among those who have been subject to the mechanical system. Here is a cause in which we may well invoke a double portion of Huxley's spirit to aid us in sweeping away the sterile influences which unfortunately hold sway in a noble institution. On June 7th, 1887, Huxley had an interview by appointment with Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister. He took some very interesting notes immediately after the interview (ii, 164, 165), which was significant of a desire on the part of the Government formally to recognise achievement in science, letters, and art. The difficulties of official recognition were well put by Huxley; and from the point of view of the scientific man such a movement, as well as the conferment of rank or nobility, to which Huxley also objected, would be of doubtful advantage. But from the point of view of public advantage it would seem to be the duty of a man of science always to help, in however small a degree, the Government and Services to maintain and increase their contact with scientific workers and thinkers.

The requirements of space prevent any further consideration on the present occasion of Huxley's public duties—of his services to education, of his work on Royal Commissions, of his tenure of important offices in the scientific world, including the most important of all, the Presidency of the Royal Society. In these positions 'the freedom and the dignity of science' was the cause which he ever served with unfailing energy and conscientiousness. Although Huxley was immersed in these public duties, and was much hampered by ill-health, he had the keenest enthusiasm for research. His enquiries were not

those of the naturalist. 'I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me,' he says of himself; and walking once with Hooker in the Rhone valley, where the grass was alive with red and green grasshoppers, he said, 'I would give anything to be as interested in them as you are' (ii, 443). In later days he experienced the pleasures of the naturalist in his study of gentians in Switzerland, and in the care of his garden; but through all the strenuous years of his life it was the 'architectural and engineering' side of nature which appealed to him; he was a comparative anatomist with a strong but unsatisfied craving for physiological enquiry.

Although zoological science was profoundly influenced by his researches, Huxley was too independent to attach himself to any school, and did not even covet one of his own.

"Authorities," "disciples," and "schools" he wrote (ii, 316), 'are the curse of science; and do more to interfere with the work of the scientific spirit than all its enemies.'

There are, however, interesting exceptions to the scientific isolation which was on the whole a marked characteristic of the man. The most remarkable of these was his warm sympathy with the work of the late W. Kitchin Parker, to whom he wrote, as a mock spiritual adviser:—

'Nothing short of the direct temptation of the evil one could lead you to entertain so monstrous a doctrine as that you propound about *Cariamidæ*. I recommend fasting for three days and the application of a scourge thrice in the twenty-four hours! Do this, and about the fourth day you will perceive that the cranial differences alone are as great as those between *Cathartes* and *Serpentarius*' (i, 286).

The generous interest he took in a dock labourer who had observed for himself with a magnifying glass (ii, 365 &c.) is to be looked upon as the expression of his strong human sympathies. The writings of those who assisted him in teaching testify to the warm affection, as well as a feeling akin to reverence, which he inspired. In one important respect he profoundly modified his system of instruction as the result of the influence of an assistant teacher, the late Professor Jeffery Parker, who induced him to reverse the order of studies in the biological course which he in-

augurated in 1872 (ii, 411). But an imperfect picture of the man would be given if his isolation and aloofness from general zoological enquiry were not insisted on as a very marked feature.

It is impossible within the limits of our space to give an adequate account of his numerous scientific memoirs, many of which laid the foundation of later advance. As Mr Mitchell truly says of his work on the Medusae and the allied groups,

"Just as the superstructures of a great building conceal the foundations, so later anatomical work, although it only amplified and extended Huxley's discoveries, has made them seem less striking to the modern reader' (pp. 34, 35);

and the same words might be used of many of his other papers. Rather than attempt the discussion of these, the object of the present writer will be briefly to set forth the relation of Huxley to the ideas for which he did so much, and which did so much for him—the doctrine of evolution and its suggested motive cause in the hypothesis of natural selection. These ideas largely controlled and modified his life from the end of 1859, illuminating and directing the lines of his zoological and palæontological researches, and inspiring the noble stand which he so successfully made against all those influences which tend to restrain the most perfect freedom in the search for truth, and the free expression of the conclusions to which that research may lead.

Those who have been inclined to belittle the hypothesis of natural selection, now that the battle of evolution is won, should reflect upon the waste of speculation in which the greatest minds of their age were wandering, until guided by the light which first appeared to Darwin and Wallace. So we find even Darwin thus explaining the extinction of species by causes operating from within: 'As with the individual, so with the species, the hour of life has run its course, and is spent.' Just as the length of the life of an individual, if not terminated prematurely by accidental causes, is predetermined in the structure of the first cell, so Darwin, in the days before natural selection occurred to him, seems to have imagined that the life of a species is predetermined in the structure of the first individuals that compose it. In other words, both indi-

viduals and species are so constructed that they will run to a certain number of generations—the one of cells, the other of individuals. We find him pursuing the parallel between the individual and the species still further, to the length of supposing that species are so constituted that they must give rise to other species or become extinct, just as an individual dies unrepresented if it has not become the parent of other individuals. These curious and interesting speculations of Darwin are such as might occur to the naturalist. Huxley, in his search for a foundation for evolution, developed an entirely different set of ideas. These arose naturally from his interest in the forms and structures of animals, from the ‘architectural and engineering’ side of nature, which he tells us chiefly appealed to him. As is well shown by Mr Mitchell (pp. 60–62), he imagined each of the great groups of animals as a cluster of modifications of a single type, his conception being based on the physical and chemical sciences, rather than the phenomena of the living creature. He did not see his way to the passage from one group to another. If such passage ever occurred,

‘then the doctrine that every natural group is organised after a definite archetype, a doctrine which seems to me as important for zoology as the theory of definite proportions for chemistry, must be given up.’*

Earlier, in 1847, when he was only twenty-two, he wrote to his sister, from Sydney, expressing the anticipation that he had achieved ‘one of the great ends of Zoology and Anatomy, viz., the reduction of two or three apparently widely separated and incongruous groups into modifications of the single type’ (i, 34). He here referred to his great work in building up the group which we now know as the Coelenterata. That he pictured to himself some symmetry in the radiation of modifications from the central archetype seems to be clear from his letter of November 9th, 1851, to W. S. Macleay (i, 92):—

‘I am every day becoming more and more certain that you were on the right track thirty years ago in your views of the order and symmetry to be traced in the true natural system.’

* ‘Monograph on the Cephalous Molluscs,’ ‘Transactions of the Royal Society,’ 1853.

This opinion is a revelation to anyone who has seen Macleay's extraordinary diagrams; and it is almost a relief to find from his later writings that Huxley upon the whole came to prefer an agnostic attitude towards evolution and its causes. When, however, later on, evolution was 'in the air,' and natural selection had been before the world for nearly a year, although as yet unfamiliar to Huxley, a letter to Sir Charles Lyell, written on June 25th, 1859, indicates that his only hope of a solution at that time still lay in his old comparison with the definite proportions of chemistry (i, 173, 174).

The isolation which was so remarkable in Huxley is apparent in the history of the famous years 1858 and 1859. Although the hypothesis of natural selection was thoroughly explained to the world in the joint paper of Darwin and Wallace read before the Linnean Society July 1st, 1858, and although Darwin had long before this explained his ideas to Hooker, Lyell, and Asa Gray, Huxley tells us that the thought which was uppermost in his mind when he had read the 'Origin,' in November 1859, was: 'How extremely stupid not to have thought of that!'^{*} and his letter to Lyell, alluded to in the previous paragraph, shows that natural selection was then unknown to him. His letter to Hooker on September 5th, 1858, proves that he had a general idea that great changes were impending, for it contains the words, 'Wallace's impetus seems to have set Darwin going in earnest, and I am rejoiced to hear that we shall learn his views in full, at last. I look forward to a great revolution being effected' (i, 159). But an excellent abstract of Darwin's views had already been given to the world; and a few weeks later a paper by Canon Tristram appeared in 'The Ibis' (October 1st, 1858) accepting the principle of natural selection and applying it to the explanation of the colours of Saharan birds.

The 'Origin' convinced Huxley once for all as to the sufficiency of the evidence for evolution, and the probability of natural selection as its explanation. He instantly foresaw the struggle which would come, and braced himself to bear the brunt of it. He fought with all the more vigour and spirit because the contest was not only for fair play to evolution but for the much wider

* 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,' ii, 197.

issue of freedom in the expression of a sincere conviction of the truth, however unpalatable it might be; and this battle he won so completely that it is now, and has been for long, almost impossible to realise the conditions under which controversy was conducted between thirty and forty years ago. That we are now living in an entirely different intellectual atmosphere is chiefly due to his success. Further light is thrown, in the 'Life and Letters,' upon the historic scene at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860. The interesting and detailed account in 'Darwin's Life and Letters' represents Huxley as gaining a great triumph over the Bishop of Oxford. Since the appearance of this work the views of others who were present have become known, and these tended to throw doubt upon the completeness of Huxley's success.* Mr Leonard Huxley has collected valuable evidence which uniformly supports the older view. He publishes a convincing letter from Mr A. G. Vernon-Harcourt of Oxford, and also one written by Huxley to Francis Darwin in 1891. This last letter makes it clear that Huxley was himself satisfied with the result; for he wrote:

'Hooker and I walked away from the meeting together, and I remember saying to him that this experience had changed my opinion as to the practical value of the art of public speaking, and that from that time forth I should carefully cultivate it, and try to leave off hating it. I did the former, but never quite succeeded in the latter effort' (i, 188).

Moreover, Mr G. Griffith, the Secretary of the British Association, who was present, assures us that Huxley's reply was most effective and successful; he also states that Huxley dined at the Red Lion Club at the Oxford meeting and made several short speeches, in all of which he alluded to the discussion in the happy frame of mind of one who has come through a difficulty successfully.

Considering all the evidence, we may be certain that the opinion that Huxley was too angry to speak effectively is altogether mistaken. It probably arose in the minds of certain witnesses who were not prepared at that date, only a few months after the appearance of the 'Origin,'

* Poulton, 'Charles Darwin,' &c., London, 1896, pp. 153-155; and 'Charles Darwin, a Biography,' by F. Darwin, 1892.

to hear such a vigorous defence of Darwin. Even ten years later Professor Rolleston wrote the most carefully-guarded sentences concerning evolution in the introduction to his 'Forms of Animal Life' (1870, p. xxv). One interesting and curious feature of the record is the fact that the published accounts of the successful repulse of the Bishop have been so largely contributed by the clergy. We owe most of our knowledge of the great contest to Canon Farrar of Durham, Canon Fremantle, and J. R. Green; more recently Canon Tuckwell has written an account which represents the more doubtful view of Huxley's success. It may be worth while, in considering the attitude of Oxford on this famous occasion, to recall the fact that Professor Baden Powell, in his essay 'On the Evidences of Christianity,' written soon after the appearance of Darwin's great book, and before the meeting of the British Association, calls it 'a work which must soon bring about an entire revolution of opinion in favour of the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature.'*

Although Huxley became, as he himself expressed it, 'Darwin's bull-dog,' and did more than any other man to secure a fair hearing for the new views, he by no means committed himself to the entire acceptance of natural selection. From the very first, and from time to time down to the end of his life, he wrote and said that the evidence in favour of this hypothesis was insufficient. It would be easy, if space permitted, to support this statement by a series of quotations from his speeches and writings, showing that his opinion on this subject never wavered during the thirty-four years between the publication of the 'Origin' and his speech at the Royal Society dinner on November 30th, 1894. But in spite of this want of entire confidence in natural selection, Huxley was enabled by its aid to accept evolution. He had been an agnostic as regards evolution, because 'firstly . . . the evidence in favour of transmutation was wholly insufficient,' and secondly because 'no suggestion respecting the causes of the transmutation assumed, which had been made, was in any way adequate to explain the phenomena.' As regards the first difficulty, Darwin completely convinced him in chapters ix-xii of the 'Origin,' while the second was removed by natural

* 'Essays and Reviews,' 7th ed. (1861), p. 130.

selection, even if the hypothesis itself should ultimately be disproved; for—

‘if we had none of us been able to discern the paramount significance of some of the most patent and notorious of natural facts, until they were, so to speak, thrust under our noses, what force remained in the dilemma—creation or nothing? It was obvious that, hereafter, the probability would be immensely greater, that the links of natural causation were hidden from our purblind eyes, than that natural causation should be incompetent to produce all the phenomena of nature.’ *

It is of great interest to consider the flaw in the experimental proof of the validity of natural selection which affected Huxley’s opinion so powerfully, and to attempt to determine whether he was entirely justified in his reserved and cautious attitude. The different races of animals into which a species is often broken up are fertile *inter se*; nearly related species when paired produce hybrids which are themselves sterile *inter se*; distantly related species when paired cannot produce offspring at all. By artificial selection man has broken up a species, such as the ancestor of our fowls or pigeons, into sets of forms which are often as different structurally as widely separated species, and yet remain functionally mere races, mutually fertile and reproductive. In order to prove that natural selection has produced the functional gaps between existing species, Huxley maintained that we ought to be able to produce the same sterility between our artificially selected breeds; and until this had been done he could not thoroughly accept the theory of natural selection. This objection is expressed in many of his writings, one of the simplest statements being in a letter to the late Charles Kingsley:—

‘Their produce [viz. that of Horse and Ass] is usually a sterile hybrid. So if Carrier and Tumbler, *e.g.*, were physiological species equivalent to Horse and Ass, their progeny ought to be sterile or semi-sterile. So far as experience has gone, on the contrary, it is perfectly fertile—as fertile as the progeny of Carrier and Carrier or Tumbler and Tumbler. From the first time I

* ‘Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,’ vol. ii, p. 198; chapter by T. H. Huxley, ‘On the Reception of the “Origin of Species.”’

wrote about Darwin's work in the 'Times' and in the 'Westminster' until now, it has been obvious to me that this is the weak point of Darwin's doctrine. He *has* shown that selective breeding is a *vera causa* for morphological species; he has not yet shown it a *vera causa* for physiological species. But I entertain little doubt that a carefully devised system of experimentation would produce physiological species by selection—only the feat has not been performed yet' (i, 239).

It is probable that the experiment thus suggested could be successfully carried through. There are immense differences in individual fertility, and by careful selection it is in every way likely that two sets of individuals could be produced which would be sterile *inter se*, each remaining, nevertheless, perfectly fertile within its own borders. As selection may be directed to one character alone, such as fertility, it would probably be easy to arrange that no morphological differences separated these two sets of individuals which, nevertheless, would act as physiological species—in fact, to reverse the ordinary results of artificial selection. The experiment would be an interesting one, and it is to be hoped that it may be undertaken; but there are grave reasons for doubting whether it would justify such far-reaching conclusions as those Huxley saw in it. Even if the natural barrier of sterility were thus artificially produced, we should be very far from the proof that its existence in nature was due to the same kind of cause, viz. selection. Darwin did not believe that the barrier of sterility was caused by natural selection; he did not see how natural selection could operate so as to produce it. Wallace is inclined to take the other view; but probably the majority of naturalists follow Darwin in this respect. To Darwin and those who agree with him, Huxley's argument and suggested experiment are alike unconvincing. The experiment would merely do by artificial selection what is not done, so far as we know, by natural selection.

It is not difficult to understand the mutual sterility of natural species as an incidental result of their separation for an immense period of time. In the process of fertilisation a portion of a single cell nucleus from one individual fuses with a portion from another individual, the two combining to form the complete nucleus of the first cell of the offspring, from which all the countless cells of the future

individual will arise by division. Each part-nucleus contains the whole of the hereditary qualities received from and through its respective parent, and must therefore be of inconceivable complexity. We can only speak in generalities about processes of which so little is known, but we cannot be wrong in assuming that sterility is sometimes due to the fact that the complexity of the one part-nucleus fails in some way to suit the complexity of the other. The individuals of a single species inter-breeding together form a biological whole, in which selection rigidly keeps up a high standard of mutual compatibility between the sexual nuclei. Individuals whose sexual nuclei possess a structure which leads to sterile combinations with those of other individuals are excluded from contributing to the generations of the future. As soon, however, as a group of individuals ceases to breed with the rest of the species, there is no reason why the compatibility of the sexual nuclei of the two sets should be retained. Within each set, selection would work as before and keep up a high standard of compatibility: between the sets, compatibility would only persist as a heritage of past selection, gradually diminishing as slight changes of structure in either or both of the sets rendered them less and less fitted to form fertile combinations.

It is probable that of all the nice adjustments required in the living organism, the mutual adjustment of these inconceivably complex part-nuclei is the most delicate and precise. Now, delicately adjusted organs, such as those of sight, rapidly become incapable of performing their function when in any species they have been withdrawn from the operation of natural selection; similarly it is here suggested that the adjustment of sexual nuclei to each other would sooner or later give way when no longer sustained by selection. If, then, mutual fertility be the result of unceasing selection, and mutual sterility the inevitable, even if long-postponed, consequence of its cessation, it is obvious that Huxley's difficulty is solved, while his suggested experimental production of sterility by selection would not reproduce any natural operation: it would afford a picture of a natural result, but would be produced in an unnatural way. The length of time required for mutual sterility to be complete may be inferred from the fact that entirely distinct, but closely related, species

are still partially fertile in that they can produce hybrid offspring. When our domestic breeds of pigeons have been entirely prevented from interbreeding for some immense period of time, we may expect that they too will only produce sterile hybrids, and later still not even these. At present the majority of these breeds are not everywhere rigidly prevented from interbreeding, so that an approximation to natural species-formation has not even begun. There are others, however, such as the most widely different breeds of dogs, in which the divergence in size is so extreme that interbreeding has probably been a mechanical impossibility for some considerable time. The sexual nuclei of such breeds could be brought together by artificial means, and it would be of the highest interest to obtain a careful record of the degree of mutual fertility.

If, then, we cannot as yet reproduce by artificial selection all the characteristics of natural species-formation, but can only imitate natural race-formation, we can nevertheless appreciate the reasons for this want of success, and are no more compelled to relinquish our full confidence in natural selection than we are compelled to adopt a guarded attitude towards evolution because our historical records are not long enough to register the change of one species into another.

Another point upon which Huxley felt doubtful, and expressed his doubt in a letter to Darwin (i, 175, 176), is the rejection in the 'Origin' of *per saltum* or discontinuous evolution. An interesting letter to Sir Charles Lyell (June 25th, 1859) shows that this conclusion ran counter to his preconceived views; for in it he argued that '*transmutation* may take place without transition' (i, 173, 174). He stated this objection in the 'Westminster' in 1860, but did not continue to refer to it; and it is possible that his palæontological researches gradually led him to modify his conclusions. Whether new species arise by sudden changes in structure or by gradual transition is a question capable of decision by a sufficient study of the records preserved in the rocks; and, although this record is as a whole extremely imperfect, certain parts of it are remarkably complete. In these latter the smooth and continuous passage of skeletal structures from an older parent form through a series of species in the overlying

rocks is not interrupted by rapid changes of form or the abrupt loss of pre-existing elements. One of Huxley's most celebrated addresses dwelt upon a transition of this kind in the history of the horse; and it seems probable that the close consideration of one of these examples in which the course of evolution has been preserved for us would have affected his general views. On the other hand, in the year before his death, he alluded to his early protests in '59 and '60 without indicating that his views had undergone any modification. Thus, in acknowledging Mr Bateson's book 'On Variation,' in which discontinuous evolution is advocated, although without any consideration of the direct evidence afforded by palæontology, Huxley wrote, February 20th, 1894: 'I always took the same view, much to Mr Darwin's disgust, and we used often to debate it.'

Huxley objected to Herbert Spencer's term, 'survival of the fittest,' as a substitute for 'natural selection,' 'in consequence of the ambiguity of "fittest"—which many take to mean "best" or "highest"—whereas natural selection may work towards degradation . . .' (ii, 268; see also ii, 303). In this criticism he probably underestimated the insight of a younger generation, and also their advantages. To men past middle age when the 'Origin' appeared, natural selection only became intelligible with the greatest difficulty, and doubtless Herbert Spencer's more self-explanatory phrase was at first misunderstood. But men accustomed to these ideas from their student days have no difficulty in grasping the true meaning of both expressions, and are not likely to be led into so obvious a pitfall. 'Fittest,' in this connexion, is well understood to mean 'possessing those qualities which most tend to ensure survival.'

A keenly contested controversy arose in this country in 1887, and continued for many years, upon the causes of evolution suggested by earlier thinkers, and admitted by Darwin to take a place, although but a small one, beside natural selection. These causes were the inherited direct effect of environment, suggested by Buffon, and the inherited effect of use and disuse, suggested by Lamarck. The controversy, which was due to the writings of Weismann, turned on the evidence for and against the inheritance of 'acquired characters.' Huxley took no part in it, and it is therefore of the deepest interest to find the record of

his opinion in his private letters. He wrote to Herbert Spencer on June 4th, 1886:

'Mind, I have no *a priori* objection to the transmission of functional modifications whatever. In fact, as I told you, I should rather like it to be true. But I argued against the assumption (with Darwin as I do with you) of the operation of a factor which, if you will forgive me for saying so, seems as far off support by trustworthy evidence now as ever it was' (ii, 133, 134: cf. 268, 269).

The allusion to his earlier discussion of the Lamarckian view with Darwin is of great interest. He wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker on September 29th, 1889:

'Why do not some of these people who talk about the direct influence of conditions try to explain the structure of orchids on that tack? Orchids at any rate can't try to improve themselves in taking shots at insects' heads with pollen bags—as Lamarck's Giraffes tried to stretch their necks!' (ii, 242).

And again in 1890 he wrote to Mr W. Platt Ball: 'I absolutely disbelieve in use-inheritance as the evidence stands.'

Certain statements in Huxley's letters may possibly convey a false impression of egotism. For instance, in several letters he refers to his failure to write a description of *Spirula* for the 'Challenger Reports,' justifying his retention of the material and drawings on the ground that 'no one could make head or tail of the business but myself' (ii, 190; see also i, 399; ii, 196, 197, 234). This sentence is capable of being read in a sense almost opposite to its true meaning. Huxley only meant that no one else could explain or make proper use of his drawings and such notes as he had written: he was only stating what every writer of a monograph would feel about his preliminary notes and even his finished but undescribed drawings. Early in his career Huxley had written an epoch-making paper on the group to which *Spirula* belongs; then came long years of other work and administrative duties, interrupted by much ill-health; and in the meantime our knowledge of the Mollusca was progressing rapidly in the hands of many workers in many countries. The probable interpretation of the long delay, for which he was much criticised, is that he always intended and yet never could bring himself to study all these accumulated arrears with the care which he felt would be necessary before he could

publish a monograph upon so rare and treasured a form as *Spirula*, and one from which so much was expected. Finally, in 1893, he handed over his plates, with an explanation of them, to Professor Pilseneer of Ghent, who wrote the paper for the 'Reports' (ii, 360-362). The paper is illustrated by Huxley's plates, and appears under their joint names, Huxley consenting to Pilseneer's wish that this should be the case.

The authors of the two biographies, both Oxford men, do scant justice to their university as regards the teaching of science. Oxford has lost so much by spending immense sums on laboratories before it was known how best to construct them, that she might at least have the credit of her misfortunes. This Mr Leonard Huxley would withhold from her (ii, 110); while Mr Chalmers Mitchell implies that Rolleston's students did not themselves dissect the animals chosen as types of the chief divisions (p. 179). The true history of the type-system of instruction is given in the 'Life and Letters' (i, 377, 378), where Professor Lankester expresses the opinion 'that Rolleston was influenced in his plan by your father's advice. But Rolleston had the earlier opportunity of putting the method into practice.' This important system of teaching, which has influenced the study of natural history far and wide, was begun at Oxford about 1861, while Rolleston published his notes as 'Forms of Animal Life' in 1870. Huxley's classes began in 1871, while the 'Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology,' by him and H. N. Martin, first appeared in 1875. It is true that Rolleston's unfortunately pedantic style prevented his work from producing a far-reaching influence like that exerted by the luminous and perfectly simple descriptions of which Huxley was a master.

There are a few obvious mistakes in detail in the 'Life and Letters.' Professor Lankester is described as a Fellow of University instead of Exeter (i, 408). Wilfrid Ward's statement that Frank Balfour was at Eton, instead of Harrow, is quoted without correction (ii, 397). There are also some uncorrected errors in H. F. Osborn's account of Huxley's speech in seconding the vote of thanks to Lord Salisbury at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1894 (ii, 376, 377). The occasion was not 'Huxley's last public appearance,' nor had he 'spoken his last word as champion of the law of evolution': these statements

were true of his speech nearly four months later at the Royal Society dinner on November 30th. Professor Osborn also speaks of the D.C.L. gown 'placed upon his shoulders by the very body of men who had once referred to him as "a Mr Huxley."' The words were really used by the 'Times,' as Mr Mitchell correctly states (p. 66). Among the few mistakes in Mr Mitchell's work is the statement that Huxley made several trips to America (p. 276): he made but a single visit, in 1876, when the 'American Addresses' were delivered.

It has been commonly believed that Huxley's extraordinary success as a speaker was the outcome of practice rather than natural capacity. The late Professor Rolleston even pointed to Huxley's success as an example from which encouragement might be derived by poor lecturers, showing the heights which may gradually be attained by patient trial and long experience. This opinion appears to have been held by Huxley himself, and is expressed in the 'Life' (e.g. vol. i, pp. 87, 88, 413), and by Mr Mitchell (pp. 208, 209). It is of course true that great improvement in speaking may be effected by practice, but it would be holding out false hopes to the beginner to suggest that anything approaching the remarkable power exhibited by Huxley could be attained except by the fortunate possessor of an innate faculty at a very unusual level of development. Experience enabled Huxley to control his natural nervousness, and thus to give his power free play; but the power itself was one of 'the things that are inborn and cannot be taught,' to use his own words as applied to 'energy and intellectual grip' (ii, 320). There is evidence that he was successful from the very first, and that to the end he retained the strong feeling, essential to the finest oratory, that in speaking he was undertaking no light task, but something serious and difficult, demanding close concentration, and even then entered upon almost with a sense of impending failure.

A very interesting account of his feelings on the occasion of his first lecture is given in a letter to Miss Heathorn (i, 98). He was just twenty-seven at the time. Writing on April 30th, 1852, he says:—

'I have just returned from giving my lecture at the Royal Institution, of which I told you in my last letter. I had got very nervous about it, and my poor mother's death had greatly

upset my plans for working it out. It was the first lecture I had ever given in my life, and to what is considered the best audience in London. As nothing ever works up my energies but a high flight, I had chosen a very difficult abstract point, in my view of which I stand almost alone. [The subject was 'On Animal Individuality.'] When I took a glimpse into the theatre and saw it full of faces, I did feel most amazingly uncomfortable. I can now quite understand what it is to be going to be hanged, and nothing but the necessity of the case prevented me from running away. However, when the hour struck, in I marched, and began to deliver my discourse. For ten minutes I did not quite know where I was, but by degrees I got used to it, and gradually gained perfect command of myself and of my subject. I believe I contrived to interest my audience, and upon the whole I think I may say that this essay was successful. Thank Heaven I can say so, for though it is no great matter succeeding, failing would have been a bitter annoyance to me. It has put me comfortably at my ease with regard to all future lecturings. After the Royal Institution there is no audience I shall ever fear.'

Remembering that this account is written by one who was extremely critical of his own achievements, it cannot be doubted that Huxley possessed natural capacity for speaking of a very high order. Seventeen years later he wrote to Professor Prestwich:—

'There is no doubt public-dinner speaking (and indeed all public speaking) is nervous work. I funk horribly, though I never get the least credit for it. But it is like swimming, the worst of it is in the first plunge' (i, 311).

A few years before his death he was asked, late in the afternoon of St Andrew's Day, to propose the health of the medallists at the Royal Society dinner the same evening. Throughout the dinner it was obvious to those who watched him that he was, with much effort and concentration, preparing for the fine speech which he afterwards made.

Apart from the natural gift of speech his great success depended upon his presentation of the subject in the simplest and clearest manner. We are told that—

'an unfriendly critic once paid him an unintended compliment, when trying to make out that he was no great speaker; that all he did was to set some interesting theory unadorned before

his audience, when such success as he attained was due to the compelling nature of the subject itself' (i, 467, 468).

Certainly no higher praise could be bestowed on a speaker whose task it is to instruct and to inspire interest than this: 'He displays his subject rather than himself.' The common mistake of the fluent speaker, who feels no sense of effort or nervousness, is to cover up and obscure his subject by over-indulgence in rhetoric. This explanation of Huxley's success probably also accounts for such a failure as that in his early days at an institute in St John's Wood, whose members petitioned 'not to have that young man again' (i, 88). The success of a lecture rests largely with the audience; and even now audiences are to be found incapable of being interested by a scientific subject, however clearly it may be set before them.

Perhaps the greatest of Huxley's lectures was delivered as one of the two evening discourses at the meeting of the British Association at York, in 1881: it is very inadequately treated in the 'Life,' where it is spoken of as if he had read a paper at one of the sectional meetings (ii, 34). He chose as his subject the 'Rise and Progress of Palæontology,' and lectured without a note. Huxley afterwards told Mr G. Griffith, the Secretary of the Association, that the discourse had never been written down in any form, explaining, however, that he had reflected much upon the subject. The lecture produced a very deep impression, and many must have felt what was expressed to the present writer at the conclusion, that no one else could have presented the subject as Huxley had presented it. The address was afterwards printed, and may be found in 'Collected Essays' (iv, p. 24).

It is not necessary to consider at any length Huxley's power and style as a writer of English. Everyone is familiar with it, and differences of opinion will exist upon this as upon all questions of form. Mr Chalmers Mitchell, after an interesting discussion (pp. 213-217), concludes that he 'produced his effects by the ordering of his ideas and not by the ordering of his words; . . . he is one of our great English writers, but he is not a great writer of English.' It is probable that the majority of readers will emphatically disagree with this conclusion. The 'Life and Letters' make it certain that Huxley felt 'the sedulous

concern for words themselves as things valuable and delightful, the delight of the craftsman in his tools,' which Mr Mitchell, in the absence of this new evidence, considers that he lacked (p. 215). The same work shows that the easy and pleasant reading of his compositions meant, as usual, 'hard writing.' In 1854, when Huxley had been partially supporting himself by writing for some years, he said, in a letter to his sister (i, 118), 'My pen is not a very facile one, and what I write costs me a good deal of trouble.' In 1882 he wrote to Romanes:—

'My own way is to write and re-write things, until by some sort of instinctive process they acquire the condensation and symmetry which satisfies me. And I really could not say how my original drafts are improved until they somehow improve themselves' (ii, 39).

Within four years of the end of his life he wrote to H. de Varigny:—

'The fact is that I have a great love and respect for my native tongue, and take great pains to use it properly. Sometimes I write essays half-a-dozen times before I can get them into the proper shape; and I believe I become more fastidious as I grow older' (ii, 291).

There can be no question that this labour of love and duty produced an admirable result. Huxley's essays and addresses contain many pages which for purity, terseness, vigour, and comprehension of the English language, are hardly to be surpassed by any writer of the Victorian age.

We may conclude this brief account of some aspects of a great man with the words of Professor E. Ray Lankester: 'I feel that the world has shrunk and become a poor thing, now that his splendid spirit and delightful presence are gone from it' (ii, 423). At the same time his memory is with us to encourage us in the warfare on behalf of science, which he carried on so unflinchingly, the struggle which is as necessary now, at the opening of a new century, as in the past, to bring about the most favourable conditions for the pursuit of truth, and to make the people heed the truth when it has been found.

Art. XII.—THE NICARAGUAN CANAL.

THE rough handling, which the treaty negotiated by Lord Pauncefote and Mr Hay early in last year has experienced at the hands of the United States Senate, has caused a natural feeling of resentment in this country. It was generally believed that the attitude which the British Government took up at the time of the Spanish-American War merited and would receive some return, in a more sympathetic appreciation of a policy which has never been intentionally hostile to America, and in a willingness to meet us halfway where the interests of the two countries are opposed. But neither in Alaska nor yet in Central America do the people of the United States appear disposed to abate a tittle of what they regard as their strict rights on the score of friendship; and in the latter case bitterness is added to the pill by the manner of its administration. The discourtesy of an attempt to 'supersede' an international agreement by one of the parties, without consultation with the other, must have been patent to a large number of those who voted in the majority which carried the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Yet for some reason they preferred to risk the ill-will which their conduct might be expected to engender rather than give effect to the carefully considered work of two able and experienced diplomatists.

The motives which decided the fate of the treaty were probably extremely diverse. With some members of the Senate the belief that American interests demanded the Americanising of the canal was, we do not doubt, the main influence. The vote of many more was secured, it may be surmised, by railway interests acting upon party organisation, in the hope that the transformed treaty would not be acceptable to Great Britain, and that the construction of the canal would be delayed in consequence. With the representatives of the Western States of the Union it is possible that mere dislike of this country was the predominant feeling, and that they regarded the present opportunity of giving us 'another fall' too good to be lost. The Western States, which contain a large percentage of inhabitants of other than Anglo-Saxon origin, have always shown more hostility towards us than the States

of the Eastern half of the Union. It was the former which drove President Madison into war in 1812; and it was their press which, during the negotiations preceding the settlement of the Oregon boundary in the forties, raised the cry 'Fifty-four forty, or fight,' and which was equally bellicose when the Alaska settlement was pending. Some day we may live down that feeling, but for the present it renders negotiations with the United States difficult to carry through, and, if the results are to be destroyed at the will of one side only, perhaps hardly worth the anxiety and trouble which they cost.

The uneasy course which Anglo-American diplomacy has run, in consequence of the atmosphere of distrust in which it has had to work, is typically illustrated by the negotiations which have centred upon the construction of a water-way across the waist of the American continent. A mutual suspicion of one another's intentions adversely affects the relations of nations far more than those of individuals. There cannot, from the nature of the case, be the same free intercourse between nations as between persons; and men are generally quicker to see evil in the aims of those whom they have not met than in those of their own acquaintances. This check upon international cordiality has been constantly apparent in the intercourse of Great Britain and the United States, from the date of the Treaty of Versailles in 1783 down to the failure of the Commission over which the late Lord Herschell presided. A brief outline of the principal points in the history of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention of 1850 will serve to show what small causes are sufficient to arouse the latent fear of being outwitted by a more subtle-minded bargainer.

The project of forming a cross-country connexion by water between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts had stirred men's minds for centuries before it came so far within the sphere of practical matters as to be made the subject of international agreement. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the United States had entered upon the career of commercial development and territorial expansion which to-day has placed it among the great powers of the world. The Union had spread westward to the Pacific Ocean; it was creeping slowly southward. The admission of Texas to the Union in 1845, and the annexations which followed the war with Mexico, caused

American politicians to view with jealousy claims on the part of other countries in Central America which might conflict with the interests of the United States. At that time the only fruits which remained of repeated efforts on the part of William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and other British merchants, to found colonies on and about the isthmus, consisted of the settlement of British Honduras on the Guatemalan coast, including a claim to the Bay Islands, which was disputed by the States, and a protectorate over the eastern sea-board of Nicaragua, which was inhabited by the Mosquito Indians.

In 1846 Lord Palmerston, becoming Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on the fall of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, commenced a vigorous assertion of British claims in Central America, his policy being directed to securing the predominance of Great Britain in the neighbourhood of the San Juan river and Lake Nicaragua. The vigour with which he pushed his efforts led to a conflict with Nicaragua, and subsequently to a treaty by which that State surrendered to the Mosquitos its claims to the town of San Juan, now known as Greytown. The immediate consequence was an outburst of hostile feeling in the United States, whose Government at once despatched an agent, Elijah Hise by name, to enter into negotiations with Nicaragua. Hise, contrary to his instructions, concluded an agreement without consulting the authorities at Washington. By the terms of this treaty—the Selva-Hise Convention of 1849—Nicaragua undertook to allow to the United States, or to a company to which a charter should be granted by the United States Government, the exclusive right to construct a canal from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and to cede so much land as might be required for the purpose. The United States and Nicaraguan warships were to pass through the canal free of charge, but for all other vessels such tolls were to be exacted as the body constructing the canal should deem necessary. The United States Government was to be permitted to build fortifications for the protection of the works, and in return was to guarantee Nicaragua from foreign aggression. This treaty was not ratified, owing to the convention made between Great Britain and the United States in the following year.

In consequence of this effort to circumvent British

influence in Nicaragua, and of several other acts of an irritating character committed by one side or the other, there ensued a severe tension of Anglo-American relations. While matters were in this condition, Mr Clayton, the American Secretary of State, with the view of soothing the bitter feelings aroused in both countries, opened negotiations with Great Britain. Upon instructions from him, Mr Abbott Laurence, United States Envoy in London, in a despatch of the 14th December, 1849, urged that the Government of Great Britain should join the United States in the enterprise contemplated by the treaty with Nicaragua.

‘A ship-canal,’ he said, ‘connecting the two oceans, will do more to perpetuate peace between Great Britain and the United States, and in fact the whole world, than any work yet achieved . . . It is our mission to extend commerce—the pioneer of civilisation and child of peace—to all parts of the world; to cultivate friendly relations with all; to bring the distant near; and to illustrate by our example the elevating effects of Christianity.’

These were the days of the Great Exhibition, when commerce was generally supposed to mean peace and goodwill to all mankind—a belief which later experience has unfortunately dispelled. Whether Lord Palmerston shared this belief or not does not appear; but he replied to the invitation by sending Sir Henry Bulwer to Washington; and the treaty to which the negotiators have given their names was executed on the 19th of April, 1850.

By that treaty the contracting parties engaged that, in the event of the construction of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by way of the River San Juan de Nicaragua and either or both of the Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, the following conditions, among others, should be observed by the parties:—

Art. I. Neither Government will obtain or maintain an exclusive control over, or erect fortifications commanding, the canal, or exercise dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either attempt to obtain, directly or indirectly, advantages in relation to commerce or navigation exclusively for its own subjects.

Art. II. British and American vessels traversing the canal shall,

in case of war between the parties, be exempt from blockade, detention, or capture, for a distance from the entrances to the canal to be afterwards agreed upon. [This was two years later fixed at twenty-five miles.]

Art. V. The two Governments undertake to protect the canal from interruption or seizure, and to guarantee its neutrality: this guarantee to be conditional on the proper regulation of the canal by the company making and managing it.

Art. VI. All friendly nations shall be invited to enter into stipulations with the contracting parties similar to those by which the latter have bound themselves; and the parties to the present Convention agree to make treaties with the Central American States for the purpose of carrying into effect the design of the Convention. [In consequence of this article there are treaties in force to-day which would apparently require to be modified before the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, as amended by the Senate, could become operative.]

Art. VIII. The same protection shall be extended to any other communication across the isthmus connecting North and South America, whether made by canal or railway, provided that the traffic charges are equitable, and that there is no attempt to discriminate against the ships or commerce of any country.

Unfortunately the treaty was not free from ambiguity. Before ratifications had been exchanged, Sir H. Bulwer was instructed by the British Government to announce formally to the American Secretary that the engagements of the Convention (*i.e.* under the first head) were not understood to apply 'to Her Majesty's settlement at Honduras or its dependencies,' the Bay Islands. To Bulwer's note Clayton replied that neither of the negotiators contemplated the inclusion of 'the British settlement of Honduras, commonly called British Honduras, as distinguished from the State of Honduras, nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that settlement, which may be known as its dependencies.' But apparently, in communicating the substance of Sir Henry Bulwer's note to the Senate, Mr Clayton omitted to state Great Britain's reservation of her claim to the islands, so that when the full extent of the reservation became known, the Americans believed that their representative had been outwitted, and were very sore in consequence.

Another cause of misunderstanding was the Mosquito protectorate claimed by Great Britain. In the despatch

to which reference has already been made, Mr Laurence had objected to that claim, and also to the British occupation of Greytown. He maintained that in order to give full confidence to the capitalists of Europe and America, neither the United States nor Great Britain should exercise any political power over the Indians, or any of the States of Central America.

‘The occupation of Greytown,’ he said, ‘and the attempt to establish a protected independence in Mosquito, throw at once obstacles in the way, excite jealousies, and destroy confidence, without which capital can never flow into this channel.’

In the course of the negotiations the Americans were very urgent that the protectorate should be surrendered, and the Mosquito territory incorporated in the State of Nicaragua on such terms as to the rights of the Indians as should commend themselves to the British Government. They asserted that the governing council was composed entirely of Englishmen, and that, therefore, to maintain the claim would look like an attempt on the part of Great Britain to evade her obligations under the treaty. Lord Palmerston refused to yield the point, though he promised that no advantage detrimental to the United States should be taken by this country of her position; and, in order that there should not be any subsequent question with regard to this matter, some words were added to the original draft at the instigation of Sir Henry Bulwer. The United States, however, continued to press for the abolition of the protectorate, on the ground that such a control ‘must, from the nature of things, be an absolute submission of these Indians to the British Government, as in fact it has ever been’; and that it was therefore necessarily opposed to the spirit of the treaty. Lord Clarendon met the complaint by pointing out that, since the actual language of the document recognised the possibility of protection, the intention of the contracting parties obviously was ‘not to prohibit or abolish, but to limit and restrict such protectorate.’ Nevertheless, in order to ease relations which were becoming somewhat strained, Great Britain entered into agreements by which she ceded the Bay Islands to Honduras in 1859, and the Mosquito coast to Nicaragua in 1860, the latter State undertaking not to interfere with the internal affairs of the Indians. The treaty of 1860

was supplemented by another two years later; and the privileges reserved to the Mosquitos were the subject of an arbitration between this country and Nicaragua in 1881, when the present Emperor of Austria acted as arbitrator.

In 1880 Congress passed a resolution calling upon President Garfield to take steps to obtain the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and Mr Blaine, who was then Secretary of State, entered into correspondence with the British Foreign Office with a view to securing that object. He failed, however, as did also his successor, Mr Freylinghuysen, who was Secretary in President Arthur's administration. The latter, indeed, concluded another convention with Nicaragua on lines somewhat similar to those adopted in the treaty of 1849 between the same parties. Under the Freylinghuysen-Zevalla Treaty, Nicaragua was to cede to the United States a strip of territory, ten miles wide, for the site of the canal, and the United States in return were to make a loan to Nicaragua of four million dollars, and to engage to protect Nicaraguan territory against external aggression. But, mainly on the ground of the last provision, the treaty was thrown over when Mr Cleveland came into power in 1885. There was no farther correspondence between the British and United States Governments on the subject until two years ago. The negotiations then begun resulted in the Hay-Pauncefote Convention (signed February 5th, 1900), the terms of which are as follows:—

Art. I. It is agreed that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost, or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares, and that, subject to the provisions of the present Convention, said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal.

Art. II. The High Contracting Parties, desiring to preserve and maintain the "general principle" of neutralisation established in Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, adopt, as the basis of such neutralisation, the following rules, substantially as embodied in the Convention between Great Britain and certain other powers, signed at Constantinople,

20th October, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal, that is to say:—

1. The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise.

2. The canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised, nor any act of hostility committed within it.

3. Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not revictual or take any stores in the canal except so far as may be strictly necessary; and the transit of such vessels through the canal shall be effected with the least possible delay in accordance with the regulations in force, and with only such intermission as may result from the necessities of the service. Prizes shall be in all respects subject to the same rules as vessels of war of the belligerents.

4. No belligerent shall embark or disembark troops, munitions of war, or warlike materials in the canal except in case of accidental hindrance of the transit, and in such cases the transit shall be resumed with all possible despatch.

5. The provisions of this Article shall apply to waters adjacent to the canal within three marine miles of either end. Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not remain in such waters longer than twenty-four hours at any one time except in case of distress, and in such case shall depart as soon as possible; but a vessel of war of one belligerent shall not depart within twenty-four hours from the departure of a vessel of war of the other belligerent.

6. The plant, establishment, buildings, and all works necessary to the construction, maintenance, and operation of the canal shall be deemed to be part thereof, for the purposes of this Convention, and in time of war as in time of peace shall enjoy complete immunity from attack or injury by belligerents and from acts calculated to impair their usefulness as part of the canal.

7. No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder.

Art. III. The High Contracting Parties will, immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications of this Convention, bring

it to the notice of other Powers and invite them to adhere to it.

It will be observed that this convention preserves and amplifies the neutrality clauses of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, merely modifying the terms of that document (Art. I) as to the right of construction and control: the other clauses of the older treaty remain intact. To such an alteration this country could not well have taken objection, nor had it any disposition to do so. The treaty of 1850 contemplated the construction of the waterway by private enterprise; but fifty years of inactivity at Nicaragua and the failure of the Panama Canal Company seem to show that this stupendous task must be undertaken by a nation and not left to private effort, if it is to be completed within reasonable limits of time. In these circumstances it would have been an impracticable as well as a selfish policy to oppose a change needful to American interests, and not directly detrimental to our own.

But the amendments adopted by the United States Senate have considerably altered the state of the case. In the first place, the Clayton-Bulwer Convention is declared to be 'hereby [*i.e.* by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty] superseded.' Secondly, the first five clauses of Art. II are declared to be of no effect in case the defence of the United States is in question. Thirdly, the invitation to other powers to become parties to the principles set forth in the treaties is cancelled. Several other amendments were proposed but rejected. By one of these the American Government was to be enabled to impose discriminating tolls in favour of American manufactures and shipping in certain cases; but such a principle was too obviously in conflict with the main purpose of the treaties and the general trend of public opinion to be accepted even by such a body as the American Senate.

Deferring for a moment the consideration of these amendments, let us consider the value of the canal in peace and in war to the United States and to Europe respectively. Commercially, the project will not, we fear, be an unmixed gain to the Old World. Indeed, it is probably not too much to say that Europe has more to fear from the mere existence of the projected waterway than from any conditions imposed upon its usage. We could

not, however, prohibit the construction, even if we would; and we must be content with endeavouring to prevent any power from acquiring an advantage which its natural position would not give to it. We cannot alter the fact that this junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will bring the manufacturing cities of the United States some thousands of miles nearer to the consumer in China or Japan than Manchester and Liverpool are at present; and the rejection of the amendment in favour of discriminatory tolls secures us, for the present at least, against any artificial increase of the advantage which will naturally accrue to the American trader in his dealings with the inhabitants of those countries and of the western sea-board of South America.

So far as Europe is concerned, the canal will afford a nearer route to the Pacific littoral of North and South America, to the South Sea Islands, and perhaps to New Zealand. But the reduction which it will effect in the distances to eastern markets will be all in favour of the United States. Through the Suez Canal the ocean route from Great Britain is closer than that from the eastern seaboard of the United States to Australia, China, and Japan, by between two and three thousand miles. When the Nicaraguan canal is built, the cities of the Atlantic seaboard of North America will have the advantage of us in point of distance by from one to three thousand miles; and American merchants and politicians are looking to this reversal of space conditions to assist them in reducing British commercial supremacy in the Far East.* The Nicaraguan Canal will therefore not confer the same commercial advantages upon Great Britain and Europe generally as it will on American manufacturers. European trade to the East will for the most part go, as it has gone hitherto, through the Suez Canal; the factories on the eastern coast of North America will send their goods for consumption in the East by way of Nicaragua instead of by Cape Horn or across country by rail, thus saving either thousands of miles of sea journey or the cost of trans-shipment. In 1896 the United States shipping passing through Suez was only 194,000 tons, and in 1898

* Cf. the 'Times' for January 10th, 1901, published after this article was in type.

less than 316,000 tons, out of a total traffic of over 12,000,000 tons, the British proportion for the years 1896, 1897, and 1898 being 68 per cent., 67·3 per cent., and 68·2 per cent. The proportions of shipping passing through the Nicaraguan Canal will doubtless be the reverse of these.

The importance of an isthmian canal to American trade cannot be overestimated; to European trade it is mainly important as placing an additional burden—that of greater distance—upon it when competing with American goods; while, with regard to European traffic to the Pacific coast of America, which will naturally seek the Nicaraguan route, there is the further risk of discriminating tolls. The disadvantage is one which can only be overcome either by preventing the construction of the canal or by greater activity on the part of European manufacturers. The first method is, as already said, out of the question; and it is by no means certain that the second will prove adequate to forestall injury to British commerce. With regard to trade with the republics of western South America Great Britain at present heads the list, with Germany second, and the United States third. But Mexico takes by far the larger portion of her imports from, and sends the larger part of her exports to, the States; and with the opening of the canal we must expect to see the lead we now hold materially reduced, and perhaps superseded. The mere advantage of proximity will accomplish that without any discriminating rates.

‘What we want,’ wrote an American commercial traveller to Senator Frye some years ago, ‘is the Nicaraguan Canal, and it ought to be completed as soon as possible, and be under the control of this Government. Then we can sit on the front seat with the commercial world for the west-coast trade of South America. The people want our goods if they can get them at the same rates of freight as from England and Germany.’

The fact that American manufacturers will have the advantage of us without lower rates of carriage seems our best protection against discrimination. Their view may, of course, undergo a change, but the defeat of the amendment asserting a claim to discriminate seems to show that we are not menaced in that quarter at present; and it is not by any means impossible that the States will modify their navigation and tariff laws before very long, even if they do not actually become the free-trade nation which

economists expect to see. In addition we have such protection as treaty rights can be said to afford in view of the Senate's recent conduct, for the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, like its predecessor, enjoins entire equality 'in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic.'

Commercially, then, neither the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty nor the recently proposed amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty will seriously affect our position. The existence of the canal will, of itself, form a menace to British commercial hegemony in the East far more serious than the confirmation or abrogation of any treaty rights. There are, as will be shown presently, certain distinctions between the treaties of 1850 and 1900; but from the point of view of our trade, at all events, they are not very important, and it is not easy to see how the abrogation of the earlier treaty can be commercially detrimental to us. As to the measures contemplated by the Davis amendment, whether the canal is neutralised or is entirely under American control, it is unlikely that British commerce will use it in case of an Anglo-American war, when it can use the Suez route, with greater safety, at the cost of a somewhat prolonged voyage. In that event there will be very little, if any, British trade in British bottoms with the western republics of South America; such trade will either cease altogether for the time, or will seek protection under a neutral flag. The last contingency, indeed, is one for which allowances will have to be made in any future hostilities between naval powers. The only case in which the canal will be likely to be useful to Great Britain from a commercial point of view will be that in which a war between this country and a European power renders the Suez route dangerous for merchant shipping; and in such a case the advantage to us may be considerable. In case of war with France, for instance, British merchandise destined for the Far East will probably prefer the route through Nicaragua to that through the Mediterranean and the Suez canal; and, whatever the position of the canal may be, the authorities in charge of it will naturally welcome the additional prosperity which the adversity of the rival enterprise will confer upon them. In peace or war—so long as it is not war with America—with equal or with discriminating tolls, there is not likely to be any

objection on the part of the United States to British traffic taking advantage of this trade route.

We may now consider the recent amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, two of which will, or may, seriously affect our interests in case of war, especially of war with the United States. The proposed supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has, from the manner of the action, attracted more attention than is justifiable. If we put aside the natural annoyance which we feel at the Senate's disregard of international courtesy, and examine the question dispassionately, we shall find that the amendment makes little real difference. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, in its original condition, embodies all the material stipulations of the Treaty of 1850 except those which it expressly modifies. It provides for equality in canal charges, preserves the 'general principle' of neutralisation, with its corollary, the invitation to other powers to adhere, and prohibits both blockade and fortification. The only other important article in the earlier treaty—Art. I—is modified by Art. I and Art. II (7) of the later Convention, which allow the United States to make, regulate, and police the canal. It is true that Art. I of the earlier Treaty also prohibited either power from 'exercising any dominion over any part of Central America.' But this prohibition we have practically cancelled by the modification above-mentioned, for the United States cannot make and control the canal without taking practical possession of more or less territory on either side.* If the Americans were eventually to decide to annex the whole of Nicaragua—a very improbable contingency so long as Mexico is independent—we could hardly do anything—treaty or no treaty—but protest. We may console ourselves by reflecting that the removal of the prohibition to exercise dominion in Central America liberates us as well as the United States, though we are not in the least likely to make use of the right thus restored.

Thus it appears that the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is a matter of small importance to this country. International conditions and other circumstances have undergone so radical a change in the last

* An amendment empowering the United States to acquire territory adjacent to the canal—which would have practically recognised the Frey-Inghuysen-Zevalla treaty—was negatived, probably because it was felt to be superfluous.

fifty years that we could not expect the United States to remain indefinitely bound by a treaty made half a century ago and in contemplation of a different scheme; and the unmannerly way in which the Americans have announced their intention not to be bound by it inflicts upon us only a sentimental injury.

It is different with the other amendments, especially that which goes by the name of Senator Davis. This amendment runs thus:—

‘Insert at the end of Section 5 of Article II the following: “It is agreed, however, that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations in Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 of this Article shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order.”’

In other words, Great Britain is to be bound by the five conditions referred to, while the United States may disregard them at any moment, on the plea that the defence of the country or the necessity for keeping order in the vicinity of the canal demands such a course, the United States Government apparently being sole judge of the truth of the assertion. It will also be observed that nothing in this amendment precludes the United States from exercising the powers which it confers in time of peace as well as of war. For instance, the United States could at any moment, if its relations with another power were strained, use this plea to prevent the ships of that power from passing through the canal (§ 1). Further, although § 7 of Art. II is ostensibly exempted from the action of this amendment, the prohibition contained in that section appears to be rendered nugatory. If ‘rights of war’ may be exercised and ‘acts of hostility’ committed within the canal (§ 2); if the canal itself may be blockaded—by the United States, but not by any other power; or if a belligerent—supposing that belligerent to be the United States acting in its own defence—may, in spite of § 4, ‘disembark troops or munitions of war’ in the canal, what becomes of the general prohibition contained in § 7? It is not necessary to ‘erect fortifications’ in order to render a canal impassable, or to prevent a *coup de main* on the part of another power with which

the United States might be at war, or with which there might be a prospect of war, however distant. The Davis amendment may therefore be taken as practically relieving the United States from all the disabilities contained in Art. II, whenever it may appear to be to its interest to neglect them.

The connexion between this amendment and that which cancels Art. III is now clear. If other powers join in guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal, they may interfere with the action of the United States under the Davis amendment. If they take no part in the treaty, they will have no *locus standi*. The third amendment substitutes protection—ostensibly by Great Britain and the United States, but really by the States alone—for neutralisation properly so-called; and the canal becomes American property. The two amendments stand or fall together.

That the value of the canal to the States from a strategic point of view is immeasurably greater than to any European country it would be idle to deny; and it is not altogether matter for surprise that the Americans should wish to insure themselves against any possible interruption in case of war.

'With this canal,' Mr Morgan told the Senate on one occasion, 'we could move our ships of war upon short lines with abundant fuel, and concentrate in three weeks upon our western coast a fleet that we could not assemble in three months by doubling Cape Horn.'

That this estimate was not greatly exaggerated was proved during the Spanish-American war, when the United States cruiser Oregon, arriving at San Francisco and receiving orders to join Admiral Sampson's command in the Gulf of Mexico, was compelled to make the journey round Cape Horn, at the imminent risk of capture or destruction by the Spanish fleet. Had a trans-isthmian route been then available, the journey would have been accomplished in a few days, and much anxiety would have been saved. This incident has probably given a great impulse to the movement in favour of Americanising the canal.

Let us now consider the effect of this process in time of war. The belligerent groupings of the powers of the world, in the order of importance of the right of using the

canal to one party or the other, would seem to be these: (a) the United States against Great Britain; (b) the United States against a European power or Japan; (c) Great Britain against a European power or Japan; (d) a European power against a European power or against Japan.

In any case in which the United States were belligerent they would constantly require, for the reason stated by Mr Morgan, to make use of the canal for their ships of war. But it is impossible to imagine the commander of a British or any other fleet, whose country was at war with the United States, adventuring his vessels into such a trap as the canal might prove to be, even were it neutralised. In such a war both the warships and the marine of the other belligerent would naturally seek the Suez Canal, since, even supposing neutralisation and the most perfect good faith on the part of the American Government, there would be imminent risk of capture before entering or on leaving the neutral zone, or of some untoward 'accident' in the canal. This would apply to Great Britain; it would apply with yet greater force to any other power, inasmuch as every other power in the world is far less advantageously situated for attacking the United States on the sea. Even if the States had declared in favour of complete neutralisation of the canal, Great Britain would, from her bases in the West Indies, be able to do considerable damage to American shipping outside the zone of neutrality; while the establishment of the canal on the footing of American property would enable us to maintain a blockade—supposing that we now refuse to be bound by Art. II (2)—and thus to render the route useless to American shipping of all kinds, so long as we could hold the sea. In the meantime the Suez Canal would afford us a safe communication with the East, unless the United States navy were then vastly stronger than it is at present. On the other hand, the fortification of the canal would probably prevent a *coup de main* by which we might hope to seize one or other outlet, and thus—even if we could not use the canal ourselves—to hinder American ships from using it: and this—it can hardly be doubted—is the primary cause of the demand for what, as we have shown, practically amounts to a right of fortification.

If Great Britain were at war with a European power, or a combination of powers, which could for a time block

the Mediterranean and render the Suez canal unavailable for British ships of war, the neutralisation of the route through Nicaragua would become important to us for the purpose of reinforcing or withdrawing, if necessary, our squadrons in the East in the least possible time. The same consideration would apply to the other belligerent, although perhaps in a less degree. If the canal is neutralised to the extent of being open to belligerent warships (it may, of course, only be neutralised for the protection of trading vessels), this use could be made of it. If it should become solely American property, or should only be neutralised in the lesser degree, belligerent warships would obviously be unable to claim a passage through it, and in going to or returning from the East would be obliged to round Cape Horn, an addition to the voyage of not far short of ten thousand miles. In either case, so long as the United States remains neutral, the new conditions introduced by the Davis amendment would, from this particular point of view, be a matter of indifference to us.

Were two European powers at war, the struggle would be mainly fought out on land. But a country like Germany, with her rapidly growing industrial population, cannot afford to neglect the naval question, and by her therefore, even more perhaps than by France and Russia, the conditions attaching to the user of the isthmian canal cannot be viewed with indifference. Should Japan be one of the belligerent parties, the war would probably be conducted mainly in the East. This would certainly be the case if Russia were the other belligerent; and as Russia is the only power with which Japan has at present any cause for serious disagreement, and Japan is still an unknown factor in naval warfare with European powers, the question of the relation of the canal to any hostilities in which she may happen to be engaged is hardly ripe for discussion. At any rate, this is not our concern.

From what has been said, it will, we think, be clear that neutralisation, as provided for by Art. II of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, would be the course most beneficial to the general welfare of the world. To Europe it would certainly be so; and the United States also would, it is probable, gain more than it would lose by assenting to the principles which both Conventions lay down without

reservation.* Among the advantages accruing to America from adopting neutralisation in its simplest and most extensive form would be the following: The expense of building fortifications would be saved; the American fleet would be freed from the burden of constantly watching the approaches of the canal in any war to which the States were party; the chances of intervention by neutral powers in such a war would be lessened; neutral commerce would be saved from vexatious interference in time of war, and consequently the loss of tolls through diversion of shipping, upon rumour of American hostilities, would be avoided; free passage of American warships in time of war, and of American goods in neutral bottoms, would be ensured; attempts to construct a competing canal at Panama or elsewhere would be hindered. Neutralisation, without fortification, but with the twenty-five mile limit agreed to under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which it is now proposed to reduce to the ordinary three-mile limit, would seem to be best calculated to serve the interests of the United States. In peace the powers given by the Davis amendment would be immaterial; they contemplate only war or the prospect of war. Even if the canal itself could be held by the States, its approaches could not be effectively controlled without a co-operating fleet. The consequence will be that while the system of protection demanded by America will be a matter of indifference to European commerce in time of peace, it will, in a war in which the States are engaged, tempt an attack from the enemy.

Supposing, however, that the American people insist upon the amendments which the Senate has inserted in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, what course is Great Britain to adopt?

The Americans want an American canal, under their own protection and control, which they can use in war as well as in peace, and which they—but not we—can close in time of war against an enemy. They want us to consent to this scheme, and they want us, further, to tie our own hands by undertaking not to blockade the canal by means of our naval forces, while they reserve the right of

* This view is strongly maintained by Mr Dunnell in the 'North American Review' for December 1900.

practically barring the canal from within. Lastly, they demand that we shall forgo the right of inviting other states to join in guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal. This is evidently a very one-sided arrangement. The question is—can we consent to it, with or without a considerable *quid pro quo*? If we cannot consent to it, are we to take any measures to prevent it? and if so, what measures?

There is no present menace to our existing possessions in Central America; but doubtless these, as well as our West Indian possessions, would be rendered less defensible in time of war, at all events of war with the United States, by the mere existence of the canal, even if neutralised—much more so if Americanised. Putting aside the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as unimportant, this consideration, together with those urged above with regard to the other amendments, might well be sufficient to induce us to refuse our consent. Nor could we possibly surrender our right to blockade while practically conceding to America the right to bar. The Davis amendment touches other powers beside ourselves, and though it concerns us principally, will hardly be palatable to them. But the Foraker amendment is hardly less unacceptable, for it hinders us from obtaining the support of other powers in opposing measures detrimental to their interests as well as ours. To consent to this amendment would be tantamount to cutting ourselves adrift from Europe in order to gratify the United States, without getting any advantage in return; in fact, to throw overboard European interests and join, or rather follow, the United States against Europe. To adopt such a course would be fatuous. It is hardly conceivable that even the Senate should expect us to adopt it.

If, on the other hand, we adhere to the principle of neutralisation, too much weight should not be laid on the supposed parallel of the Suez Canal. There is little real similarity between the cases. The political and geographical conditions differ widely; and the neutralisation of the Suez Canal, while theoretically complete, is practically modified by our position in Egypt and by the paramount importance of the canal to our communications with India. The question of Nicaragua should be settled on its own merits, without reference to the doubtful precedent of

Suez. This, however, need not prevent us from preferring neutralisation to protection, and from taking any steps which may be consistent with our own dignity and interests to gain that end. The great majority of the American people appears determined that the canal shall be made: there can be little doubt that the commercial and ship-owning interests, supported by political and naval considerations and by the Imperialistic wave now passing over the States, will eventually carry the day against railway opposition; and that, if we refuse our consent to the amended treaty, the Hepburn Bill will be passed by the Senate.

All this is natural enough, and it is not reprehensible. What is reprehensible is that we should first be asked to make certain concessions, and that when we have made them they should be regarded merely as a basis for further demands. We admit the enormous importance of the waterway to the United States; the advantages of control are obvious. We have conceded these; but the Americans must not expect us to consent to further measures against our own interest. There are, moreover, other than purely British interests to be considered. It must not be forgotten that Great Britain is, by virtue of her connexion with Canada, a North American power; and that Canada is or may be interested, both from a commercial and from a naval point of view, in the canal. At present the bulk of Canadian trade is done with the mother-country or with the United States: consequently the Canal will hardly affect Canada commercially for some time to come. In the future, it will probably be beneficial to the trade of her eastern provinces with the Pacific; but the commercial benefits can never be for Canada what they will be for the States. On the other hand, owing to the geographical situation of Canada, the canal will not confer on American trade, in competition with Canadian, the same advantages as it will give to the States in their struggle against European competition. From the military point of view the interests of Canada will undoubtedly suffer, but not to an important extent. Inasmuch as, in the case of war between Great Britain and the United States, the canal, unless we could blockade it, would enable American fleets to concentrate rapidly on either side, the defence of Canada by sea would,

so far, be hampered. But the danger to Canada from the States lies not in an attack by sea; it is in her long and exposed land-frontier. The canal can make no difference here; nor, on the other hand, would it render the transport of reinforcements from this country more difficult than before. We have yet to hear a definite statement of Canadian opinion; but these considerations point to the conclusion that the canal is a matter of comparative indifference to Canada. So far as they are touched at all, her interests are at one with ours; and they certainly are not touched so extensively as to make it incumbent on us to risk a quarrel with the States on that account. There are other matters of Anglo-American concern in which it may become the duty of Great Britain to stand upon her strict rights as guardian of colonial interests. This, however, does not appear to us to be the occasion; and we should be sorry to see the country driven through pique to adopt a course which would eventually tell heavily against Canada in directions which are of more immediate moment to her.

Assuming, then, that we cannot give our consent to the American proposals, and that, nevertheless, our interests are not sufficiently involved to justify us in pressing our opposition to the verge of a quarrel, what policy remains for us to adopt? We can still attempt to bring European opinion to bear; and, if that fails, we can wash our hands of the whole affair.

Other powers are not, perhaps, so materially interested as Great Britain, because they have not the same volume of trade, or the same vast and populous over-sea possessions to consider. Still, this is a matter which concerns the whole of Europe, and in which other nations than those at present negotiating ought to have a voice. Several of them are already concerned, through existing treaties with Nicaragua. The first thing, then, it appears to us, that the Government of this country should do is to sound the chancelleries of Europe as to their willingness to join in opposition to the American proposals. If they consent, the United States could hardly withstand the combined opinion of Europe. If they refuse, we should attempt no more. We cannot prevent the canal being made; and we have no wish to prevent it. To ask for any return for acceding to American desires would be use-

less. Any attempt to pass through the Senate a treaty containing some rectification of the position in Alaska would be doomed to ignominious failure. The present *modus vivendi* only stands because Mr Hay has succeeded in keeping it from the Senate's clutches. If, then, the suggested negotiation with other European powers fails, or if Lord Salisbury does not see fit to attempt it, our only course will be to protest and say: 'If you are bent upon this policy, we do not feel disposed to oppose you actively. At the same time, sooner than have such a treaty as you present to us we prefer to be absolutely unfettered. We prefer that all our old rights should revive, and that we should be free to take any course which at any future time may recommend itself to us.'
